



THE



LEISURE HOUR

JUNE, 1883.

Contents.

The Old Man's Will. By the Author of "A Young Wife's Story." XXI.-XXVII. 321

A Visit to Bokhara . . . 335

Moscow 337

Lawyers and their Haunts. vi.—Money and Fees 345

William Cullen Bryant . 349

Linnæus on the Study of Nature 351

Slavery and the Slave Trade in Australia . 355

The New Southern Railroad to Colorado and California 358



Contents.

Dictionary Making . . . 352

Mr. Burd's Romance . . 367

The Metropolitan Board of Works 368

Russian Fable 371

In the Wood 372

Some Fashion-Gleanings from 1744 to 1768 . . 373

"Wright of Derby" . . 375

The First Balloon Ascent 377

Varieties 379

ALMANACK FOR												JUNE, 1883.	
1	F	☉ rises 3.51 A.M.	9	S	☉ rises 3.46 A.M.	17	S	4 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	24	S	5 SUN. AFT. TRIN.		
2	S	☾ least dist. from ☉	10	S	3 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	18	M	☉ rises 3.44 A.M.	25	M	☉ rises 3.46 A.M.		
3	S	2 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	11	M	Corona S. 10. P.M.	19	T	Virgo S. 7.30 P.M.	26	T	☉ bef. ☽ 2m. 29s.		
4	M	Jupiter sets 10 P.M.	12	T	☽ 1 Quar. 2.42 P.M.	20	W	Full ☽ 4.32 P.M.	27	W	☽ 3 Quar. 7.38 P.M.		
5	T	New ☽ 6.12 A.M.	13	W	Hercules S. 11 P.M.	21	T	[Asc'n. Q. Vic. 1837	28	T	Lyra S. midnight		
6	W	☉ af. ☽ 1m 39s.	14	T	☽ greatest dist. f. ☉	22	F	Summer Quar. beg.	29	F	☉ sets 8.19 P.M.		
7	T	Venus a morn. star	15	F	Libra S. 9 P.M.	23	S	Venus ris. 2.24 A.M.	30	S	☽ least dist. from ☉		
8	F	☉ sets 8.11 P.M.	16	S	☉ sets 8.16 P.M.			☉ sets 8.19 P.M.					

LONDON;
56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.

MANUFACTURERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
WM. POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR.

UNRIVALED Farinaceous Food for Children and Invalids; THE BEST KNOWN MATERIAL for PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS, CAKES, BLANC MANGE, and a variety of delicious Preparations for the Table.

The Original and First Manufactured in Great Britain.

Every Packet is Warranted Pure, and its genuine qualities are certified by the highest medical authorities in the kingdom.

The *Lancet* affirms:—"It is preferable to most descriptions of Arrowroot, on account of its sweeter flavour."

Dr. LANKESTER, Superintendent of Government Food Collection at Kensington, in a note to the Manufacturers, said:—"I am so well satisfied with your Corn Flour that I have given directions for its use in my own family."

WM. POLSON & Co., Paisley and London.

THE SUMMER SUN.

Ladies will find
ROWLAND'S
KALYDOR



most cooling and refreshing for the complexion, dispelling the cloud of languor and relaxation, and allaying all heat and irritability of the skin. Freckles, Tan, Spots, Pimples, Flushes, and Discolourations are also eradicated by its application. Sizes 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.

** Ask for "ROWLAND'S" KALYDOR.



THE FINEST LIGHT FOR DINING AND DRAWING ROOMS.

PRICE'S
PATENT CANDLE COMPANY,
 LIMITED,
 LONDON & LIVERPOOL.

For a Hundred Excellent and Palatable
HOUSEHOLD RECIPES,

Write to Messrs. GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS, enclosing a penny stamp for postage, when you will be presented with a valuable book of 100 pages, bound in cloth and fully illustrated, called

"GOOD THINGS,"

MADE, SAID, AND DONE, FOR EVERY HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

"The book embraces a wide field of usefulness."—*British Workwoman*.

"Can scarcely fail to prove of service."—*The Rock*.

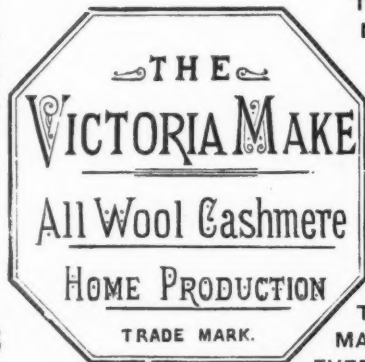
PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

"Decidedly a triumph of English Manufacture."

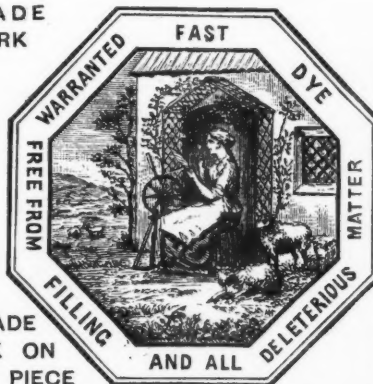
Myra's Journal.

ALL
LEADING
DRAPERS

Keep them.



TRADE
 MARK



TRADE
 MARK ON
 EVERY PIECE

THE
VICTORIA
CASHMERES

are acknowledged by "The Queen," "Myra's Journal," "The Court Circular," "Le Follet," and all the leading Journals of Fashion, as a perfect rival of the best French or German Cashmeres.

NING

ANY,

OL

stamp
und in

OLD.

Rock.

E

ORIA

IERES

cknow-

y "The

"Myra's

"The

ircular,"

et," and

leading

of Fa-

a per-

of the

nch or

Cash-

R

PO

THIS
mater
of br
KEAT
arran
EXPR
be d
ary s
first-c

D. R

“
speci

...
...
...

Are a
and C
Fashu
Twec

I

...
wh

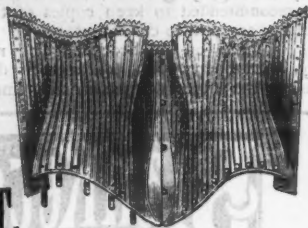
ing

W

...
Angi
—Br
Jour

A C
Se
fessio
with
News

W

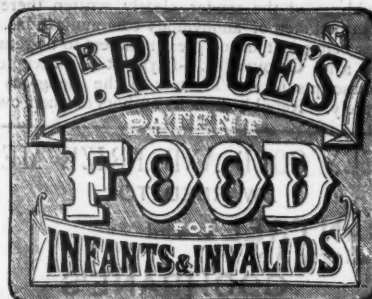
ROSENTHAL'S**PATENT
POSTULATA
CORSET.**

THIS Corset has (in place of bone) supports of the finest material, specially prepared in such a manner, that, in case of breakage, the rib can INSTANTLY be removed and as readily READJUSTED. This is accomplished by a simple mechanical arrangement (patented), thus saving great annoyance and EXPENSE to the wearer. The support afforded is all that can be desired, while the durability will be equal to three ordinary stays. To be had in various colours and qualities, of all first-class Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters. Wholesale only,

D. Rosenthal & Co., 77, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

"Rosenthal's Patent Postulata Corset." The YL quality specially adapted for Young Ladies.

WITH 25 PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH,
OR 15/- PER MONTH.
(SECOND HAND) (10/- Per Month)
ON THE 3 YEARS' SYSTEM.
BORD'S PIANOS
PIANOS EXCHANGED.
LISTS FREE OF
C. STILES & CO. 42 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

HEALTH**STRENGTH****COMFORT****TO ALL.**

STEPHEN'S WRITING AND COPYING INKS

MARKING INK FOR LINEN

ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

WATSON'S ABERDEEN TWEEDS

Are admitted by all who have tried them to be the best fabrics for Ladies' Travelling Costumes, for Walking Dresses, for Ulsters and Coats, for Young Ladies' and Children's Wear. They are made from the purest wools, and are perfect in design and permanent in colour. They are recommended by the Leading Fashion Journals for their many excellencies. Heavier makes for Youths' and Boys' wear. Write for patterns direct to Patrick Watson & Son, Scotch Tweed Factors, Aberdeen. Parcels over 40s. value, carriage paid in Great Britain; in Ireland, to Dublin and Belfast. Foreign orders free to port.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.

Medals: Sydney, Melbourne, Christchurch, N.Z.

FRY'S COCOA

Guaranteed perfectly
pure Cocoa only.

"If properly prepared, there is no nicer or more wholesome preparation of Cocoa."—*Dr. Hassall.*

"Strictly pure, easily assimilated."—*W. W. Stoddart.*

"Pure Cocoa, from which a portion of its oily ingredients has been extracted."—*Chas. A. Cameron.*

EXTRACT

SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL and LONDON.

WRIGHT'S

Unrivalled for the Complexion.
Those who at all times wash with it
need fear no disfigurement from pimples
and blotches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

"The only true
Antiseptic Soap."
—*British Medical
Journal.*

COAL TAR

TABLETS, 6d. & 1s.
"In our hands
it has proved most
effective in Skin
Diseases."—*Lancet.*

Recommended by the entire Medical Faculty.

A QUARTER of a CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

See that each tablet is branded (as the Medical Profession prescribe) "Sapo Carbonis Detergens—Wright," without which none is genuine.

Never use Black Tar Soap, it clogs and irritates the Skin.

SOAP

PROPRIETORS:

**W. V. WRIGHT & CO.,
SOUTHWARK, LONDON.**

JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR IS THE BEST.

"Is Decidedly the Best."—*Lancet.*

URGENT CAUTION.—To obtain the best quality and best value, ask for **JOHNSTON'S**, and refuse other kinds when offered instead.

To Advertisers.—The "Leisure Hour" is now opened for general Advertisements. For terms, etc., apply to the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

To Correspondents and Contributors.—All manuscripts should be sent to 56, Paternoster Row, and must have the name and address of the sender clearly written thereon, and in any accompanying letter the title of the MS. must be given. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their MSS.; miscellaneous Contributions being sent in too great numbers to be returned unless stamps are sent to cover postage.

Payment and Copyright.—Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication. The receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the Trustees of the Religious Tract Society, with liberty for them, at their discretion, to publish such works separately. Republication by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

NINETEEN GOLD AND PRIZE MEDALS

AWARDED TO

CANTRELL and

Aromatic Ginger Ale.

COCHRANE'S

Fruit Flavoured Lemonade.

MINERAL

Sparkling Montserrat.

WATERS.

Refreshing Seltzer, Soda, Kali, Lithia Waters,

AS SUPPLIED TO

Her Majesty's Imperial Houses of Parliament, and
to Connoisseurs of Aerated Waters in all civilised
portions of the known world.

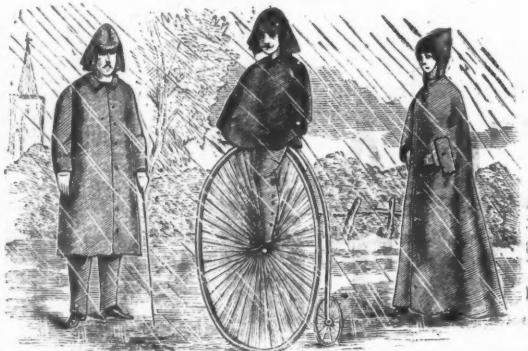
Works—DUBLIN and BELFAST.

JOHN PICCOTT,

Please send for Price Lists, post free.

**Ladies' Black Reversible Circular Capes, with
Hood, 12s. 9d., 17s. 6d.**

**Men's and Boys' Circular Capes, all sizes,
from 5s. 10d.**



**MEN'S
MACINTOSH
COATS.**

5s. 10d. to 17s. 6d.

**CAPES
FOR
BICYCLING.**

5s. 6d.

**LADIES'
CAPES WITH
HOOD.**

12s. 9d. to 17s. 6d.

LEGGINGS, 2s. 3d. to 7s. 6d.

Please send for Price Lists, post free.

**115, 116, 117, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON.**

HOW TO AVOID FINGER MARKS.

STEPHENSON BROS.'

SUPERIOR FURNITURE

6d. Sample Bottle free by post for
8d. in stamps.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

Sole Proprietors, Stephenson Bros., Bradford, Yorks.

CREAM.

Blankets

THE YORKSHIRE
BLANKET MANUFACTURING CO
4 BENTLEY'S, BRADFORD.

Buy Direct
FROM THE
LOOMS
AT FIRST COST
AND
SAVE 30 PER CENT

BUY BLANKETS DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS AT FIRST COST.

Send for Price List, and save 30 per cent. Carriage paid to all parts of the United Kingdom.

Parcels not approved exchanged or taken back and money returned.

Try the No. 4 Super Bath Witney,

78 inches by 96 inches,

Price 18s. 6d. per pair, carriage paid.

ALL PURE FLAX CAMBRIC

Children's	per doz.
Ladies'	1s. 10d.
Gentlemen's	3s. 3d.
	4s. 10d.

HEMSTITCHED.

POCKET

Ladies'	per doz.
Gents'	5s. 11d.
	7s. 11d.



HANDKERCHIEFS.

SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,

*By Special Appointment to H.M. The Queen and H.I.
and R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany,*

BELFAST.

CASH'S

Very suitable for trimming Ladies' and Children's under-clothing, the speciality of which is the Drawing Cord woven into the Cambric. Made in Plain and Fancy Edges.
Retailed by Drapers everywhere.

CAMBRIC

Send for Descriptive Circulars (post free) to

FRILLING.

**J. & J. CASH,
COVENTRY.**

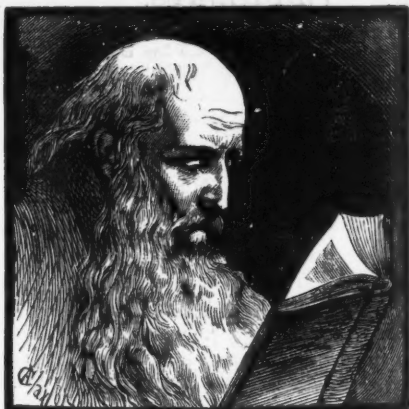
Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

Universally admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for
CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, etc.

"GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION, 1882."

SOLD EVERYWHERE, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.



Oh! ever thus from Childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die!

—MOORE.

A RUNAWAY KNOCK.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, describing a very dangerous illness, from which his daughter had just recovered, said: "Ah, sir, it was a Runaway Knock at Death's door, I can assure you." How to prevent death from disease by natural means, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT; it is the best known remedy. It removes fetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

Who are the really great and successful Men of the World?

HUXLEY wisely says: "Those who take honours in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. . . . Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination." The simple meaning is, when ailing pay no attention to the regulation of your diet, exercise, or occupation; attempt no conformity to the laws of life, or when you have drawn an overdraft on the bank of life, &c., avoid the use of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, and you will be surprised to learn the body what

A frail and fickle tenement it is,

Which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broken ere half its sands are run.

EXPERIENCE SHOWS that mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is particularly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid in the right track to health. A world of woe is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, therefore no family should ever be without it.

USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—Or as a health-giving, refreshing, cooling, invigorating beverage, or as a general laxative and tonic in the various forms of indigestion; also gouty or rheumatic poisons from the blood, the neglect of which often results in apoplexy, heart disease, and sudden death.

"MANY SICK PEOPLE looked upon me as a Physician. For a long time we had been in the centre of Africa without any medical man. Natives came with all manner of diseases. One day we had a man that was said to be mad. In some of his fits he had wounded a neighbour with an arrow. Whether he was mad or not, he was evidently far from well, and I gave him a large dose of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The poor fellow came back next morning to tell us that he was better. His breath was no longer offensive, and he looked cheerful. We were sorry when our supply of FRUIT SALT was done; it was a favourite both with natives and Europeans, and is much used along the malarious coasts."—"Africana," by the Rev. DUFF MACDONALD, M.A., B.D., vol. ii., p. 207.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Price 2/9 & 4/6.

Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

NOW READY. PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE

SUNDAY AT HOME

FOR JUNE, CONTAINING:—

Antananarivo, the Capital of Madagascar. By JAMES SIBREE, Jun. Illustrated.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Portrait).

The Story of a Day. By Mrs. MARSHALL, Author of "Life's Aftermath," etc. Illustrated.

David and Hanun.

On Taking Offence. By DORA HOPE.

David and Jonathan.

Among the Mongols: A Mongol Court of Justice. By the Rev. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A., of Peking.

Poetry:—Cast thy Burden—Why art thou Cast Down?—Only—Christ the Creator—Evening.

Pages for the Young:—Lessons from the Hive—Etc.

Old Hardwicke's Money. By the Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life." Illustrated.

Heroic Women. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A. Illustrated.

Four Palaces and their Story. II. The Luxembourg. Illustrated.

Helon of Alexandria. A Jewish Tale of the Days of the Maccabees. Illustrated.

The King's Sceptre. Hints of the Wonderful Unity of the Ways of God in History. By the Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. V. The Rejection of the Sceptre.

Memories of Dunkeld. By the Rev. J. KELLY.

Things New and Old, or Varieties for Sunday Reading.

The Home Bible Class:—Journeys of Our Lord.

The Monthly Religious Record.

WITH A TONED PAPER FRONTISPIECE—EVENING.

SIXPENCE MONTHLY. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

OUR FRIENDS ABROAD.

The Monthly Parts of the "Leisure Hour" can now be forwarded to any of the Continental Countries, to the United States, and Canada, AT THE SAME RATE AS FOR GREAT BRITAIN—viz., Three-halfpence each Part. Information respecting other Foreign Postal Rates can be obtained from any Post Office. Any Bookseller or Newsagent will arrange to forward the Monthly Parts, or they will be sent direct from the Publishing Office on receipt of Post Office Order for the Magazines and Postage. Orders should be addressed to Mr. JOSEPH TARN, 56, Paternoster Row, London, to whom also Money Orders should be made payable at St. Martin's-le-Grand, London.

BUMSTED'S
SALT
AND SEA SALT

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.

36, KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

CARPETS.

MORESQUE BRUSSELS.
Royal Axminster, Wiltons, Super Axminster and Woodstock, all new Carpeting Materials, are well worth attention.—MAPLE & CO., hold by far the largest stock of every description of carpets, amongst which are some most choice fabrics produced in unique designs and colourings not to be found elsewhere. In catering for the public MAPLE & CO. endeavour to produce novelties which cannot be obtained in the usual markets.

CARPETS.

MAPLE & CO. would advise all buyers of Carpets, &c., especially Americans now visiting London, to call and see for themselves these great novelties, which are not yet to be found on the other side.—MAPLE & CO., 145, 146, 147, 148, and 149, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MAPLE & Co

UPHOLSTERERS BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY,
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON.

The Largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the World.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.
Acres of Show Rooms of First-class Furniture. Novelties Every Day.

CRETONNES.

CRETONNES.—The Blocks for reprinting the fine old French Cretonnes having been now re-engraved, MAPLE and CO. are receiving the finest goods ever offered. The cloths upon which these are printed are of superior quality; the colours can also be guaranteed. The designs are exclusive, being engaged to MAPLE and CO., 145, Tottenham Court Road London.

CURTAINS.

CURTAINS.—The most wonderful improvements have been made within the last few years in the manufacture and colouring of Curtains and Covering Fabrics. The artistic effect which some of these goods, even at 2s. 6d. per yard, double width, give is extraordinary. The principal factories for the production being in France, MAPLE & CO. have established a house in Paris, whereby they see all the new designs, and are enabled to reserve them exclusively for their customers' selection.—MAPLE & CO., Tottenham Court Road, London.

WHAT SHALL I DRINK?

The Lancet says: "We counsel the public to drink their Lime-Juice whenever and wherever they list. As a rule Lime-Juice is, particularly during the summer, a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol. We have subjected the samples of the 'Lime-Fruit Juice' of the Montserrat Company to full analysis, with a view to test its quality and purity. WE HAVE FOUND IT TO BE IN SOUND CONDITION, and ENTIRELY FREE FROM ADULTERATION."

MONTSERRAT

LIME-FRUIT
JUICE AND CORDIALS.
Limetta or Pure Lime-Juice Cordial.

Aromatic Clove, Strawberry, Raspberry, Sarsaparilla, Pine-apple, Jargonelle, Peppermint, Quinine.

SOLD BY GROCERS, DRUGGISTS, WINE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE.

IF YOU WISH TO BE WELL AND KEEP WELL, TAKE

Bragg's
Nature's
Purifier.
Vegetable
Charcoal

is assuages all acidity and impure gases in the stomach and bowels, and thus gives a healthy tone to the whole system.

IN BOTTLES
2s. 4s. & 6s. EACH.

BRAGG'S
CHARCOAL
BISCUITS
In Tins,
1s., 2s., & 4s.
each.
Of all
Chemists.

C. BRANDAUER & CO'S

CIRCULAR PENS

POINTED PENS

Have met with general approbation. Write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. Six Prize Medals awarded. Ask your Stationer for a Sixpenny Assorted Sample Box, or send 7 stamps to the Works, Birmingham. London Warehouse, 24, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, E.C.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS ARE THE
BEST.—"Public Opinion."

"1,745 Newspapers recommend them."—See "The Graphic."

JUST OUT—

THE BIG WAVERLEY PEN.

"The best pens invented."—"Shrewsbury Journal."

AFTER DRYDEN.

Three Pens for three essential virtues famed,

The *Pickwick*, *Owl*, and *Waverley* were named.

The first in flexibility surpassed,

In ease the next, in elegance the last;

These points, united with attractions new,

Have yielded other boons, the *Phaeton* and *Hindoo*.

Sample Box, with all the kinds, 1s. 1d. by post.

"Let those write now who never wrote before,

And those who always wrote now write the more."

—"*The Oban Times*."

PATENTEES OF PENS AND PENHOLDERS,

MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 to 33, Blair Street, Edinburgh,

Pen Makers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

ESTABLISHED 1770.



MARGERISON'S

White Windsor
Golden Windsor
Cold Water

"Possesses all the qualities desired
in a good soap, and unrivalled for all
household purposes."—*Court Journal*.

SOAPS.

REGISTERED

COCOON

KNITTING WOOL

PRIZE MEDAL Crystal Palace Wool Exhibition
Made up in 1 oz. Cocoons in 1 lb. Boxes.
Wholesale only of WOOD & BURT, Holmfirth.

WEARS WELL
WELL SHRUNK
NO MORE TROUBLE
IN WINDING.

Remarkable
Disappearance!!
Of all Dirt
From everything
By using

Hudson's

Extract of Soap

Reward!!
Purity, Health, and
Perfect
Satisfaction
By its regular
Daily use.

or
e-
E
er
are
an
e,
45,

ul
he
ng
tic
pd.
ry-
ng
d a
ew
lu-
E

KE
S
AL
S

45.

.

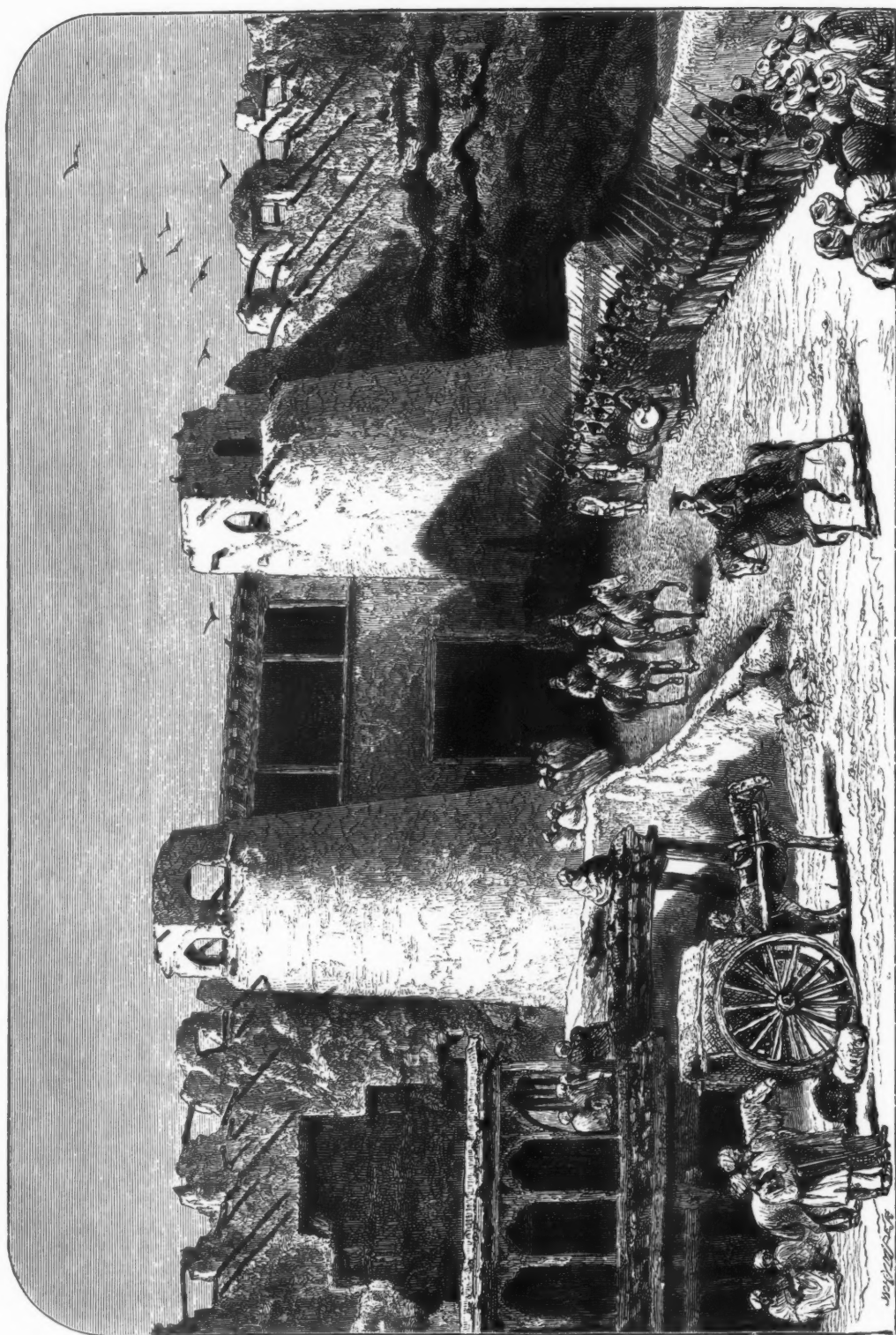
ther
led.
the
ect,

sor
sor

a

IN WINDING.





FORTRESS OF KITAB.

Return from a visit to the Emir of Bokhara.

SLO
Miss
before
the fir
well a
peratu
with t
"T
depriv
cause

THE OLD MAN'S WILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY," ETC.



A FINAL RESOLUTION.

CHAPTER XXI.—AN ANXIOUS TIME.

SLOWLY and reluctantly Etta laid aside her hat and outdoor wraps and went downstairs.

The tea was prepared, and both Ernest and Miss Matty were already there, the latter seated before the urn. The curtains were drawn, and the fire burnt brightly, making the room warm as well as cheerful. Struck by the change of temperature, Etta paused on the threshold, and stood with the door in her hand.

"Take your place, Miss Lacy; no one wants to deprive you of it," said Miss Matty, mistaking the cause of her hesitation, and about to rise; "only

you are very unpunctual, and Ernest and I want our tea."

"I had rather not," replied Etta, faintly, seating herself in the nearest chair, this sudden transition from cold to heat, or some other cause, making her feel giddy and sick. There was a strange, wistful look about her that immediately attracted Ernest's attention, as she glanced towards him with what he thought a deprecating expression and a quiver about the mouth indicative of suppressed feeling.

"Poor little thing!" thought he, "I had no

idea of making her suffer; though she did her best to wound me, I believe she was only playing a part. It was quite unnecessary; a few words of a very different character would have equally crushed my pretensions, but she is scarcely more than a child."

"Take this seat, Miss Lacy, I fear you are feeling the ill effects of sitting in the cold," he said, aloud, wheeling one of the large comfortable leather chairs close to the table.

"From the fire—away from the fire," she murmured, dropping into another, and throwing back her head, she sat for a moment bolt upright.

Miss Matty poured out a cup of tea and handed it to her. Taking it from her mechanically, Etta set it down and stared at it.

"What is the matter now, child?" asked Miss Matty, sharply.

Thus reproved, Etta tried to brace herself up and take her tea, hoping that if she could manage to swallow a few drops she should be better. As she put out her hand for that purpose the room began to turn, Miss Matty and the urn went round together. The eyelids fell on the little white cheeks, and she was slipping from the chair to the ground when Ernest hurried to her aid.

"She is ill—she has fainted! What shall I do with her, aunt? I fear I have caused her some sorrow," he said, looking down pitifully.

"You?" replied Miss Matty, in surprise—for, like her brother, she was beginning to appreciate her nephew, and to think he could do no wrong.

After giving him one sharp, inquiring look, she proceeded to busy herself about Etta. Under his aunt's direction Ernest carried her upstairs; and Miss Matty and her maid, after administering the necessary restoratives, put her to bed.

Sarah Foster was deputed to sit up with her, and before morning it was evident that she was seriously ill. At an early hour they sent for Dr. Philips, who pronounced her illness to be fever of the same character as that prevalent in the village.

This opinion caused a general disturbance in the household.

"I have no doubt she caught it by going to the Fosters'. I warned her not to go; but perhaps it was too late," observed Ernest, when talking her over with his aunt.

"Most probably," returned Miss Matty. "But if you advised her not to go, why did you say that you were the cause of her illness?"

Thus questioned, Ernest proceeded to give the result of his interview with Etta.

"If she is engaged or attached to another she cannot of course listen to me," he added, by way of diminishing Miss Matty's outspoken displeasure.

"Nonsense; a child like that, just leaving off pinafores and dolls, what has she to do with previous engagements and affections! If you were willing to take her she ought to have been thankful. What will your uncle say to this new piece of folly?"

"I hope he will devise some expedient of being just to me without being unjust to her. It strikes me that you are both hard upon her, and, instead of soothing, draw out a spirit of hostility which

tends to make her regard every one as an enemy. She leads an unnatural life; neither you nor my uncle ever give her a word of affection; the servants pay her no respect; instead, therefore, of her trying to please others, which is, or ought to be, the characteristic of young people, she is always struggling for her rights—rights as she understands them. A very little kindness from either of you would have made her amiable enough. There is a great deal of latent good in her, I am persuaded."

"A pity it is so overclouded, then," rejoined Miss Matty. But, in spite of her professed indifference, she proved an efficient and devoted nurse.

Whether from the effect of Ernest's solicitude, or a sense of her own shortcomings, Miss Rivers was unremitting in her attention. She spent hours in the sick room, often by night as well as day, ministering to her comfort and wants with gentleness as well as patience. Her example influenced the household. Even Lizzie did not dare to be negligent; any instance of carelessness met with an immediate and sharp rebuke, so that it did really seem as if, in illness, Etta obtained the coveted importance she had failed to acquire when well.

Mr. Rivers, to the general surprise, testified considerable interest in the progress of the fever, sometimes asking if she were properly cared for, and at others recommending that she should not be pampered and spoilt.

"We can't do both," said Miss Matty, testily, one day when he had been more than usually troublesome about her.

"I suppose she will soon be well enough to talk, and must by this time have made up her mind as to what is best for her to do. I want to hear if she is willing to marry Ernest, if not I must look after his fortunes in some other way."

"The sooner the better, then, for the wheels of life rarely run as smoothly as our wishes would make them."

"What do you mean, Matty? You are always at your parables and nonsense. Why don't you speak plainly?"

"Well, it is plain enough that this comfortable plan, which would have suited all parties but one, will not be realised. Ernest has made his suit and got his answer. The little lady rejects his addresses because engaged to some one else."

Miss Matty did not intend to mislead her brother. She only stated as fact the impression received from her nephew, with no *arrière pensée* except to make Mr. Rivers feel the necessity of providing for his relative in some other manner.

"The little minx!" exclaimed Mr. Rivers, angrily; "what does she mean by such nonsense? Oh, but we will teach her better, we will teach her better. Send Ernest to me as soon as he comes in."

"You will find your nephew too honourable to pursue his suit under present circumstances, even if we did not know the girl to be headstrong in her temper, with a will of her own. You cannot be more vexed than I am."

"Vexed; I am not vexed," said the old man, grinding his teeth together. "We are vexed

when we cannot help ourselves, and I am not come to that pass just yet. Who did you say is the favoured swain?" he asked, with an outward calmness belied by his countenance.

"I mentioned no one, for I do not know. The child was taken ill the very day that Ernest spoke to her. Her friend Ethel's brother, perhaps, or some schoolgirl romance. Wait a little, do nothing rash or unjust, but do not forget that your nephew has claims upon you."

"No, no," he muttered when his sister had left him, "it shall be nothing rash nor unjust either. I will give them both a hearing."

But that hearing never was given. A few days after this, when they were expecting her to get better, Etta's illness took an unfavourable turn. The day came when all in the house went about with bated breath. The young life hung upon a thread. The doctor's visits were looked for with anxiety. Both Ernest and Miss Matty watched for his coming, and the former waylaid him at his departure.

It was a time of general solicitude and uneasiness. There were many deaths in the parish, and the bell was continually tolling. Mr. Reade came to see her, but she did not know him. She was often delirious, and always restless. In her delirium she was ever busy carrying out her own day-dreams, chiefly ideas of a benevolent character. Sometimes she was occupied with building houses for the poor, and scolding the workmen for their slowness, distressed lest the cottages should not be finished before the cold weather arrived. At others she was ordering blankets and coals, or finding fault with the gardener and shopmen for disobeying her orders. Now and then she would reproach her stepfather for unkindness, or Miss Matty for indifference. The only time she ever mentioned Ernest was to entreat him not to tell his uncle what she had been saying. Sometimes she fancied herself in possession of Deane Hall, and issued her commands with startling clearness, as if her plans had been cut and dried for years. Nearly all of them were for the benefit of others. Miss Matty's straightforward mind was considerably impressed by these revelations of her inner self, almost childlike in its simplicity as well as untiring in activity. A certain tenderness sprang up towards the motherless girl in whom she recognised much unregulated good. She grieved that a life so well-intentioned should close so early unmarked except by a few short fevered dreams.

"You judged her more correctly than I did," was her remark one day to her nephew, as they dined together, both sorrowfully regarding the empty chair not likely to be filled again. "While I saw only faults you discovered virtues."

"I cannot say that exactly. In her faults I discern possibilities of excellence."

And so the days wore away. If Miss Matty condemned herself for the past she could not do so in the present. No one watched the sufferer more carefully. She would sit beside her for hours as the flushed face turned restlessly on the pillow, and the little hands tossed about unable to find repose, and would try by constant attention to allay her thirst or cool her fevered brow.

Her former hardness weighed upon her conscience. How often Merry had more than hinted that she ought to do something to win the young girl's regard and make her happy, and she had always turned a deaf ear.

"Was I so perfect myself that I could not put up with the failings of others?" she asked, in the bitterness of self-reproach, regretting that she had made no effort to instruct her in the principles and hopes of religion, though convinced of their absolute necessity to give peace here or happiness hereafter. Nor was that all. She feared that the unloveliness of her own Christianity had acted as a deterrent power, and now Etta was passing away, ignorant, as far as she knew, of the Gospel scheme of mercy, or only with a cold, general, superficial knowledge which gives no joy, no comfort, no resting-place for the anxious soul.

Many an hour Miss Matty spent in prayer for Etta's recovery, if it might be, or, if not, for the enlightenment of her mind, which as yet did not appear to have gone beyond philanthropy. And for herself also, that she might become wiser and better, more gentle, more loving, a follower of her Lord, who went about doing good, and never broke the bruised reed or refused a word of kindness to those who needed it.

Etta's illness seemed to have a softening effect upon Mr. Rivers also, judging by his anxiety respecting her. As she grew worse his anger abated; twice a day if not oftener, he demanded a report of her condition, and not only asked after her the first thing when he awoke, but required the doctor's opinion and remarks to be retailed to him after every visit. It was on one of these occasions that Miss Matty expressed her belief that Etta would not recover.

"Far better that she should not," replied Mr. Rivers, to whom the prospect of her death brought a strange sense of relief.

Day after day came and went without any perceptible change. There was no more fever, yet Etta grew no better—she was utterly prostrate. Food and stimulants were hourly administered, but without any apparent effect. She gained no strength; the doctor pronounced it only a question of time, a few days or even less.

It did indeed appear on the surface as if all Mr. Rivers's difficulty would be removed with Etta. A stronger than he would annul the much regretted promise and restore Deane Hall to the family.

CHAPTER XXII.—A SERIOUS RESOLUTION.

IT was Christmas Day, an old-fashioned, seasonable Christmas, when a sprinkling of snow lay on the ground with the sun shining upon it, decking the fields and hedges with countless jewels from the treasury of nature. This was the epoch intended in the calculations of Mr. Rivers for the marriage of Etta Lacy with his nephew, and perhaps had that marriage taken place Deane Hall might have put on an appearance of rejoicing. As circumstances now were, the house was dull and silent within, while the air without was filled with the melody of the church bells as they rung

out their joyous proclamation of "peace and good will to men." In two different rooms two very different occupants were listening to the echoes as they died away, and perhaps no contrast could exist greater than the one they presented.

Contrary to general expectation, Etta Lacy had not died. She lingered on, and ultimately fell into a state of depression and languor from which they could not rouse her. By way of experiment Miss Matty had determined that she should go downstairs to-day when she and Ernest returned from church, and that if she were too weak to walk she should be carried. Etta made no open resistance, but, for the first time since she was taken ill, exercised a will of her own. She would not be carried down, she would walk, and did so, with Sarah Foster's assistance, as soon as the others had left the house.

The church bells were still ringing when Merry went into his master's room to inquire if he wanted anything. The joyous sound which had scarcely disturbed the listlessness of Etta seemed to infuse new life into the old man. This morning he was positively good-humoured, with a word of a cheerful character for every one. He jested with Merry, told him to go to church in time and to return a better man. For Miss Matty he had some sly inuendo upon her Puritanism, and when Ernest appeared he greeted him with actual affection.

"I want some money; put three sovereigns on the table for me," he said, as Ernest was leaving the room. "We must give Christmas-boxes, I suppose, at Christmas."

If this unwonted amiability of Mr. Rivers excited surprise, no one ventured to remark upon it; they were too thankful for the improvement, whatever its cause. When all were gone he covered the sovereigns with his withered hand and sat listening impatiently to the church bells. The cessation of the grand peal evidently gave him pleasure. When all was still without and the house quiet within his whole demeanour changed. He became restless and excited, sometimes grumbling in an incoherent manner and sometimes congratulating himself that he was still master enough to make others obey him. "Her own fault, her own fault," he muttered aloud, assured that no one was there to hear him. "She should have done as I wished her. I will have no fortune-hunter reigning here nor the child either. Where is Lizzie? Why does she not come?"

Since the cold commenced he had left his accustomed place by the window for one nearer the fire, and there he was now seated. A few account-books were on the table before him, which he contrived to push about until, by the aid of marks previously placed, he managed to find the pages required, which he regarded with silent satisfaction.

To-morrow was rent-day; the last half-year there had not been one defaulter, nor did he expect any now. He felt himself a prosperous man. The harvest had been good, his granaries and barns were well stocked. If, like the fool in the parable, he did not resolve to pull them down and build greater, he was not a whit wiser than he, for

his soul delighted in them above all else. After a few lusty shouts for Lizzie, he returned to his one-sided argument with himself, strengthening his resolution with excuses, as people are apt to do when the conscience and the will are at variance.

"If she had married Ernest I should not have minded so much her having Deane Hall. I gave her the chance; even Matty can't say that I have deliberately broken my word. I shall not alter my will;" and here he laughed and chuckled in high glee, then added softly, "The old man is more than a match for them."

The sun streamed in through the window, the curtains of which were tightly looped back to afford a wider view, and nearly reached the hearth, where a large fire was burning. He watched the latter with fixed attention. In a few minutes the greater light touched the lesser, and the flames seemed to falter and sink lower and lower.

"Why does not the girl come?" he growled. "We are losing time, and the fire, which was burning so well, will be dull and dead, and will have to be made up again."

Presently he raised his voice to its highest pitch and shouted, "Lizzie, Liz, where are you?"

When in his usual place Mr. Rivers was not entirely helpless, a contrivance having been made for him to sound the bell by means of a string attached to it, fastened to the arm of his chair on which he was able to lean, but to-day, by his own desire, he had been placed close to the fire on the other side.

"Lizzie!" he called again. "Where can she be? She is not gone to church. I told her to come to me as soon as the others were gone. What can she be about?"

He was getting cross and impatient, for time was passing, and the sunlight was creeping over the fire. The second summons, however, produced some effect. He heard doors open, and presently steps came along the passages. It was not Lizzie but Mrs. Jukes, who, hearing his voice, had come to see what he wanted.

"I want Lizzie. Where is she?"

Mrs. Jukes did not know, had not seen her for the last quarter of an hour, but offered her own services. Instead of thanking her, Mr. Rivers grumbled out a malediction upon his helplessness, and then told his housekeeper that since she was there she might as well shut out the sun and make up the fire.

"Tell Lizzie to come immediately," he said, as Mrs. Jukes, having done as she was bid, turned to go away.

But all this time Lizzie was engaged keeping another rendezvous, which had added a gold-piece to her pocket. Not finding her in the house, Mrs. Jukes stepped outside and called her, thinking she might be somewhere in the back premises. Her treble voice, raised pretty well to a scream, brought an answer from some distant spot among the trees, "Coming."

"Come quick then, master has been calling you for half an hour."

Having said this Mrs. Jukes retired to her kitchen and her dinner without troubling her further. Lizzie had a tongue, and generally con-

trived to do as she liked. She was, besides, a favourite with her master, and knew it too. Like the prickly pear, she was not to be carelessly handled with impunity.

Lizzie was at that moment in earnest conversation with a young man behind the house. A shed concealed them both, but not completely, for any one crossing the yard might have seen them. But at that hour, on this day, no one was about, and Lizzie thought she was safe. For once she was timid, afraid to do what her companion requested, and made many objections.

"No harm can possibly happen to you," he said; "only leave the window ajar and I will manage the rest."

"But master, if he should be angry, it is as much as my place is worth."

"He will not be angry, he will be glad to see me. It is necessary that I should see him first alone, without any witness. If, as I expect, the interview proves the making of me, it shall also be the making of you. Come, give me the promise, you are too handsome to be ill-natured!"

"Only to leave the window unfastened?"

"Only to leave the window unfastened, that is all. Then next Sunday at this hour—"

"Coming, coming," screamed Lizzie once more, in answer to Mrs. Jukes, who, this time, had gone into the yard to see what detained the girl, and, to her surprise, caught sight, as she thought, of Ernest Rivers skulking away under the trees. Lizzie soon came forward with her apron full of chips and shavings.

"Whatever are you about, Lizzie? Master is out of all patience," said Mrs. Jukes, sharply, eyeing her suspiciously.

"Yes, I know. He told me to make a blazing fire in his room, and am not I after it?" she replied, showing her apronful of provisions.

"There is no telling what a girl like you is after," rejoined Mrs. Jukes, looking her full in the face.

Lizzie stood her ground very well; she neither coloured nor moved a muscle.

Heedless of the housekeeper's distrust, Lizzie went singing upstairs, and entering Mr. Rivers's room, displayed her store before he had time to speak.

"Here is something to make a Christmas fire; won't they blaze? I hope they won't set the chimney on fire. It is not cold at all to-day, the sun shines more like spring than winter."

Whilst speaking she threw down the shavings and began to insert her chips and pieces of wood with care and judgment, furtively watching her master all the while. He had grumbled a little at first, but as the flames leaped up his brow smoothed and the angry puckers disappeared. He looked pleased, and even happy, and would have rubbed his hands with glee had he been able, but the only manifestations in his power were a few grunts of satisfaction or words of praise.

"Now, Liz, you are a good girl; I have a mind to give you a Christmas-box. See here." Raising his hand he displayed three sovereigns ranged on the table, one of which Lizzie concluded was for

her. Last year she had only received five shillings; for some reason or other he was disposed to be more generous now. Lizzie was a shrewd observer, and no bad judge of human nature when it was crooked. A noble character can only be understood by one of the same class, and poor Lizzie did not belong to that.

She thought, and perhaps rightly, that her dislike of Miss Etta, and the tales she was always willing to tell of her, were no disservice in the eyes of Mr. Rivers.

As he contented himself with exhibiting the money, she went on arranging the fire, and when there was no more excuse for the occupation, rose from her knees and asked if she could do anything more for him.

"Yes, unlock my secretary, put your hand far back and press downwards; you will find a loose piece opening into a drawer below, bring me all the papers you can reach."

Delighted to be trusted in this way, she followed his directions, and brought out three large parchment parcels tied with red tape.

"Go on, go on; you will find more," said Mr. Rivers, who sat eagerly watching. Another dip brought to light a smaller packet, at sight of which Mr. Rivers nodded, saying, "Bring it here; shut up the rest where they were before, and give me the key."

When Lizzie had placed the document on the table, Mr. Rivers, after turning it over two or three times, regarding it all the while with an expression of countenance that puzzled her not a little, he told her to put it into his hand. Just before he had pushed one of the sovereigns towards her, telling her to take it. On putting it into her pocket she heard it jink against the other with a smile of contentment. This was a good Christmas Day for her.

"Anything more, sir?" she inquired.

"Yes, make a large hole in the middle of the fire." That done, she looked at him for further orders. "Now guide my hand so that I drop this paper into the hole, and then throw some of your shavings upon it."

Wondering, but pleased, for she had an instinctive feeling that something was going wrong for Miss Etta, Mr. Rivers's interest in her having entirely collapsed with her recovery from danger, Lizzie readily did as she was desired.

"Now, sir, let it fall."

Before she spoke he had relaxed his hold, and the paper inclining a little too forward, just touched the upper bar of the grate, and then fell on the hearth. Without a moment's hesitation Lizzie picked it up and popped it into the flames, where it soon shrivelled up and disappeared, Mr. Rivers looking on with an expression of intense eagerness. When it was completely consumed, he turned his face towards Lizzie, saying with great gravity,

"I would rather have burnt it myself. But never mind, it can't be helped now, and no one will know what you have done; I shall never tell."

Lizzie was dismayed, and the red blood rushed into her cheeks. What had she been at? From

her master's words and manner she feared she had done something that exposed her to punishment, and Mr. Rivers, perceiving the impression made on her mind, lost no time in turning it to account. He seized this opportunity of securing her secrecy by working on her fears. His peace, he thought, for the rest of his life depended on the concealment of this morning's transaction.

"I did not mean to bring you into this ugly scrape, Lizzie," he said, in tones of assumed regret, and in words that implied an intention on her part which did not exist; "all the same, you have burnt a will, and are liable to punishment if it is ever found out—how many years of imprisonment I can't exactly say—or perhaps worse. But if you keep your counsel I will keep mine. There, don't look so stupefied," he added, fearing that he had overshot his mark and frightened her too much for his purpose. "No harm can happen to you if you tell no one of this morning's work, but I will not answer for your safety if you go blabbing. Mind what I say. Here, you may put these other two sovereigns in your pocket and try and go about with a merry face. Is any one at home besides Mrs. Jukes and yourself?"

"Only Miss Etta; Sarah helped her downstairs before she went to church. Some think she will never be herself again. Anyhow, she won't die, she is not one of that sort;" and then, without seeing the uncomplimentary nature of her words, she continued, "It is only the good who are taken early."

A grunt of assent or dissent brought Lizzie to her bearings, and she thought fit to offer an apology, which did not mend the matter. "At least, so they say as ought to know; but for my part I never found the young so very good, nor no one else either. I hold with the parson who says we all go astray like lost sheep."

As Mr. Rivers was in no wise disposed to listen to Lizzie's theology, he dismissed her with the ominous caution to mind what she was about, and, having been moved back to his former seat, gave himself up to the enjoyment of his thoughts.

First and foremost was the pleasure of having outwitted them all, Lawyer Nash into the bargain.

"How was it they did not recollect that all my property, being freehold, must go to Ernest if there is no will?" he said to himself. "And Nash wanted me to make a duplicate of the will, but I was not such a fool as that!" Etta next came in for her share in his soliloquy. "The little minx! She will have to be a little more humble now. How often she humbled me! As we sow, so we reap."

A grim smile of self-approval settled on the old man's lips.

The stern truth, and its terrible application to himself, he did not see. Unconscious of the momentous issues of a well or ill-spent life, his interests were all centred in the arrangement of his temporal affairs.

Satisfied with himself, his contracted forehead relaxed as the flames, assisted by the shavings, continued to burst every now and then through

the superincumbent layer of coal added by Lizzie at his request.

"It is his now—all his," he muttered. "His by law as well as natural right."

So completely was Mr. Rivers changed towards Ernest that it was a positive joy to have assured the property to him. And Etta—well, she had no one to blame but herself. By this foolish premature attachment she had destroyed her prospects. Still, he would give her something; a girl did not require much. He would not forget her entirely. When his end was near, or he could meet with another lawyer who suited him, he would make some provision for her, but he must go cautiously to work, no one must know the exact truth.

He was afraid of Ernest; he had rejected with lofty scorn the first approach to an idea of injuring Etta Lacy, and with equal disdain and denial the proposition to cut out his favoured rival, whoever he might be.

There remained Merry. Under pretext of wishing to leave legacies not yet arranged, Mr. Rivers thought he could commission him to summon a lawyer of his acquaintance from London, who, being uninstructed in family affairs, would see nothing strange or objectionable in what he was directed to do. But that might wait; there was no hurry. No, for an act of justice often there is no hurry. Precipitation is for what we have most at heart—the darling scheme we are unwilling to relinquish, the resolution we will not surrender.

Lizzie, as recommended by Mr. Rivers, said nothing. Mrs. Jukes suspected something. In vain she questioned and surmised. Lizzie turned a deaf ear. But Mrs. Jukes was not satisfied, and intimated to Miss Matty that something was wrong. Without naming time or place, she told her that she had seen, as she believed, Mr. Ernest Rivers talking to Lizzie in a familiar manner and that no good could come of that.

Miss Matty repeated the tale to the culprit himself.

"The woman is crazed to take up a notion of that kind," replied Ernest. "I so dislike Lizzie that I should rejoice to see her dismissed any day, were it only for her rudeness to little Etta."

Although his denial did not amount to much, Miss Matty believed her nephew, and made no further inquiries, and so a plot was successfully hatched, which worked more mischief than the actors in the drama had ever contemplated.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MEDITATIONS.

FOR the first half-hour after Lizzie left him Mr. Rivers sat pondering over his recent occupation with intense satisfaction.

Meanwhile Etta was resting below on the sofa where Sarah had placed her, in as much comfort as she was then capable of feeling, her large eyes rendered larger by illness, and her brow laden with thought. She was not quite the same Etta she had been before. A change had come over her. The long hours of sickness and sometimes solitude had not been idly spent. To her active

mind vacuity or mental inaction was impossible. Weak as she was, little spurts of energy often broke through the natural *ennui* of convalescence, and these generally took the form of introspection. Her languor, making her dependent upon those around, taught her consideration for others, and also gave her glimpses of the necessity of that mutual aid and sympathy she thought to do without. The visits of Mr. Reade at such a time had been a source of benefit as well as pleasure. His judicious teaching, his tender sympathy, and, above all, his personal character, exercised an undeniable influence over her. He was about to enter a world of which she had touched the border, and even now thought upon with awe, if not dread, while he was looking forward to his future home with an unruffled brow and a peaceful smile. He was nearing the great sunset, and not only were there no clouds to obscure its beauty, but a light from the skies beyond enhanced and deepened its radiance. Was it any marvel that her youthful mind, naturally so alert, should take note of the difference between him and herself, and strive to discover the cause? The Divine love, of which Mr. Reade so often conversed, not having touched her heart, had met with no response. If it were the chief duty to love God with all her heart, with all her mind, and with all her strength, she had miserably fallen short. There was no stifling the fact that she had loved herself and her own ways first. As Etta thus examined into her true state her self-sufficiency was shaken, and perhaps her mind would have made some satisfactory advances in the right direction if she had not exercised it in judging others. Mr. Rivers upstairs was speedily dismissed, for he made no profession of religion at all. Miss Matty puzzled her; she was not lovable or gentle, but she had many good points; she said a great many good things, and passed for a religious woman. Ernest Rivers again was altogether different. He was kind and considerate; he went quietly about his duties, but made no profession. Which of them was nearest the Christian character? Before she had settled the knotty point in her own mind, their voices were heard in the hall, and soon both entered the room, expressing pleasure at seeing her once more downstairs.

"We did not expect to find you already here," said Miss Matty. "How did you manage it?"

"Oh, very well with Sarah's help." This was Etta's first conscious meeting with Ernest since she was taken ill, and might have been a very awkward one but for the turn of the conversation. She was aware of having acted an unworthy part towards him, and yet was unwilling to express the regret she really felt, lest she should be misunderstood and appear to encourage a suit to which she was as little inclined to listen as ever.

"How have you amused yourself all this while?" asked Miss Matty.

"I have been thinking and, perhaps not very profitably, recalling some of Mr. Reade's sayings and teachings, and wondering over them."

Naïve as she was, she could not tell them that she had beguiled the time in debating whether they were Christians or not.

Ernest brought a message from Mr. Reade to the effect that he was coming to see her in the afternoon, and Miss Matty had a great deal to say about his failing health and beautiful character.

The Christmas dinner was unusually dull. Not one of the three appeared inclined to make an effort to please the others, and when it was over Etta retired to the drawing-room in expectation of Mr. Reade's visit. When he came he found her in tears and tenderly inquired the cause.

"I am puzzled and anxious," she replied. "I am so glad to have escaped death, and perhaps that is wrong."

"By no means wrong, it is the instinct of nature. Let not that trouble you, my dear child, but live so that you may look upon death as a passage to a happy eternity."

"Have you no fears when you think of it?" asked she, timidly. She knew that she had been given over, and her mind still dwelt upon her recovery as something unreal which might prove a deception any day.

"To all, young or old, the passing out of this life is a solemn moment," he replied, glad to see her so serious and inquiring, "but there is no fear when we can say, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'"

After a little further conversation Mr. Reade seemed tired, and leaning back in his chair only broke the silence now and then by repeating some text of Scripture, more applicable to himself than to Etta.

"My dear child," he said, suddenly awaking to a recollection of where he was, "you will think of what we have been saying when I am gone. We know not whether our days here will be short or long. To be ready for the end should be the purpose of life. Good-bye, my child. I am rather tired; the service to-day seemed very long, but I wished to visit you as you could not come to me. I shall see that you are taken care of."

Mr. Reade soon went away. What he might mean by his last words was at first a puzzle to Etta.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

ETTA, soon wearied of herself and every occupation she attempted. As she sat alone the following Sunday morning, the idea entered her head of paying a visit to Mr. Rivers. She had not seen him since she was first taken ill, several weeks ago. Surely he would be displeased at her negligence now that she was really getting better every day, especially as, in the early stages of the fever, she had been told that he testified so much interest in her. She would go and thank him or he might think her ungrateful.

A visit to his sick chamber had at all times been a trial, however bravely encountered, nor was it likely to be less so on the present occasion. With nervous trepidation she slowly mounted the staircase, stimulating her courage by repeating over and over again that she ought to go.

"I hope he will not question me about Ernest

Rivers, nor snarl, nor speak loud, for I shall be sure to cry if he does, and then he will call me a baby, and that will make me worse," thought Etta, as she touched the handle of the door.

Turning it gently, she was about to enter, when the sight that met her eyes made her quickly draw back and close it after her.

The moment she had chosen was inopportune. Mr. Rivers sat in his accustomed chair, nearer to the fire than formerly, and some one—surely it must be Ernest Rivers—was kneeling before him. Their faces were not visible from where she stood, but the attitude of Rivers struck her as very stiff

Rivers, notwithstanding his protestations of friendship, plotting against her?

The drawing-room door being ajar, she went in there instead of returning to her warm seat in the dining-room. She was too unhappy to know what she did or to notice the difference of temperature. To lose Deane Hall, as she now began to think was possible, seemed the most terrible misfortune that could befall her. Sinking into an easy-chair, she laid her head upon her hands that rested on a table, and gave way to despondency—not aloud, but weakly and spasmodically—from time to time. It was at one of those pauses in



A STRANGE INTRUDER.

and peculiar, and Ernest, if it was he, was clasp- ing his uncle's hands as if urging some request with vehemence.

"I thought Ernest Rivers was in church all this while. What can it mean?" was her perplexed inquiry as she noiselessly descended the stairs.

The more she pondered what she had just witnessed the greater was her surprise. What could cause a man, so calm and quiet as Ernest Rivers usually appeared, to exhibit such symptoms of distress? The old doubt again took possession of her. Notwithstanding the many times she had been forced to think well of him in spite of herself, she could not resist the suspicion that this interview, carried on with such secrecy, had reference to the property, and boded no good to her. One of her dreams—and often repeated during her long illness—was that she had lost the estate. Was this about to be realised? Was Ernest

her grief that a slight noise caused her to raise her head, when she saw the same figure leaving the room by the window and quickly disappearing round the corner of the house with what seemed to her a stealthy step, as if seeking to avoid observation. Who could it be but Ernest? Her curiosity roused, she approached the still open window and looked round. There was no one to be seen. She attempted to step out, but the cold, biting, frosty atmosphere obliged her to retreat quickly and return to her warm sofa in the dining-room. She had barely resumed her place and commenced trifling with the pages of a magazine when Miss Matty came up the gravel walk in front of the house alone.

The dinner that day had to wait for Ernest. Miss Matty made a kind of apology for him, saying that she believed he had gone along the road with Farmer Vincent. In about a quarter of an

hour he appeared, calm and collected, offering his excuses in a formal manner, while Etta secretly wondered at the ease with which Miss Matty was deceived. Her bewilderment became grèater still when, during the conversation that ensued, he expressed an opinion upon the sermon quite opposite to that of his aunt.

"But you were not there," said Etta, unable any longer to control her impatience, and speaking from her seat by the fire, where a small table had been placed for her especial use.

"Not there!" repeated Ernest, with an air of surprise equal to her own. "Why, I went with my aunt, and came back with her. We only parted company at the turning leading to Vincent's farm."

Etta did not directly tax him with falsehood, but she looked unutterable things as she quietly observed, "I have seen you before to-day."

"Very possibly. I was walking about all the morning before church time."

"But you did not go to church at all—or if you did you soon returned home. I saw you here, in this very house, about twelve o'clock."

It was Ernest's turn to feel bewildered, and he looked at his aunt for an explanation.

"She has been dreaming," said Miss Matty, and went on with her dinner.

"No, I have not been dreaming," answered Etta, a little sharply, piqued that her puzzle should be so simply explained, and determined now to have the matter sifted. "I saw Mr. Ernest Rivers in this house at the time he says he was in church, and if he likes I will say where I saw him and what he was doing."

"But this sounds serious!" exclaimed the young man, glancing first at Etta and then at his aunt.

He had laid down his knife and fork, but at a sign from Miss Matty resumed them.

To them both Etta seemed very unlike herself—at least, such as she had been since her convalescence. Her cheek was flushed, her mouth set, and her eyes had some of the brightness of fever, while her general expression was one of aggression.

"Let her be quiet, don't agitate her," said Miss Matty, in a low voice, giving a sagacious nod to her nephew. "I dare say she has had some feverish dream."

"I have not been sleeping at all; on the contrary, I was never more wide-awake. Mr. Ernest Rivers knows that what I say is true. He was here when you imagined he was in church, and if he dares me to it, I will say where I saw him. There is another witness in the house besides myself."

Persuaded that Etta was under the influence of a vivid dream, rendered unnaturally real by her bodily weakness, and that it was best not to dwell upon it further, Miss Matty continued eating with apparent unconcern. Not so Ernest. An hallucination so strong alarmed him.

"I must believe my own eyes," said Etta. "Would you like to hear what I saw?" she asked, provoked by Ernest's assumption of incredulity into a desire to unmask him.

"By all means, I am extremely curious to know."

"In itself it might be innocent enough if you had not done it secretly and denied it afterwards," pursued Etta. "I am sharp enough to suspect evil where there is mystery."

"The axiom holds good sometimes; now for its application to me," said Ernest, leaving the table and standing before her. But instead of addressing him she turned towards Miss Matty, who did not appear at all interested in her story.

"You were kind enough to provide me with books before going away, but I could not fix my attention upon what I read, so, laying them down, I resolved to pay a visit to grandpa. He has not asked to see me, but I thought I ought to go, and I went. Mr. Ernest knows now what I mean."

"Less than ever; so far your narrative has nothing to do with me."

"We shall see," replied Etta, giving him a swift, triumphant glance, and then continued, "On opening the door I saw Mr. Ernest Rivers before his uncle, clasping his hands and appearing to be asking something with intense earnestness. His back being turned towards me, I can only answer for the impression produced on my mind, but I do not think I was mistaken. I closed the door as gently as I could and went away. Of course Mr. Ernest has every right to talk to his uncle, but why should he visit him secretly and tell us that he was in church all the time? I afterwards saw him go out by the drawing-room window and steal round the corner out of sight."

"Why, Etta, what a cock-and-bull story," said Miss Matty, whose patience had hardly lasted to the end of it. "You were dreaming."

"It is true, all true, perfectly true, dreadfully true," asserted Etta. "I did not see him enter the room, but I saw him go out by the window as plainly as I see him now."

"How was he dressed?"

Etta hesitated at first, but afterwards said she supposed as he was now, she had not noticed. He had his hat on, of that she was sure. Aunt and nephew looked at each other, and then the former asked what she was doing in the drawing-room where there was no fire.

"I found the door open when I came down stairs and went in. I don't know why," answered Etta.

"Who opened the window?"

"I don't know, nor did I know it was open until I heard a slight noise, and, looking up, perceived Mr. Ernest Rivers going away as I have said."

"What were you doing there, all in the cold?" again inquired Miss Matty.

Etta made no response. It was not her intention to betray herself and make them acquainted with any of her personal feelings, and because she did not answer Miss Matty was confirmed in her first opinion, that the incident described was the work of Etta's own fancy, whether asleep or awake.

Ernest here left the room, and presently returned, saying that he had found both the windows closed and fastened.

"Who shut the windows? That seems an important item in the tale," observed Miss Matty.

"I did not," said Etta. "I just stepped outside for a minute, but feeling the air very cold, I came quickly back to this room, and have remained here ever since."

Clear and circumstantial as Etta's narrative appeared to herself, she saw plainly that it was not believed by Miss Matty, nor did it cause any embarrassment to Ernest.

Miss Matty showed a desire to drop the subject by recommending her nephew to finish his dinner, or to ring the bell for the table to be cleared.

Ernest was about to ring, when Merry himself appeared in the doorway, his face white and grey with terror, and uttered the word,

"Master!"

CHAPTER XXV.—SUDDEN CALAMITY.

IN a few seconds there was bustle and movement throughout the house. In her hurry to rise Miss Matty threw down her chair and stumbled over the footstool. Etta sprang from her sofa, but only to fall back upon it, having already drawn too freely upon her small amount of strength. Before his aunt could reach the door Ernest was half way upstairs, three steps at a time. Though Merry had uttered but the one word "Master," his tone and countenance awakened serious alarm. On entering the room all their worst fears were confirmed. Mr. Rivers sat in his usual place, but changed indeed; his head was sunk upon his breast, and he neither spoke nor moved.

In that position, it appeared, Merry had found him on looking into his room when he came back from church, but, believing him to be asleep, and unwilling to wake him, he closed the door and went downstairs to put off his dinner. Returning some time after, he saw him in the same posture, which then looked less natural. On approaching nearer he discovered that he was insensible.

Without a moment's delay Ernest rode off for Dr. Philips, and Miss Matty constituted herself head nurse.

The household, which at first was transformed into a scene of commotion, after a time subsided into stillness. They could do nothing more, and awaited the doctor's arrival with a kind of hopeless anxiety. If Dr. Philips were able to relieve the patient, it was evident to all that, at best, he could but prolong his life for a very short period.

Such a termination, which might have been expected at any time, now took them all by surprise, Merry more than the others. Yet he was the only one who thought of Etta, left alone below, and for the present forgotten by every one. The first moment he had to spare he went to seek her, and found her cowering over the fire. After that fruitless effort to follow the others she had remained quiet, waiting for news, and subdued into inaction.

"Poor master is gone, or nearly so. Will you come and see him?" asked Merry. "Everybody is there except Mr. Ernest, who is gone for the doctor."

She hesitated. Her little face grew so white that Merry, thinking he had done an imprudent thing in her weak state of health, immediately tried to dissuade her.

"No, Miss Etta, you had better not; you will pain yourself, and do no good, for master would not know you—nor any of us—and I think I hear the doctor, but it is too late, too late!"

The worthy fellow hurried away as much moved as if the sufferer in question had been one to be lamented. It was the doctor, with Ernest, and all three went upstairs together.

After Merry was gone Etta got up from her crouching attitude. The recollection that this sudden and awful event, by changing her position in the house, invested her with new duties, made her think she ought to join the rest of the party. Her place was beside her stepfather's pillow. She wished to go, but was kept back by a nameless fear, which she tried hard to overcome. An indefinable apprehension of some great shock benumbed her courage, nor was there any feeling of affection to rekindle it. And yet she ought to go. In all simplicity, she thought herself now the autocrat upon whom everything would depend, and whose word and wishes must direct the house. With trembling footsteps she went on her self-imposed task, and on the way encountered Lizzie, who passed her with a peculiar smile upon her face. Vexed and irritated by it without exactly knowing why, but with a magnanimity born of her present power, she determined not to send her away if she would promise to behave better.

As she entered the room she was conscious of a moment's relief at the numbers present, who, surrounding the bed, concealed Mr. Rivers from her view. After standing still for an instant, doubtful where to go, she was perceived by Ernest, who made room for her beside him. Dr. Philips was feeling the patient's heart with a grave and stolid expression, while the others were watching his countenance with anxiety. No one moved or stirred, and not a sound disturbed a stillness the deep solemnity of which told so well that some stern human tragedy was about to be played out. Not for worlds would Etta have confessed her need of support, and yet she gladly accepted the place Ernest offered with a sense of protection and safety near him. She was then brave enough to turn her eyes towards the bed. Having fixed them there, she was unable to withdraw them. Fascinated though terrified, she fixed her gaze upon the dying man. His eyes seemed to fall upon her, and he seemed struggling to speak, but only harsh, unmeaning sounds issued from his lips.

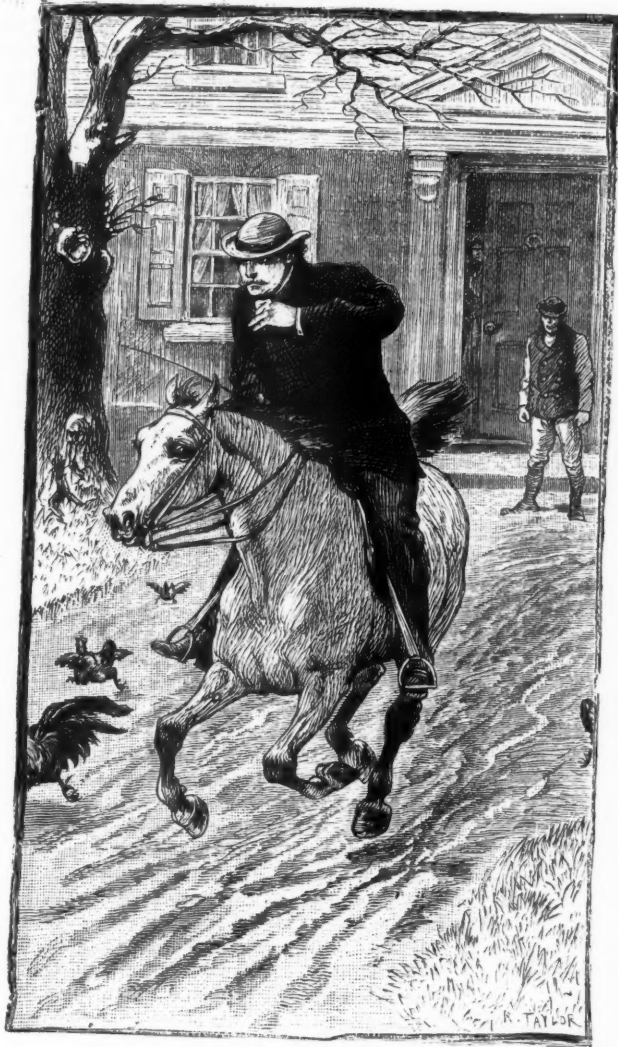
Partly from fright and partly from weakness, Etta lost all self-control. She feared he was about to threaten her with some immediate misfortune or utter some terrible malediction, and turned to Ernest with the hasty cry, "Oh, take me away;" and he had only time to throw his arm round her, when she fell senseless.

Ernest could not at that moment attend to her request, being himself rooted to the spot by the eagerness of the sick man to articulate. To one or other of the young people it was obvious he wished to say something, whether to Ernest or

Etta was not apparent, but, except for some painful contortions of the mouth and two or three unearthly sounds, Mr. Rivers was helpless. These soon ceased, and were succeeded by a look of blank despair. What he wished to say must be for ever unsaid. What it involved no one could tell, but all saw such a pathetic yearning expres-

"Nothing whatever, as far as I know. I left him this morning in his usual health."

"In some cases an attack like this proceeds from a shock in which the balance of mind has been suddenly upset. In a feeble state of health the system has not sufficient recuperative power, and then these painful catastrophes occur. There



URGENT BUSINESS.

sion accompany his efforts to speak, as left no doubt that it was of the utmost importance.

When the dying man again lay quiet, Ernest carried Etta out of the room, then consigning her to the care of the first person he met, who unhappily chanced to be Lizzie, he returned to his uncle. He found his aunt and the doctor endeavouring to divine the sufferer's wishes.

"Has anything happened to distress him or anger him, for any emotion, whatever the cause, might have the same effect?" asked Dr. Philips, drawing Ernest aside.

is not much to be done. I will send some medicine to be given according to directions, should he rally enough to take it, but the best doctor will be perfect quiet. My presence can do no good, and I am wanted elsewhere. To-morrow I will call again in the early morning."

Dr. Philips was going, but Miss Matty detained him outside the door. "Is that all you can say, doctor? Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, my dear madam. The skill of all the physicians in the world is unavailing in this case. You may send for a clergyman, if you do it

quickly. Mr. Rivers may be able to hear but never again to speak."

Miss Matty returned to the bed and again met her brother's earnest, supplicating gaze.

"He wants something; oh, if we did but know what it is! Oh, John, is it Mr. Reade?" she asked, with eagerness. "He is too ill to leave his bed, but we can send to Deanton. Mr. Eldridge would I am sure willingly come to us."

Ernest thought a gleam of intelligence lighted up the ashen face at the proposal to send to Deanton, but it passed away when Mr. Eldridge was named, and the features resumed their former dull expression.

"It is not Mr. Eldridge but some one from Deanton whom he wants," said Ernest, believing it to be Mr. Nash but wishing the first suggestion to come from his aunt. A painfully eager look came into the sick man's eyes as Ernest proposed that they should say over the names of their principal acquaintance at Deanton, and watch if any effect were produced. Miss Matty mentioned some of the large tenants and farmers on the estate and Mr. Rivers made no sign. "You have forgotten Mr. Nash," put in Ernest, driven from his prudence by impatience, for whatever his uncle's intentions in his favour might be, he knew that nothing had yet been done for him.

"Why should he want his lawyer?" asked Miss Matty, in a tone of surprise, perhaps more affected than genuine. "He made his will long ago, as we all know, and Etta Lacy is his heiress."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when a guttural sound proceeded from the bed; Mr. Rivers was again making vain and repeated efforts to speak. "Do you want Mr. Nash?" she inquired. The eyes looked earnestly into hers but were unable to express any meaning. "Do you wish for any one else?" continued Miss Matty. There was no response, sound, nor attempt at movement. Miss Matty tried once more. "Do you want Mr. Nash?"

The same noise being repeated, Miss Matty understood that it was Mr. Nash whom he desired to see. But what for? If to alter the will and break his word to Mrs. Lacy and her daughter she would have no part in the transaction nor give any assistance whatever; but if he only meant to do some tardy justice to his nephew, she could not take upon herself to frustrate his intentions. And there was no way of ascertaining what was in his mind. Desirous to do right according to her views, yet sorely perplexed, she glanced from Ernest to her brother, and from the latter back to her nephew. Both looked anxious and agitated; the latter tried hard for self-control, while the old man looked at him with a yearning that was painful to witness, coupled as it was with renewed and unavailing endeavours to make himself understood.

For once Miss Matty owned herself unequal to the occasion. Completely baffled, she hesitated, and finally appealed to Ernest's honour and integrity.

"I know not what Lawyer Nash and my brother may be able to do under present circumstances, but I look to you to see that no injury is done to

Etta Lacy nor to your uncle's name. It is fair that you should be remembered—nay, it ought to be—but the substance of the will must remain unaltered. Deane Hall must go to Etta. If you let him break his word and descend to his grave a liar I will make Etta Lacy contest the will if I spend all the money I have. Now send for Mr. Nash as soon as you please."

"I do not think you misjudge me in your heart," replied Ernest. "Any wrong or injustice to Etta Lacy I have never contemplated."

Another effort to speak drew their attention to the invalid. They fancied there was a very slight movement of the head, and certainly there was a remarkable brightness in the eye, almost amounting to an expression of cunning.

It might be inferred that he had both heard and comprehended what had been said before him.

"Then I will send at once; my uncle evidently wishes it," said Ernest.

"As you please," returned Miss Matty. "You both know my mind." She now included her brother, feeling sure that he knew what was going on around him. "It is between conscience and you," she murmured, as Ernest left the room to dispatch a messenger to Deanton for Mr. Nash, "if it is not now too late."

And then she sat down by her brother's pillow until Merry came to relieve her watch, having carefully arranged the curtains so as to shade off the light from the windows and maintain the dim obscurity so soothing to the sick.

CHAPTER XXVI.—MISS MATTY KEEPS WATCH AND WARD.

IT would seem that the proper remedy had been found for the uneasiness visible in Mr. Rivers.

As soon as Ernest left the room his eyes closed, and a more peaceful expression stole over his features. Miss Matty sat beside him alone, anxious and watchful, not knowing from one minute to another what would happen. Once or twice she bent her head to his mouth to make sure that he breathed, for he lay so still she was afraid that all was over, but he continued to sleep.

"Poor, poor John!" she mused, a world of yearning and regret in her heart.

But Mr. Rivers slept on. Miss Matty made up the fire and put back the curtains to admit the light she had a little while before excluded. A streak fell on the old man's brow, which was then less peaceful, though the sleep appeared heavier. Would he ever awake again? She listened to his breathing. It was regular and quiet, so much so that Etta's strange story, flashing afresh on her mind, induced her to go and question her.

She considered it as a dream related whilst so vivid as to be taken by Etta for reality. Now that Mr. Rivers's sudden attack had introduced a terrible fact into her thoughts, perhaps the impression would have died away.

Etta's room was not far off, only at the end of the passage on the same floor. Miss Matty found her wrapped in a great shawl curled up in a chair, and, but for her face, which looked blue, cold, and sad, she might have been taken for a bundle.

"Why have you not a fire if you mean to stay here?" asked Miss Matty.

"I told Lizzie to light it, but suppose she went to her dinner and forgot."

More occupied with her own thoughts than with Etta's health just then, Miss Rivers sat down and referred to the tale of the morning.

"Do you still think you saw Ernest kneeling before his uncle while I was in church? How long had you been downstairs?"

"Not long; not long enough to go to sleep, if you mean that. I did not even lie down at all. Being too restless to read I went to see grandpa, believing him to be alone. I just opened the door and quickly closed it again. I could not go in after what I saw."

"What did you think they were doing?"

"Ernest Rivers appeared to be asking something very anxiously, and his uncle was listening."

"Did you hear anything, or were they disturbed by your opening the door?"

"Not a word, and I do not think they heard me either."

Miss Matty was more puzzled than ever. Not an iota did Etta vary in her statement, and evidently believed it herself. If not a dream it was an hallucination. She looked hard at the young girl; there was about her the delicacy of convalescence, but nothing otherwise peculiar. But youth, she reflected, liked tales of mystery, and had fertile imaginations.

With a little pity for Etta, she next indulged in a little self-congratulation upon being without fancies and superstitions of any kind. She would fain have dismissed the incident of the morning as a fancy not worth dwelling upon, and returned to her post, had not Etta's next remark given it additional weight and detained her.

"Whatever the subject of conversation, I believe it caused grandpa's illness," said Etta, looking wise and solemn. "There was something odd about the appearance of both of them."

In a moment a dark suspicion crossed Miss Matty's mind. The seizure was sudden; even Dr. Philips thought it might have been caused by a shock. Could it be that Etta herself was the cause? Had she angered him by opposition, or even by a simple refusal to marry his nephew? She startled Etta by observing,

"I suppose it is young Dawson to whom you call yourself engaged? Are you sure it is not a mere schoolgirl flirtation? Though not much in favour of weddings, I would not have you caught up by some penniless adventurer, nor see Deane Hall in the hands of a fortune-hunter."

"Nor I. You know I have refused your nephew," replied Etta, with a mischievous sparkle in her eye.

She certainly did not mean all that her words implied. She spoke partly in jest and partly from a wish to prevent the renewal of a subject so unpalatable. The sharp rejoinder, however, took Miss Matty completely aback, for it was precisely her nephew's success in this quarter that lay nearest her heart, and what other marriage could combine so many advantages both for husband and wife?

The thought stirred Miss Rivers into further questioning.

"Why will you not marry Ernest Rivers?" she asked, in a tone of mingled reproach and expostulation. "You owe him that reparation for supplanting him. I do not believe in any serious engagement. You were at school, or had just left it; you could not know what you were doing."

"Nor any one else either, for I have done nothing."

"Have you not then engaged yourself, as it is called, to some one?"

"No."

"Then why not marry Ernest?"

"I don't mean to marry any one."

"Nonsense, child! you are not fit to take care of yourself."

Miss Matty could only argue from a prosaic point of view, her unsentimental nature understood no other.

"*You* have managed to do so for a great many years, and why should not I?" retorted Etta.

The words echoed and re-echoed in Miss Matty's ears. She felt as if she had been struck a sudden blow. What, this little creature—a child in manner and scarcely less so in experience—deliberately to enter into comparison with her, the strong, practical woman who could stand her ground in the storm of life! Offended at the young girl's presumption, her recently-acquired gentleness vanished.

"*You!*" she exclaimed, in a tone containing a volume of contempt. But she had already repented of her arrogance when Etta, nettled into opposition, rejoined, "Not for all the world would I marry Ernest Rivers!"

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE DREADED MESSENGER.

IT was more than dusk when the messenger returned from Deanton, saying that Lawyer

Nash was in London, and would not be back before the middle of the week. A change had by this time come over the invalid. His eyes were still closed, but the breathing did not indicate sleep. It was evident that the end was near; the last threads in the strand were fast ravelling out. Ernest and Merry sat beside the bed on one side, and Miss Rivers on the other, all saddened and solemnised by the utter impossibility of bringing any aid to the sufferer, who had entered on the final conflict that must be fought alone, as far as human help is concerned. Not a sound except the stertorian breathing of the dying man was heard, the shadows without grew darker, and the room would have done the same but for the bright flashes of the upleaping flames from the fire on the hearth. Once and again the wind beat against the window with a sharp, quick, rattling noise which made Merry start and turn pale, and drew from Miss Matty a contemptuous remark about superstition. And soon the dusky sky was nearly blotted out by the darkness, and then Miss Matty sent Merry for the lamp.

The house was silent. Now and then a maid on tiptoe made her way to the door and peeped in.

After one of these journeys from the kitchen Mrs. Jukes repaired to Etta's room and finding her without a fire, lighted it herself, an act of unprecedented condescension, followed by another quite as novel. After expressing surprise at Lizzie's want of attention to her young lady, she made Etta a cup of hot tea and brought it to her.

"Some thinks they know on which side their bread is buttered, but they may find themselves mistaken," thought Lizzie, maliciously, as she watched the operation. "I never wish," she said, "for a better master than him upstairs. A pity he is going, poor man!"

"Yes, Miss Etta will soon be our mistress," observed Mrs. Jukes.

"Not if I know it. I will never have such a little Hop-o'-my-Thumb as that for mine."

"Well, I suppose you are more free to go than to stay," replied Mrs. Jukes, leaving the room with her tray, satisfied with her Parthian shot.

"What a fool she is!" thought Lizzie. "She deserves all she will get for her pains."

But at present at least they were not unappreciated. Etta, who after having been for so many weeks an object of care and solicitude, seemed now thrust aside and forgotten, was therefore peculiarly disposed to welcome the attentions of the housekeeper. Besides, they were an earnest of those awaiting her by-and-by, when she meant to be so kind and considerate to every one, not even excepting Lizzie, whom she would crush with her magnanimity. Poor child! She could not help planning for the future even now, though she felt unhappy enough.

Another visit to the sick room was out of the question. Those strained eyes still haunted her. "If I could but have loved him!" she said over and over again. "It will be so sad to be made rich by his death, and not to mourn him at all. But how can I?"

This for some time was the refrain to her thoughts. She grieved that she could not grieve, but when her material surroundings improved her regret was not so poignant.

Seated in a comfortable chair placed near a bright fire by Mrs. Jukes, the darkening sky excluded by the carefully drawn curtains, she revived under the influence of the tea, and her cheerlessness and depression wore off. She began to anticipate the pleasure of proprietorship. All would be hers—her very own—and she would not give up her power to another; she would not marry Ernest Rivers, and take the second place in the household. She would be the first, the chief, the mistress of all. Miss Matty had depreciated and offended her, but should discover before long that, instead of being a weak, helpless thing, she was a woman, quite capable of taking care of herself. When necessary she would consult a lawyer, as others do—Mr. Nash or Mr. Dawson. She could pay visits to Ethel when she pleased, and they would plan together what was best to be done. Of course Ethel would sometimes come to the Hall; they would visit each other alternately.

Project after project formed itself in that busy little head, and was rapidly woven into a varie-

gated web of brilliant colouring as time went by. And no marvel. She had been so unhappy, how much so she only realised now that the heavy pressure was about to be withdrawn.

Etta was now awakened by the entrance of Miss Matty. They had parted in mutual displeasure, but there was no trace of that now on her countenance. She looked pale and sad. Something had happened or was about to happen, but what? Etta's heart stood still with fear. Did Mr. Rivers want her? Must she go into his presence again? Her feet fastened themselves as it were to the ground; she watched Miss Matty approach with dilated eyes, and then hoarsely whispered, "I cannot, I dare not go again, please do not ask me."

"There is no occasion. I am come to tell you that my poor brother is no more here."

Though expecting the event, and even calculating upon it, the news came with a shock. It was not hypocrisy but natural emotion that brought the tears to her eyes as she raised them to Miss Rivers, saying, "Poor grandpa! I wanted so much to love him." The next minute she laid her head upon the table and burst into a fit of crying. "Do not think too hardly of me," she added, lifting her tearful face. "I am sorry now I was ever cross and naughty to him. I ought to have helped him. How easy it is to do wrong, and how useless to fret over it afterwards."

An ordinary character might have judged Etta's agitation to be exaggerated if not feigned, but not Miss Matty. She knew something of the inconsistencies of human nature and could understand the girl's present feelings. Her cry might be selfish, but she had uttered her real sorrow, which Miss Rivers was large-hearted enough to respect.

Etta had borne a great crucial test and had come well out of it. From that hour Miss Matty took her into her heart, believing that there were qualities in that little person which might hereafter develop into excellencies.

"We shall be a melancholy pair below this evening, Ernest and I; you will probably prefer remaining where you are. Sarah will wait upon you. For one only convalescent you have had a trying day, indeed I almost doubt if you are convalescent. Dr. Philips will see you when he comes to-morrow," said Miss Matty. The unexplained scene of the morning still ran in her head. The suspicion of Etta's truthfulness having entirely vanished, she returned to the idea that fancied visions were the precursors of illness.

It was late when aunt and nephew finished their evening meal. All had been done that could be done, the bustle of going to and fro had ceased. When Merry had closed the door, the silence that had prevailed throughout the supper was broken by Miss Matty.

"What do you purpose doing, Ernest?"

The young man had drawn his chair to the fire, and was sitting with his hands on his knees, intently watching the rising and falling flames as people are apt to do when troubled in mind. Twice Miss Matty put the question, and then he looked up with a start, saying,

"Going home as soon as Miss Lacy has selected

some one to superintend her affairs—the estate I mean. Mr. Nash will probably know whom to recommend.”

“And why should it not be yourself? No one is better fitted to undertake the work.”

“Of course she will let the land my uncle kept in his own hands. An agent will collect the rents, and she will appoint some one to receive them and manage for her. There will be no difficulty,” he replied, without noticing the suggestion his aunt had made.

“And in the meanwhile?”

“In the meanwhile anything I can do for her I will. I am not such a cur as to neglect her interests because they are not my own.”

“Why not try to unite them?”

“Aunt Matty! Aunt Matty!” cried the young man, in a tone of indignant reproach. “Is it you, a woman professing to follow the highest standard, who counsel me to tamper with the loyalty of another man’s intended wife?”

“No, no, nephew, you mistake. I have Etta’s own word for it that she has contracted no engagement. She is free I know. But for Matty Rivers to become a match-maker!” she added. “A few months ago I should have pronounced it impossible for me to interest myself in the marriage of any couple. My dear boy,” she went on, her voice subsiding into its natural tone, “it is that or poverty with you, and injustice too. You are worse off now than you were before you came to your uncle.”

“I know it,” returned Ernest. “Nevertheless

I can take no further steps in the quarter you wish.”

“But this is being perverse, Ernest.”

“It may be, but the poor and the *nouveaux riches* are apt to have strong wills of their own, and Miss Lacy and I are eminently in that category,” replied Ernest, prematurely closing the discussion by taking his candle and wishing his aunt “Good night.”

“Well, well, he is right there. I will leave him my little property some day, but I would have done the same had he been the master of the Hall.”

This resolution quieted Miss Rivers in a degree, though her solid frame and the firm step with which she sought her chamber, after the harrowing events of the day, indicated a state of health that did not augur for her nephew a speedy possession.

There was yet another startling incident to be reported. Before she went to bed a messenger from the vicarage brought the news that Mr. Reade had breathed his last.

Tranquilly and without pain, with the stamp of peace upon his brow, the life of the aged Christian had closed. A man of calm temperament, he was habitually undemonstrative; there had been no ecstasies, neither had there been any clouds. Death had come suddenly upon him.

The two lives that had run side by side for more than half a century finished their course together, but with a painful contrast.

Then it was that Miss Matty broke down and wept like a child.

A VISIT TO BOKHARA.

IT is now forty years ago since that remarkable traveller, Dr. Wolff, the father of Sir Drummond Wolff, M.P., set out to the East to ascertain the fate of two British officers named Stoddart and Connolly, who were reported to have been put to death by the Emir of Bokhara. Passing through Persia, the brave missionary arrived at the Turcoman frontier, where, judging that it would be best to appear in clerical character, he gave himself out to be “the great Dervish of Englistan,” wore his academical gown and hood, and carried a large Bible under his arm. In this costume he crossed the Turcoman desert, and, on arriving at the city of Bokhara, presented his documents from the English and Russian Governments; but he came too late, for the officers had been cruelly put to death, and their would-be deliverer narrowly escaped a similar fate. Since that time no Englishman has entered the Khanate until last year, when Dr. Lansdell, the Siberian traveller, determined, if possible, to return from Russian Central Asia through Bokhara.

Dr. Lansdell having supplied the hospitals and prisons of Siberia with religious reading in 1879, set out last year to attempt the same for Russian Central Asia. To this end he travelled by his old

route as far as Tobolsk, making provision at Tiumen for the distribution, in the future, of Scriptures and tracts to the exiles as they enter Siberia; then turning up the Irtysh he steamed to Omsk. Posting on into Chinese territory at Kuldja, he then travelled westwards and came to Tashkent, Khokand, and Samarcand, by which time he had virtually finished the work he had set out to do, and completed his design to supply religious books for every room of every hospital and prison throughout Russia in Asia. The question then arose, how was he to return? Unless he retraced his steps, the only other way by which he could come back on Russian soil was by the line of the Sir Daria, along which, however, the postal service last summer had broken down. He determined therefore, if possible, to pass through Bokhara, the Russians giving him something more than mere permission, and furnishing him with a letter to the Emir, and two *djiguits*, or mounted attendants, and a Tartar who spoke Russian and Uzbek. The party, therefore, consisted of five persons, including Dr. Lansdell and his Anglo-Russian interpreter.

Had the travellers proceeded by the ordinary route from Samarcand, it would have been

possible to get to Bokhara on wheels; but the Emir stays in the summer at Shehr-i-sabz, the nearest way to which was to descend somewhat south of Samarcand, and then cross a mountain ridge into Bokhariot territory. Mr. Schuyler, in his work on Turkestan, describes the descent by this ridge as so steep that not one of his party could sit their horses to go down. It was, therefore, perhaps not a matter for surprise that when Dr. Lansdell reached the plain he was congratulated by the natives that he had done so safely.

Times have changed since Dr. Wolff's visit to Bokhara; the cruel Nasrullah has been succeeded by his milder son. A party of ambassadors came out from the Emir to receive Dr. Lansdell as an imperial guest, asking for the health of the emperor, for that of the governor-general, and the governor of the neighbouring province, after which these ambassadors, mounted on Turcoman horses with gorgeously embroidered saddle-cloths and dressed in cloth of gold, preceded their guest to the first place of refreshment.

A few hours' ride farther brought the party to Kitab, which is the northern part of Shehr-i-sabz, and where in the fortress the Emir was living. A house had been prepared for the reception of the strangers, not so grand as some in which they were afterwards lodged, but where every attention was paid them. They received food from the Emir's palace, and at night were protected by a guard of thirty soldiers.

It is not according to Bokharian etiquette that guests should be admitted to the presence of the Emir until the third day after their arrival, nor is it considered proper that travellers should go about the town until they have seen the face of the Emir. The party had, therefore, to remain patiently within doors until the third day, the Emir sending many inquiries respecting their health, and how they had slept, and whether they were dull, in which case he would send some people to amuse them. This was done the first evening, and the party were kept awake till nearly midnight by a number of dancing boys, called *batchas*, whose singing and turning about are gazed at by the Bokhariots with the greatest zest.

On the morning of the third day messengers came to say that the Emir was ready to grant the Englishman an audience. Dr. Lansdell had been advised that it would be unwise to appear in his Majesty's presence in plain clothes, since almost every Russian of position who came to the Emir appeared in uniform and decorated with various *ichins*, or medals. Dr. Lansdell, moreover, had discovered that Dr. Wolff was not entirely forgotten, as witnessed by the son of the man who saved the missionary's life. It was, therefore, thought better to take a leaf out of his predecessor's book, and to maintain his clerical character, more especially as it was his intention, if possible, to distribute in Bokhara the few copies of the Scriptures that remained to him. Not having, however, his full canonicals, he was obliged to array himself as imposingly as possible under the circumstances. He began by donning his cassock, over which he wore a vest embroidered with gold previously bought as a specimen

of the clothing worn by a Servian gentleman. Over this he wore his scarlet hood, and put round his neck a handsome purple collar, edged with gold, hanging to which were four jewels resembling the medals of Russian officers, and then at the bottom of the collar, *à la* Dr. Wolff, he suspended a pocket Bible. A college cap completed his costume, and then, mounting his palfrey, he prepared to pass through the streets in the fashion of a man whom the king delighted to honour. Behind him were his Anglo-Russian and Tartar-Uzbek interpreters, in front his two *djiguitts*, all mounted, whilst farther in advance were a number of attendants sent by the Emir, and who led the procession. One street after another was traversed, the Asiatics curiously gazing at the strangers. Some rose and stroked their beards, and some gave the Mohammedan salutation—"Salaam aleikum" ("Peace be with you"). On arriving at the fortress the soldiers were drawn up to receive the visitors.

Dismounting at the entrance, and sending his presents before him, Dr. Lansdell was ushered into the presence of the Emir, into a room handsomely carpeted, but otherwise simply-furnished with two chairs, one being for the Emir and the other for his guest, whilst the two interpreters stood between. The interview was not a long one, but was satisfactory, and at the close the visitors were conducted to the apartments of the Emir's ministers to partake of refreshment. The Emir then sent to say that he had examined the presents brought to him with great interest, and shortly afterwards he sent his own presents for Dr. Lansdell, consisting of two horses with turquoise bridles, saddle-cloths of crimson velvet embroidered with silver and gold, and spangles, together with a considerable number of satin, velvet, silk, and cotton *khalats*, or changes of raiment. With these presents preceding them, the imperial party returned to their lodging, and soon after prepared to leave the town.

The Emir's kindness, however, was not yet exhausted, for he lent one of his carriages, sent to him as a present by the Emperor of Russia, in which Dr. Lansdell and his English interpreter drove as far as Karshi, whither their own carriage had been sent forward, and which was to take them to the city of "Bokhara-al-sherif," or Bokhara the Noble.

Here the traveller stayed some days, housed in one of the best buildings in the city, and treated there, as indeed throughout the whole Khanate, as the Emir's guest.

After leaving Bokhara Dr. Lansdell passed on to the Oxus, down which river he floated for some 300 miles, crossed the desert to the Caspian by a route which we believe no Englishman has followed before, and by the Caucasus made his way to Odessa and so home.

Dr. Lansdell is preparing an account of his travels. He has been heard to say that whilst his intercourse with the wandering Kirghese might remind one of a temporary sojourn in the tents of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, so his stay at Bokhara resembled a visit to one of the kings of Israel.

MOSCOW.



KREMLIN TOWERS.

DURING successive periods of her eventful history the vast empire of Russia has had no fewer than five capital cities. In historical order these are Novgorod the Great, the cradle of the Rurik dynasty; Kiev, which suns itself midway between Moscow and Nijni-Novgorod, and the banks of the Dnieper, and is known as the "Jerusalem" of Muscovy; Vladimir, standing famous for the brave defence it made against successive assaults of the Tartar hordes; Moscow, situated in the heart of the empire; and Saint Petersburg, founded about one hundred and eighty years ago by Peter the Great, "that he might have a window to look out into Europe," built in a marsh, and often enveloped in the thick fogs which blow up the Neva from the Gulf of Finland.

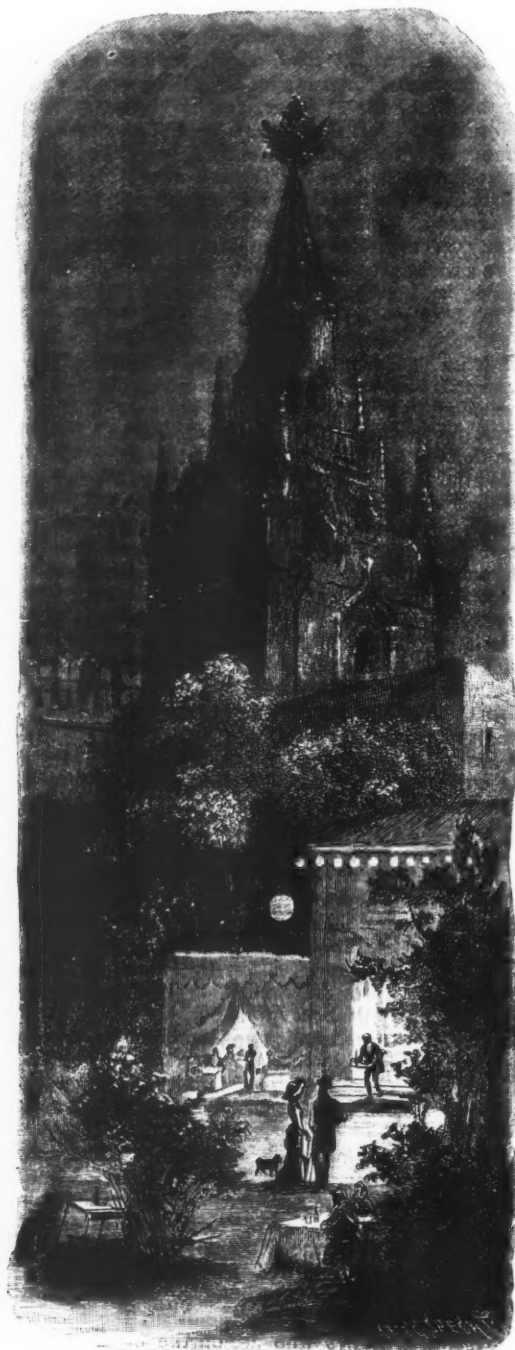
Of all these historic cities Moscow is the most attractive. Its ancient pedigree, its beauty, its changeful and sometimes tragic career, its Slavonic individuality and its sanctity in the eyes of Russians, all conspire to make it an object of unparalleled interest.

While St. Petersburg is a European town, a huge collection of big and stuccoed houses, Moscow has all the glamour and variety of a semi-Eastern city about it. St. Petersburg stands on soil once belonging to Finns and Swedes; since historic times, at least, Moscow and the territory around it never belonged to any save Russians. In St. Petersburg one-seventh of the population is German, while there are a considerable number of French and English, and more of the latter than the former. In Moscow, with its six hundred thousand inhabitants and upwards, men of foreign blood are indeed to be found, but they are only as a drop in the bucket. The Slavonic element is supreme in Moscow, as it ought to be. St. Petersburg is of yesterday, Moscow boasts of a long descent, for it was founded in the twelfth and became the capital of Muscovy in the fourteenth century. St. Petersburg has had no experience of the rigour and scourge of war. Moscow was thrice ravaged by the Tartars: on the first occasion by Tamerlane, and on the last, three hundred years ago, under unutterable circumstances of horror, the city being reduced to ashes, and one hundred thousand persons perishing by fire and sword; while within the memory of some still living it was given to the flames when Napoleon thundered at its gates in 1812.

First impressions are proverbially lasting, and when visiting a foreign capital it is to be desired that these should be as agreeable and striking as possible. To this end, after arriving in Moscow,

the visitor cannot do better than make his way as soon as possible to the Kremlin, and ascend the Tower of Ivan Veliki, or John the Great. This is a remarkable structure five storeys in height. It might almost be called a campanile, as no fewer than thirty-six bells are hung in three of the storeys; but it is something in addition, as it contains two chapels, one above the other, the higher of the two being dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of ladies who are on the eve of marriage. The view from the summit of this lofty tower is not to be forgotten. Genoa is called the

City of Palaces; Moscow may be called the City of Domes, all of them either gilded or gaily painted. Men who know India say that out of Delhi no such scene of enchanting beauty is to be witnessed in the world. You walk round and round the tower, and everywhere it is the same—domes, domes succeeding domes. Cathedrals, monas-



KREMLIN RESTAURANT.

teries, convents, parish churches, chapels—there are three hundred and forty-five of these buildings in all; and while almost every one is surmounted by a dome, scores of them have three and four each, those of the most important ecclesiastical structures being linked by gold and silver chains.

From most points of the compass, as wide as the eye can reach, the city, with its many gardens and lakelets, stretches far away. Is this Babylon in miniature? we ask ourselves. The Moskva, a shining river, rising in the morasses of the province of Smolensk, flows through the city at our feet. Beyond the plain rise the Sparrow Hills, from which, with the declining sun behind them, shining full on the transfigured city, the French soldiers first saw the great capital of the north after their weary march, and heard their emperor say, "All that I give you." The eye is ravished but cannot be satisfied with this gorgeous panorama. When we again reach *terra firma* we find ourselves standing in the courtyard of the Kremlin, which is the heart of Moscow. The Kremlin, or Arcopagus, in which in former times the reigning prince lived surrounded by his relatives, courtiers, and principal clergy, is surrounded by a battlemented mediæval wall, seven thousand feet in circumference, thirty feet high, and varying in thickness from twelve to twenty feet. It is approached by five gateways, the chief of which is known by the name of Spaski, or Redeemer. In front of this gate or tower, which rears its airy and graceful form to a giddy height, there is hung the sacred picture of the Redeemer of Smolensk, with the consecrated oil always burning beneath it. While those of the orthodox faith invariably uncover their heads and devoutly cross themselves when approaching it, as being a most holy privilege and obligatory Christian duty, a sentry posted at the gateway takes care that visitors belonging to other communions than the Greek Church do not fail to respect the common custom, so far at least as the uncovering goes. Among the Russians the highest and the lowest, Czar and Mujik alike, offer the reverence of religion to this picture.

Inside the Kremlin, a vast array of buildings meets the eye—monastery, nunnery, arsenal, royal palace, chapels, churches, and superb cathedrals. It was once the privilege of the writer of this paper to be a visitor in the Kremlin monastery when the monks were at breakfast, and to listen to the morning reader for the day, who read from the life of one of the saints while his brethren broke their fast on frugal fare. Shortly after this he also saw the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered to an infant of days in the chapel of the adjacent nunnery. As the nurse held out the crying babe, the richly-robed priest filled a golden spoon with the pap of bread and wine—for the Greek, unlike the Latin Church, communicates in both elements—and gave it to the child, which henceforward in the eyes of the church was enrolled amongst the number of orthodox believers.

The palace is a modern structure, dating from the reign of Nicholas I. It is magnificently furnished and is filled with art treasures. The lofty doors, by means of which the different imperial

saloons communicate, are of wonderfully fine work, and were made, as the attendants give you to understand, in Russia. Connoisseurs in wood-work, however, who are prepared to give all honest credit to Russian handicraft, aver that though they were no doubt made in Russia they were the workmanship of English carpenters.

By far the most important structures within the walls of the Kremlin are the cathedrals. Externally their appearance is by no means imposing; in fact it is as mean and common as the exterior of many of the finest churches in Rome and Florence and Genoa; but then their internal adornment with gold and silver and all manner of precious stones, and the pictures of the saints and

are now interred in the vaults of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, within the fortress of St. Petersburg, but until the time of Peter the Great the vaults of this cathedral in the Kremlin received the royal dead of the Rurik and Romanoff dynasties.

The buildings of the Kremlin happily escaped destruction during Napoleon's occupation, but the cathedral churches were more or less pillaged and desecrated. Although the most precious articles had been removed when the French were known to be approaching, the Cathedral of the Assumption nevertheless yielded five tons of silver and five cwt. of gold to those chartered robbers. The sainted dead were torn from their hallowed tombs

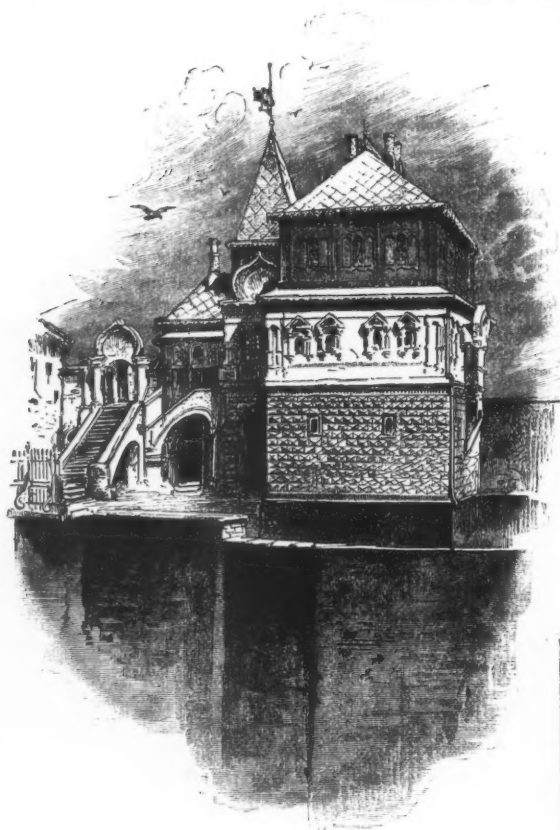


THE GREATER BOULEVARD.

the gorgeous mausoleums of patriarchs, priests, and princes give them a marvellous splendour. The coronation of the Czar takes place in the Uspenski Sobor, or Cathedral of the Assumption. According to traditional custom the emperor places the crown on his own head, alone on bended knee he offers up the prayer of intercession for his country, and then, passing within the sanctuary gates where no unconsecrated foot must tread, he takes from the altar the bread and wine and administers the Coronation Communion to himself. In Russia the Czar is high priest and king by direct and divine delegation at one and the same time. Contiguous to the Cathedral of the Assumption is that of the Archangel Michael, famous for having been the royal mausoleum during many generations. The members of the Russian royal family

in search of the treasure supposed to be buried with them, while the soldiers stabled their horses, and stored their food, wine, and wood in these homes of ancient sanctity.

Immediately outside the Spaski Gate, or the *Porta Sacra* of the Kremlin, there lies a large open space known by the name of the Krasnaya Ploschad, or the Red or Beautiful Place. It makes an excellent *place d'armes*, and from it a good view of the exterior of the Kremlin is to be had. In the centre of the place an imposing monument, consisting of a colossal group in bronze, has been erected to the memory of Prince Poscharski and the peasant Minin, who, during the time of the subjugation of Russia by the Poles at the commencement of the seventeenth century, reanimated the drooping spirits of their countrymen, defeated and almost



HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFFS.

extinguished the enemy under the very gates of Moscow, and, with utter forgetfulness of self-interest, secured the choice of Michael Romanoff, a collateral branch of the house of Rurik, to ascend the vacant throne. The names and memories of these brave deliverers are cherished by the Russian people, and their heroic enterprise has furnished the national poet Dmitriev with his theme entitled "Moskva Rescued."

At the end of the Red Place and nearest the Moskva river, there stands the Cathedral Church of St. Basil the Beatified. It is a singularly quaint structure, and its odd appearance is probably long remembered by many who have visited Moscow after they have forgotten other objects of far greater moment. As you first look at it with its eleven domes, each different in colour and design, you ask yourself, "Can it be a collection of Indian pagodas, or a small forest of Mohammedan minarets, or can it be a fancy fair, or resort of pleasure?" Gentle reader! it is none of these things, but a collection of eleven chapels, dedicated to as many saints, the chief of these being St. Basil, a popular prophet and miracle-worker, who, in the language of the church, made himself idiotic for Christ's sake, died, and was buried on the site of the cathedral in 1552, and, reposing in the odour of sanctity, received as a companion at the close of the sixteenth century

John the Idiot, surnamed the Water-Carrier and Big Cap, from his habit of carrying water for others and wearing a heavy big cap on his head. The



RUSSIAN GIPSY GIRL.

architect of this grotesque structure was an Italian, who, according to tradition, which it is believed limps in this instance as in so many others, had his eyes put out by John the Terrible lest he should ever again equal or even surpass himself.

Leaving the Red Place, the House of the Romanoffs is close at hand. This was the birth-place of Michael, the first sovereign of the present reigning house in Russia. His father belonged to the order of the priesthood. Of the original house the external walls alone exist, the interior having been ravaged and burnt by the French. By imperial order it has been restored, and gives



BETWEEN THE STREETS.



THE RACECOURSE.

a good idea of what Russian architecture and family life may be supposed to have been in the middle ages. The apartments, as a rule, are small, and the signs of luxury are by no means apparent. The upper chambers constitute the *Terem*, or apartments reserved in ancient times for the women of the household. The nursery contains the cradle, abacus, toys, primers, etc., of a former age. To a considerable degree the house of the Romanoffs, as now existing, may be styled a museum, and here, among other objects of interest, is preserved the massive stick of the Czar

John the Terrible, with which at one blow he killed his son.

A walk through the streets of Moscow soon disturbs the ideal which the mind forms when first gazing upon it from the tower of Ivan the Great.

Some of the streets and boulevards indeed are of imposing breadth, but the great majority are narrow, and the city is the farthest remove from being built upon a plan. It might have been supposed that after being burnt down in 1812 the opportunity would have been seized to make a model city, and it is probable that had Nicholas I been the reigning Czar, the Moscow of to-day would have been as precisely mechanical in its outline as Turin or St. Petersburg. The calamity, however, was so great, and the necessity for

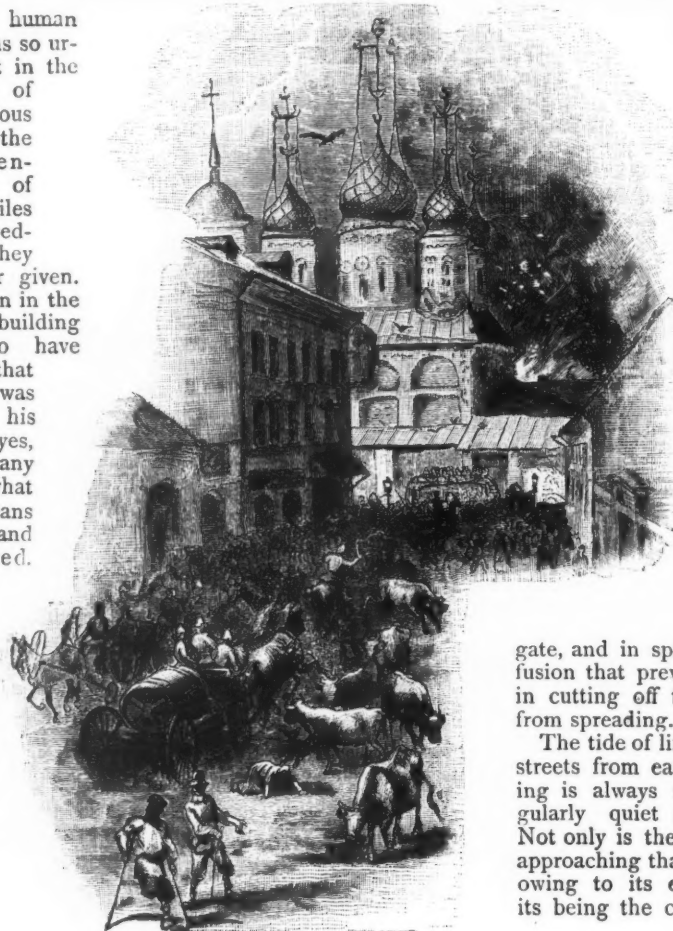


LUBIANKA GATE.

restoring human habitations so urgent, that in the absence of an imperious autocrat, the recommendations of the *Ædiles* were unheeded, if they were ever given. Every man in the way of building seems to have done that which was right in his own eyes, or at any rate what his means allowed and approved.

Accordingly it is by no means an uncommon thing to come across a lordly residence with courtyard and gardens, and immediately afterwards to pass a humble and obscure abode.

Even in this city, which has suffered so often and so severely from the effects of fire, houses constructed almost entirely of wood still abound, and this circumstance, coupled with the other, that each householder lays in a large stock of firewood every year for domestic consumption, makes outbreaks of fire of frequent occurrence. These, of course, are more



STREET SCENE IN A FIRE.

common during the hot summer, but more so during the autumn, when, after four months' baking, everything is as dry as tinder. It was no doubt owing to the fact that Moscow was fired in September to save it from Napoleon's occupation that the destruction was so widespread and complete. To guard against fires elaborate precautions are taken. Fire-towers are erected in the different districts of the city, and on these, grim and solitary sentinels pace their weary round by night and day, so as to be ready to ring the alarm-bell when the first indication of fire appears. The inhabitants, accustomed to battle with the flames, speedily congre-

gate, and in spite of the interminable confusion that prevails, generally soon succeed in cutting off the fire, and thus hinder it from spreading.

The tide of life flowing along the Moscow streets from early morning till early evening is always strong—the streets are singularly quiet and empty after nightfall. Not only is the population of Moscow fast approaching that of the modern capital, but owing to its extensive manufactures, and its being the centre of the railway system



IN TWERSKOI STREET



VILLAGE OF ADINZOWA, NEAR MOSCOW.

to all parts of the empire, its commerce is very great. The Gostinnoi Dvor, or general market where everything needed may be had, is crowded throughout the livelong day, while the shops in the principal streets look as if they were well patronised. Those who do not object to rub shoulders with a very motley crowd cannot do better than visit the open-air market in the Kitai Gorod, or Chinese town as it is called, in the early morning. It is the resort of the humbler classes, a sort of Moscovite Petticoat Lane, Brill Row, and Seven Dials all in one, and there long-coated and ringleted Jews and unmistakable Slavs pursue their respective trades with any amount of vociferation.

The Russians, as a rule, are big men with large heads and bodies, and the Moscovites seem to be the cream of the race; indeed, to study their physique and expression is to get an idea of the vast latent force there is in Slavism.

When Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his customary growl, told the Scotch lady that oats formed the food of men in Scotland and of horses in England, he met with the quick retort, "And where, sir, shall you find such men and such horses?" We have just remarked on the striking physical appearance of the Moscovites, and not less noble-looking are the horses which abound in this city, and which seem to fly over the execrably paved streets when yoked to droskys or other conveyances. As a rule they are jet black, sleek and glossy in the coat, with long flowing tail and mane, and fiery eye. When horses of so highly mettled a breed contend on the race-course, either ridden, as with us, or driven in a car, it is easy to imagine how great the excitement must be.

The religious element is largely developed among the Russian people, and the signs of it are conspicuously displayed in this the Holy City

of Holy Russia. Several shrines or chapels, supposed to possess a peculiar sanctity, are to be met with in different parts of the city; and in these, both during service, and when the offices of religion are not being performed by the priests, crowds assemble, and with every show of reverence present their votive offerings of consecrated candles, and devoutly cross themselves and bow before the altar or any particular "ikon" on which the eye may be fixed. The ceremonialism of the Greek Church is excessive, and it possesses an elaborate pomp of processionism, to which even the Latin Church can make but a distant approach.

The worshipping throng mingles in the house of God without respect of persons, and perhaps few forms are more conspicuous than those of mendicants, who at one moment may be seen prone on the ground in the act of religion, and the next holding out the hand, and with a pleading eye imploring a few copecks. These beggars, of many of whom it is said that they are devoted to mendicancy for the kingdom of heaven's sake,



RUSSIAN BEGGAR.

are to be met with all over Russia. They travel to the remotest parts of the empire, in order to worship at its famous shrines. Shod with shoes made of the bark of the birch, their legs swathed in linen clouts, clad in a rough gabardine, carrying a staff and a wallet, grizzled, wrinkled, and sanctimonious, or bold, as the occasion may seem to require, they are supported for the most part by the peasants, who are afraid lest they should incur their wrath by sending them empty away, and thus a race of sturdy and idle vagabonds is kept up. When visiting Troitsa, Kieff, and other famous shrines as pilgrims, they are allowed support for a few days, but by a wholesome regulation they are not allowed to enter the monastery until their persons and clothing have been purified. Those who claim to know something about the social condition of Russia aver that these pilgrim beggars constitute no small element of danger to the country, inasmuch as many of them are strongly suspected of serving as an "underground" channel for the transport of that disaffection and Nihilism which at present so greatly exercises the official mind.

Of the indoor sights of Moscow one of the most interesting is the Ethnological Collection in the Museum, where some hundreds of figures, life-size, correctly modelled from the human body, and dressed in the characteristic costumes of the Russian peasantry, are so placed as to represent the different races inhabiting the soil. In long and successive array you are introduced to the lifelike forms of Finns, Tartars of the Volga, Tartars of the Crimea, Calmucks and Circassians, Kirghizes and Tchermesses, and all the many-tongued and different-featured tribes which pay tribute to the White Czar. In one of the rooms the figures of the Slav races not subject to Russia are arranged. These last were first exposed to the public gaze during the Exhibition at Moscow

in 1867, and the sight of them occasioned considerable apprehension to one of Russia's nearest neighbours.

Moscow has several delightful promenades and boulevards on which the citizens congregate during the fine evenings of the early summer. It is well that this should be so, for after being confined, or rather after immuring themselves, as they do in their super-heated rooms during the long winter, healthful out-of-door recreation must be greatly needed in order to maintain the bodily vigour.

To leave Moscow without visiting one or more of the restaurants would be to miss a characteristic scene. These places are largely frequented. Waiters, many of whom are Tartars, clad in a long white frock coat, with a scarlet sash around their loins, deftly attend to the guests, a huge barrel-organ, generally out of all proportion to the size of the room, grinds out classic and national music, and occasionally gipsy girls, of a striking and beautiful physiognomy, sing their plaintive melodies.

The environs of Moscow are sure to tempt the traveller, and few would think of leaving this grand old city without visiting the Sparrow Hills, which stand three hundred feet above the bed of the Moskva river, and the village of Adinzowa, where Napoleon took up his residence during the thirty days he lingered in the neighbourhood of Moscow before setting out on his return march.

That Moscow has had a great as well as a tragic history is known to all; those best acquainted with the Russian people predict that a still greater future is awaiting her. The Slavonic spirit of Russia is gradually emancipating itself from Teutonic thralldom, and the aspiration seems to be gathering force, that Moscow, once the capital city, should be reinstated in its ancient place of honour.

J. CHRISTIE.



THE RED PLACE, WITH THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. BASIL.

LAWYERS AND THEIR HAUNTS.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFRESON.

VI.—MONEY AND FEES.

"ALL his dayes," Froissart (Englished by Bouchier Lord Berners) says of Guylyam of Harseley, Charles VI's fee-loving physician, "he was one of the greatest nygardes that ever was. With this rodde lightly are all physicians beaten;" a remark no less applicable to the followers of the law. Pages could be filled with pungent reflections on the avarice of a profession that has been too generally associated in popular sentiment with greed and selfish ambition. With ungenerous reference to the great man by whose fall he had risen to undeserved eminence, Lord Keeper Williams remarked, in his inaugural address to the lawyers, "A proneness to take bribes may be generated from the habit of taking fees." A full generation earlier, in his address to the batch of serjeants who were called to the coif soon after his elevation to the Marble Chair, Lord Keeper Puckering said with equal discernment and moderation, "I am to exhort you also not to embrace multitude of causes, or to undertake more places of hearing causes than you are well able to consider of or perform, lest thereby you either disappoint your clients when their causes be heard, or come unprovided, or depart when their causes be in hearing. For it is all one not to come, as either to come unprovided, or depart before it be ended;" words of evidence that in Sir John Puckering's time (1592-6) the greediest practitioners were guilty of nothing worse than taking briefs to which they could not give adequate consideration. It was left for the nineteenth century to produce and tolerate a state of things which permits leaders of the Bar to accept briefs they have no intention of reading, and to pocket payment for work they do not mean to perform.*

At the close of a celebrated professional career, the gossiping journalists seldom omit to touch on its pecuniary results, for the entertainment of readers who, taking the commercial view of greatness, like to be assured that unusual merit has been attended with extraordinary enrichment. On Mr. Benjamin's recent retirement from the Bar, the "Law Times" gave the world some particulars of the financial achievements of Jefferson Davis's whilom Secretary of State, who, on the collapse of the Confederacy, rose in the course of a few years to a practice at the English Bar scarcely less lucrative than the practice he in former time surrendered in the United States, when he threw himself into the disastrous political enterprise that owed its transient show of success largely to his

genius and energy. Having in his American time taken a fee of £10,000 (dollars?) in the New Almaden Mine trial, this equally able and fortunate lawyer was paid £3,000 for drafting a petition touching the Alabama depredations, £1,000 on his brief in the Franconia case, together with numerous fees of £500 in other causes. The largest and last income from his profession in a single year was £25,000; and the news of his withdrawal from practice was still on its way to a leading firm of solicitors in the City when they sent him a brief marked for £3,000.

The universal disposition to magnify the earnings of famous practitioners is not discernible in any of these statements. Nor is it greatly astonishing that by far the ablest advocate in the most lucrative department of legal practice received £25,000 in his most fortunate year—about half the yearly income many a second-rate architect or engineer or newspaper proprietor has made in the present century; and that he occasionally received from £1,000 to £3,000 for several days, and even weeks, of strenuous labour on causes affecting interests, in comparison with which such payments were absolutely insignificant. The famous lawyer who has just ceased earning incomes that perhaps average £20,000 a year since he took silk in 1872, would have been more liberally rewarded in Elizabeth's England, and quite as lavishly remunerated in Charles II's London.

The bare statement of the fee tells little of a lawyer's remuneration. Though considerable fees are sometimes taken for little trouble, or even no work at all, the sensationally magnificent fees of legal annals are always found on inquiry to have been payments for unusually heavy and arduous service. If he had not won the respect of solicitors by his dextrous management of the defence, Edward Law would have had cause to regret his employment in behalf of Warren Hastings, who paid his leading counsel something under £4,000. On taking account of special outlay for the cause, and the value of the business it compelled him to decline, the eminent advocate, who received a fee of £6,000 in the famous case of Small v. Attwood, had reason to think himself underpaid and ill-paid.

Serious payments for serious service, the big fees that now and then pass from clients to counsel through the fingers of intervening solicitors, differ widely from the munificent prodigalities by which sick millionaires occasionally exhibit their fear of death and their gratitude to the doctor. Perhaps the largest fee ever paid to a medical man was the fee of a thousand guineas, which Sir Henry Thompson received for a single visit—without any operation—to Oppenheim, the Cologne capitalist, who, when already *in extremis*, determined to lure the famous London surgeon to

* This custom is now denounced in popular satire:

"My learned profession I'll never disgrace
By taking a fee with a grin on my face
When I havn't been there to attend to the case,
Said I to myself, said I."

his bedside at any cost. Of course, such a prodigious fee—demanded by the surgeon in the hope that the demand would be declined, and paid under altogether exceptional circumstances—is a solitary and strangely abnormal incident that may scarcely be used as an example of the remunerations of “the faculty.” Even in the annals of medicine and surgery it must remain a thing of humour and surprise. Pointing to some of the conditions which give the followers of physic so greatly the advantage over the followers of the law, the occurrence points also to incidents that may not be expected to arise from the comparatively unemotional relations of counsel and client.

A curious example of the payment of counsel by a lordly client in the fourteenth century is found in the page of the “Baronage” where Dugdale describes William de Beauchamp’s insolent demeanour to Robert Charlton, William Pinchbek, William Branchesley, and John Catesby, when he consulted those learned lawyers at his house in Paternoster Row on the validity of his claim to the late Earl of Pembroke’s estates, in opposition to the claim by Edward Hastings, the earl’s heir-male of the half-blood. On his way, in angry mood, out of chapel, the nobleman threw each of the lawyers a gold piece, saying, “Sirs, I desire you forthwith to tell me whether I have any right or title to Hastings’s lordship and lands.” Standing forth as spokesman of the party, William Pinchbek gave their clear opinion in these few words: “No man here, nor in England, dare say that you have any right in them, except Hastings do quit his claim therein; and should he do it, being now under age, it would be of no validitie;” an answer that cannot be supposed to have mitigated the overbearing Beauchamp’s wrathful temper. That the single gold-piece to each lawyer was a lordly fee for an opinion on a case appears from the much smaller sums that were paid for the same service to eminent counsel even to the close of the fifteenth century. In Edward IV’s time Roger Fylpot received only 3s. 8d. (with his dinner, for 4d.) for an opinion to the parishioners of St. Margaret’s, Westminster, the smaller fee of 3s. 4d. (without dinner) being paid to each of three serjeants by the Corporation of Canterbury for advice on municipal matters in 1500. The curious indenture (dated 18th July, 16 Henry VII) whereby Serjeant John Yaxley undertook, for payment of forty marks, to act as Sir Robert Plompton’s counsel at the next assizes at York, Nottingham, and Derby, in all actions in which his services may be required by Sir Robert, shows it was usual for lawyers to make general and inclusive contracts with clients for service and payment. This indenture is the more noteworthy because Serjeant Yaxley covenanted to be content with only £20 of the forty marks should there be no need for him to go on from Nottingham and Derby to York, because it was stipulated that Sir Robert Plompton should pay the charges of his lawyer at all or any of the three towns, and yet more particularly because £5 of the forty marks was paid beforehand to the serjeant—a prepayment pointing to the origin of retaining fees.

Something more than two centuries later (1738), when Sarah, the notorious Duchess of Marlborough, sent William Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield) a general retainer with a fee of a thousand guineas, the young lawyer returned nine hundred and ninety-five of the guineas on the ground that the fee with a general retainer might not exceed five guineas. Could he have kept all the money he would have been paid none too well for his services to the great lady, who used to visit him and bother him at the most unseasonable hours. On returning one night from “champagne with the wits” to his chambers in King’s Bench Walk, the young barrister to enter his rooms had to pass her grace’s coach and push his way through the link-bearers and lacqueys who surrounded it. “Young man,” exclaimed the duchess, angry at being kept waiting, as soon as the barrister had entered his room and her presence, “if you mean to rise in the world you must not sup out!” On a subsequent occasion, instead of awaiting the return of the supper-loving lawyer, her grace went off in high dudgeon, after addressing his clerk in terms that caused him half an hour later to say to his master, “I could not make out, sir, who she was, for she would not tell me her name; but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality!”

Though the 20s. fee was occasionally paid to counsel in the days of the earlier, and oftener in the days of the later Tudors for an important opinion or other considerable service, the 10s. fee remained the ordinary payment for another hundred years. Throughout the seventeenth century it was a common saying in Westminster Hall that a barrister resembled Balaam’s ass because he spoke at the sight of “an angel.” Smaller sums were also paid by clients to counsel, and also by barristers to barristers for such professional assistance as would now fall under the denomination of “devilling.” Junior barristers were still glad to get the three old fees of 3s. 4d., 3s. 6d., and 3s. 8d. When he was a youngster, Whitelock took, with a smiling face and courteous bow, the eleven groats which Attorney-General Noy gave him for advice on a point touching a patent. The money which flowed to Sir Francis North’s skull-caps when he was Solicitor-General, and also when he was Attorney-General, came to them in all the varieties of the gold and silver coinages. When Englishmen wore wigs it was usual for them to wear skull-caps under their artificial locks if they had occasion to go forth in the raw air without the protection of their beavers, and Sir Francis North was not singular amongst the leaders of his profession for using his old skull-caps as receptacles for money given him by his clients. “His skull-caps,” Roger North says in his memoir of the most famous of his historic brothers, “which he wore when he had leisure to observe his constitution, as I touched before, were now destined to lie in a drawer to receive the money that came in by fees. One had the gold, another the crowns and half-crowns, and another the smaller money. When these vessels were full they were committed to his friend (the Hon. Roger North), who was constantly near him to tell out the cash and put it

into
they
gold
Nor
use,
and
that
mor
lawy
with

T
Burn
gree
his
prac
the
for
doub
who
says
to m
whic
anot
cred
smile
men
mark
says
had
it to
for
hand
great
many
mon
other
that
beca
a wr
rever
bare
show
point
toler
intol
ticular
advan
since
Bu
Engl
made
suppo
was

into the bags according to the contents; and so they went to his treasurers, Blanchard and Child, goldsmiths, Temple Bar." Whilst Sir Francis North put his old skull-caps to this convenient use, it was the wont of barristers to display gold and silver pieces on their tables as a hint to clients that legal opinions should be paid for in ready money. In "Hudibras" (Part iii, canto iii) the lawyer is seen thus sitting to receive his clients, with money as well as books before him:—

"To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs,
And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money placed for show,
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat to put his case,
Which he as proudly entertained,
As the other courteously strained;
And to assure him 'twas not that
He looked for, bid him put on's hat."

To the lawyer's honour, it is recorded by Bishop Burnet that in his singular freedom from the greed which too often animated the lawyers of his period, Chief Justice Hale, so long as he practised at the Bar, persisted in charging only the angel in ordinary matters, when it was usual for barristers of his eminence to look for the double fee—the "whole piece." "When those who came to ask his counsel gave him a piece," says Burnet, "he used to give back the half, and to make ten shillings his fee in ordinary matters which did not require much time or study." On another point the bishop speaks to the lawyer's credit in a tone of surprise that may well raise a smile at the average morality of English gentlemen of the seventeenth century. "Another remarkable instance of his justice and goodness," says Burnet, "was that when he found ill-money had been put into his hands he would never suffer it to be vented again, for he thought it no excuse for him to put false money in other people's hands because some had been put into his. A great heap of this he had gathered together, for many had so abused his goodness as to mix base money among the fees that were given him." In other words, this exemplary lawyer was of opinion that he should not be justified in cheating a because he had himself been cheated by B. That a writer of Burnet's enlightenment and right-reverend quality commended the judge for being barely honest, and commended him for it with a show of astonishment at such extraordinary virtue, points with curious significance to a general tolerance of what would nowadays be deemed intolerable knavishness, and indicates one particular in which Victorian England compares advantageously with the England of two centuries since.

But if the leading lawyers of Tudor and Stuart England were content with moderate fees they made far larger incomes than is ordinarily supposed. Though the salary of his chief office was only £81 6s. 8d., Sir Edward Coke made

£7,000 a year during his tenure of the Attorney's place. Francis Bacon made £6,000 a year as James I's Attorney-General; receiving at the same time £1,600 a year from his office in the Star Chamber. "I shall now," he wrote to the king, "again make oblation to your Majesty, first of my heart, then of my service; thirdly, of my place of Attorney, which I think is honestly worth £6,000 per annum; and fourthly, of my place in the Star Chamber, which is worth £1,600 per annum, and with the favour and countenance of a Chancellor much more." The lawyer with £7,600 a year, when gold was worth from five to six times as much as gold in Victorian England, had twice the average income of the extremely fortunate lawyer who has recently retired from his Lincoln's Inn chambers. Moreover, in comparing the fortunes of nineteenth and seventeenth century lawyers, the reader must remember the feness of the inordinately wealthy individuals of the earlier period, and bear in mind how the dignity of wealth diminishes with its commonness.

That a barrister making a thousand a year in the courts was rated with the more successful members of his profession in Charles II's London appears from one of the many compliments that were paid to *young* Sam Pepys (the diarist whom people persist in styling "*old* Pepys") on the success of the speech which he delivered on March 5, 1668, in defence of the Admiralty, at the Bar of the House of Commons, under the cheering influence of the half-pint of mulled sack which he drank at "The Dog," and the dram of brandy which he tossed down his throat in Mrs. Hewlet's drink-shop under the roof of Westminster Hall. Whilst Heneage Finch (the Solicitor-General with the silver tongue) declared the speech one of the best ever made in England, another flatterer averred that the eloquent Admiralty clerk "would not get less than £1,000 a year if he would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery Bar." But though Macaulay, with this incident in his mind, was justified in saying "a thousand a year was thought a large income for a barrister," he went something too far in asserting that "two thousand a year was hardly to be made in the Court of King's Bench, except by Crown lawyers," and was wildly wrong in leading his readers to imagine that £2,000 a year (equal to £10,000 a year of Victorian money) was an insignificant revenue in comparison with incomes made in Westminster Hall by barristers of recent time without the aid of Crown employment. At the Common Law Bar there were exceptionally fortunate leaders in the second Charles's time, who made at Westminster and on circuit considerably more than £3,000 a year without king's business. At the Chancery Bar there was at least one supremely successful advocate whose receipts were nearer five than four thousand a year. Towards the close of Charles I's time Serjeant Maynard took £700 from a single tour of the Western Circuit, "which," says Whitelock, "I believe was more than any of our profession got before." The fee book, preserved in the library of Stanford Court, Worcestershire, shows that in 1671-2 Sir Francis Winnington, without Crown business, made

£1,791, without taking into account his earnings on the Oxford Circuit and during vacations; that in 1672-3 he earned £3,371; that in 1673-4 he took £3,560 in fees; and that in 1674-5, the first year of his tenure of the Solicitor's office, his professional income rose to £4,066, an income little if at all inferior to the average of the incomes made by Mr. Benjamin since he took silk. Like Coke in the time of James I, Francis North under Charles II made, during his occupancy of the Attorney's place, a round income of £7,000—£35,000 of Victorian money; a far larger income than Mr. Benjamin's largest income. Dying after a brief and unlooked-for illness in 1677, Sir John King received during his last year of practice at the Chancery Bar £4,700, or £23,500 at the present value of gold, his receipts on each of the last four days of his professional activity being between £40 and £50, or about two hundred guineas a day in modern money.

Throughout the eighteenth century, barristers of the highest eminence and most brilliant success seem to have earned incomes comparable with the largest incomes made at the Bar in the previous century if no account is taken of the steady depreciation of the most precious metal, but inferior to them when due allowance is made for the depreciation. From Michaelmas Term 1719 to Michaelmas Term 1725, Sir John Cheshire, the King's Serjeant, made an average annual income of £3,241, and in the six subsequent years (when he limited his practice to the Common Pleas) an average income of £1,320 per annum. In later time of the eighteenth century Charles Yorke (who, according to Horace Walpole, was said to have taken 100,000 guineas in fees) earned £3,400 in 1757 when he was Solicitor-General, and £7,322 during the last year of his tenure of the Attorney-General's place, little more than what Sir Francis North and Sir Edward Coke used to make out of the same office.

John Scott's (Eldon's) earnings during his busiest years at the Bar were—£6,833 7s. (in 1786), £7,600 7s. (in 1787), £8,419 14s. (in 1788), £9,559 10s. (in 1789), £9,684 15s. (in 1790), £10,213 13s. 6d. (in 1791), £9,080 9s. (in 1792), £10,330 1s. 4d. (in 1793), £11,592 (in 1794), £11,149 15s. 4d. (in 1795), £12,140 15s. 8d. (in 1796), £10,861 5s. 8d. (in 1797), and £10,557 17s. (in 1798), the last six of these years being years when he was Attorney-General, and the preceding four years being those of his occupancy of the Solicitor-General's office. Regard being had to difference in value of money, John Scott's yearly earnings at the Bar in his busiest and most affluent time may be computed at nearly the same as the annual winnings of Mr. Benjamin, though the incomes of the latter rose to handsomer accounts of thousands. Though none of them surpassed or even equalled Eldon in the faculty of earning money, several of the great Chancellor's legal contemporaries made incomes that would endure comparison with the largest incomes made at the Bar in the present reign. Ineffectual with juries for want of oratorical address, Charles Abbott (Lord Tenterden) was so successful as a draughtsman and case-lawyer that he returned his professional income in 1807 at £8,000.

Kenyon was another lawyer of the Eldonian period who made a fine income by chamber practice, without possessing the special genius and tact of the popular advocate. Making as much as £3,000 a year by answering cases, this shrewdest and stingiest of lawyers knew how to make the most of every guinea that came to his fingers. Dr. stories are still told of his parsimony in dress, diversions, and domestic economy. Saving was an art Taffy Kenyon mastered in the days when he used to dine at a Chancery Lane eating-house, with Horne Tooke and Dunning, for 7½d. "Dunning and myself," Tooke remarked boastfully, in later time, "were generous, for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a-piece, but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a *promise*." Of the stately and guestless mansion inhabited by the wealthy lawyer after he had risen to be Chief Justice, it was observed by a caustic prattler, "In the kitchen the fire is dull, but the spits are bright!" a remark that pricked "Master" Jekyll to exclaim testily, "Spits! In the name of common sense don't mention them, for nothing turns on them." On hearing that the money-grubbing, money-loving judge was on the point of death, Edward Law (Lord Ellenborough) observed incredulously, "Kenyon dying? No, no! What should he get by that?" And a few days later, on being told that the undertaker had painted "Mors Janua Vita" on the hatchment over the late Chief Justice's door, the successor to Kenyon's vacant seat exclaimed, "Bless you, there was no mistake; Kenyon's will ordered it to be 'vita,' so as to save the expense of a diphthong!"

It was not in Edward Law's scarcely generous nature to dismiss in a moment his resentment of the many insults he had received from the judge of sordid spirit and surly temper. Not that Kenyon was incapable of sympathy and admiration for advocates of fluent speech and brilliant parts. Morose to Law, the judge overflowed with courtesy and kindness to Erskine, the advocate who, in his palmiest time, used to have as many as twelve special retainers every year, with 300 guineas on each brief, and is said to have originated the department of practice that gave him the greater part of his fame, as well as 3,600 guineas of his annual earnings.

Content with payments trivial in comparison with the separate sums that flowed to Erskine, Serjeant Hill stood out for his rightful dues. On receiving "a case" marked for a guinea, the great black-letter lawyer returned it with a note that "he saw more difficulty in the case than, *under all the circumstances*, he could well solve," a delicate hint that caused the attorney to mark the case "2 guas." Still dissatisfied, Hill again returned the paper with an indorsement that "he saw no reason to change his opinion." On the offer of a third guinea, however, Mistress Medlycott's eccentric husband saw no further difficulty in the matter, and gave good counsel for the sufficient consideration.

The equally general and erroneous notion that the barristers of to-day make larger incomes than

the barristers of former time is due in some degree to the comparative insignificance of the fees given to lawyers in causes of the highest historic moment. For his memorable services in the trial of the seven bishops Pemberton had only a retaining fee of five guineas, twenty guineas with his brief, and three guineas for consultations. The fullest allowance having been made for difference in values of money, Egerton's charges for his pains and services in the trials of the Babington conspirators and Mary Queen of Scots are staggeringly moderate. One of the many curious documents preserved in the Raffles mss.—the collection of autographs formed by the still famous Nonconformist minister, Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, and now in the possession of Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate of the same northern borough—is the following Treasury warrant for the payment of the Solicitor-General's bill:—

"Secundo die Januarii Anno Regni Domine nostre Elizabeth Regine vicesimo-nono (2 Jan., 29 Elizabeth). Allowed unto Thomas Egerton esquier her Majestes Sollicitor generall by way of reward for his trauell out of the country and for his charges and attendaunce from the fourthe of August untill the Nynth of October last paste, at London and at the Courts and for his paynes in and about the Examynacions Indictementes and Tryalles of Ballarde, Babington, and the rest of that conspyracie

"And for his travaill charges and paynes taken in the matter of the Queene of Scottes at Fotheringhaye

"And for his attendaunce traueill and paynes taken in the draught of the Commyssion and Sentence and in other the proceedinges against the same Queene of Scottes in the terme and vacacioun tyme

"And for his contynuall attendaunce from the beginninge unto the ende of this last Parliament

"Thies are to woll and requere.....allow and pay unto

for all
these
pieces
C li.
(100 libras)

the said Mr.....in considerationn of his travayles.....in the services aforesaid.

"W. Burghley,
"Wlt. Mildmay.

"Mr. Tressorer, pray you make payment of the hundrethe poundes Warraunt allowed.

"Robert Peke."

Taken by itself, and regarded apart from the thousand other evidences touching the remunerations of lawyers in the sixteenth century, this curious and extremely interesting document (transcribed to the present page from the Sixth Report of her Majesty's Commissioners on Historical mss., 1877) might well result in the inference that it was impossible for Crown lawyers to become wealthy when they were rewarded so parsimoniously for their strenuous and especially onerous labours in the most important affairs. The Solicitor-General's little bill (of £100, some six or seven hundred pounds of modern money) for bringing a queen to the scaffold, and consigning a knot of inferior conspirators to a more infamous and repulsive doom, contrasts strongly and strangely with the amount it cost the country to put Arthur Orton under penal discipline for fourteen years.

But it would be a great mistake to imagine that the lawyers of the olden time could not thrive and fatten when so little came to them from the greatest causes. Trials were not allowed to hang on hand for weeks and months together in the sixteenth century, and having disposed in a few hours of matters that would nowadays linger in tedious suspense from moon to moon, the Crown lawyer of Elizabethan England was at liberty to deal with other business, which he dispatched with similar expedition. Doing well for the country, Egerton did even better for himself. The needy and base-born son of a rural knight, a lawyer who fought his way to greatness from the ranks, he sustained the costly dignities of office, and left his descendants a landed estate worth £8,000 a year.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE "Life of William Cullen Bryant," by his son-in-law, Parke Godwin, has recently been published.* In the "Leisure Hour" for 1873 will be found a memoir and portrait, with specimens of his poems. It is more than fifty years since his first volume of poetry appeared, about the same time that our Tennyson gave his earliest poems to the world. Compared with the length of his life, the poetical works of the American have been few, but they nevertheless amount

in the whole to a large collection, to be published in companion form. The greater part of his life was passed in busy work as editor of the "New York Evening Post," and few public men have wielded wider and better influence in their time. He lived to be an honoured patriarch among poets and journalists. Others may have obtained wider popularity, but Bryant's fame will increase as well as endure, and not a few now speak of him as the chief American poet. He holds at least a place corresponding to that which Wordsworth has among the English poets of later periods of our literature.

* "Life and Letters of William Cullen Bryant." By Parke Godwin. 8 vols. Appleton & Co., New York.

In all that relates to the literary and public life of Mr. Bryant, the biography is all that could be desired. But we are indebted to Dr. Irenæus Prime, the veteran editor of the "New York Observer," a warm friend and admirer of his brother journalist, for pointing out a strange omission in the biography. Mr. Bryant, it is known, was in early life brought up among Unitarians, who in those days were the principal religionists of New England. The biographer is apparently of the same denomination, which may account for the omission thus referred to by Dr. Prime.

We have the tender story of Mr. Bryant's baptism at Naples, and his partaking of the Lord's Supper there for the first time; and of his subsequently taking a lively interest in a single service in his barn at Cummington, conducted by Mr. Waterston, the same (Unitarian) minister by whom he was baptized. But Mr. Godwin does not tell us anything of his years of religious life in Roslyn, where he worshipped in the Presbyterian church and regularly communed under the ministry of Dr. Ely, whose name is not mentioned in the book. But more surprising to us, and unaccountable, is the omission of the last work of Mr. Bryant's life, and which may be called his dying testimony. We venture to say there is not a more important, interesting, and impressive page in these two luminous and attractive volumes than the record of Mr. Bryant's last writing would have made. The facts are these: The Rev. Dr. Joseph Alden, now resident in New York, a distinguished college professor and president, enjoyed Mr. Bryant's friendship, and having written a short treatise on "The Religious Life" submitted it in manuscript to Mr. Bryant, and asked of him an introduction to the volume. The kind and venerable man, burdened with many labours, cheerfully complied with the request. But he did not think when he put his pen to the task that it would be the crown of his eighty years of work, and the last. When he fell, a few moments after making a public address in the Central Park, and was taken home to die, there was found on his desk an unfinished manuscript, the first part of his Introduction to Dr. Alden's work on the Religious Life. The brightest page of all these bright pages would have been the one which might have been radiant with these words by Mr. Bryant, written just before he was released from earth to put on immortality. He wrote:

"This character, of which Christ was the perfect model, is in itself so attractive, so 'altogether lovely,' that I cannot describe in language the admiration with which I regard it; nor can I express the gratitude I feel for the dispensation which bestowed that example on mankind, for the truths which He taught and the sufferings He endured for our sakes. I tremble to think what the world would be without Him. Take away the blessing of the advent of His life and the blessings purchased by His death in what an abyss of guilt

would man have been left! It would seem to be blotting the sun out of the heavens—to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost, and darkness.

"In my view of the life, the teachings, the labours, and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep, of which He is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for Him is so cold, and my gratitude so inadequate. It is with sorrow that I see any attempt to put aside His teachings as a delusion, to turn men's eyes from His example, to meet with doubt and denial the story of His life. For my part, if I thought that the religion of scepticism were to gather strength and prevail and become the dominant view of mankind, I should despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are yet to come."

In the morning of his career, while not yet out of his teens, Mr. Bryant composed his "Thanatopsis, a View of Death." It is solemn, awful in its solemnity, cheered by no ray of immortal hope; death, all death, death of all; sublime but dreadful. He grows in years and wisdom; his mind expands with knowledge of truth; his heart is touched with the love of God and His Son Jesus Christ. He asked to be baptized, and to be permitted to receive the emblems of "the sufferings He endured for our sakes." No longer is the future black with thanatopsis, a view of death: but the western horizon, toward which his eyes now turn, is all aglow with the rosy dawn of immortality. The sun is setting in golden glory to rise in tenfold splendour on the world beyond; and the noble old bard, his vision filled with the image of one like unto the Son of God, exclaims, "There can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep, of which He is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for Him is so cold, and my gratitude so inadequate."

This was the written testimony of Mr. Bryant, written for publication; and a biography of him, though like this as nearly perfect as literary skill and filial affection can make it, without this testimony is incomplete.

The reverence and piety of the man all through life we know, and his is the honour as a poet of never having written a line "which dying he should wish to blot." But we agree with the friendly critic of this biography in regretting the absence of what would have been the brightest tribute to his memory, and the most fragrant chaplet on his tomb. Those who remember the touching story of the last days of Dr. Johnson, and the epitaph written by the poet Cowper on reading it, will understand how of William Cullen Bryant it might also be said,

"Who many a noble gift from heaven possessed,
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest."

A M
of th
of Ad
print
Fo
botan
posse
and f
book
larly
face
of th
met v
recon
The
he h
fator
itself
næus
"C
tion,
study
a ma
made
ampl
more
work
bene
equiv
vario

LINNÆUS ON THE STUDY OF NATURE.



FROM A MEDALLION.

AMONG the works of the great naturalist Linnæus is one entitled, "Museum Regis Adolphi Frederici," containing descriptions of the various natural productions in the museum of Adolphus Frederick, King of Sweden. It was printed in 1754, at his Majesty's expense.

Forty years afterwards the library and the botanical collections of Linnæus came into the possession of Sir James Edward Smith, the founder and first president of our Linnæan Society. The book on the King of Sweden's museum particularly engaged the attention of Dr. Smith, the preface to the work containing, as he remarks, "one of the best general views of nature that he has met with, as well as the most candid and rational recommendation of the study of natural history." The desire of giving to others the same pleasure he had experienced led him to translate this prefatory discourse from Latin into English, the book itself being one of the most expensive of all Linnæus's works, and little known in this country.

"One fact," says the translator in his introduction, "which all may learn from it is, that the study of nature does not necessarily tend to make a man irreligious, as some weak people have been made to believe. A number of illustrious examples might be produced to the contrary, none more eminent than the excellent author of this work, whose unaffected cheerfulness and uniform benevolence gave, in his lifetime, the most unequivocal proofs of his goodness of heart, as his various publications do of his genuine piety."

We have not space* for reproducing the whole of the "Reflections on the Study of Nature,"* but we will quote enough to justify the warm praise bestowed upon it by the translator. It is refreshing in these days, when so many naturalists ridicule the idea of design in nature, and confine their view to the mere materialism of science, to find the great Linnæus teaching us to "look through nature up to nature's God," in the same spirit that another great naturalist, Ray, wrote his book on "The Wisdom of God in Creation."

REFLECTIONS ON THE STUDY OF NATURE.

Mankind, as well as all other creatures, being formed with such exquisite and wonderful skill that human wisdom is utterly insufficient to imitate the most simple fibre, vein, or nerve, much less a finger, or other contriving or executive organ, it is perfectly evident that all these things must originally have been made by an omnipotent and omniscient Being, for "He who formed the ear, shall He not hear; and He who made the eye, shall He not see?"

Moreover, if we consider the *generation* of animals, we find that each produces an offspring after its own kind, just as plants produce only their own kind of seed; so that all living things—plants, animals, and even mankind themselves

* We are indebted to Mr. W. Sowerby, F.L.S., for the use of the scarce tract as originally published by James Edward Smith in 1785, and afterwards included in a volume of "Tracts relating to Natural History," in 1798.

—form one "chain of universal being," from the beginning to the end of the world¹. In this sense truly may it be said that there is nothing new under the sun.

If we next turn our thoughts to the place we inhabit we find ourselves situated on a vast globe of land and water, which must necessarily owe its origin to the same Almighty Being, for it is altogether made up of wonders, and displays such a degree of contrivance and perfection as mortals can neither describe nor comprehend. This globe may therefore be considered as a museum, furnished with the works of the Supreme Creator.

While we turn our minds to the contemplation of the wonders and beauties which surround us, we are also permitted to employ them for our benefit. For to what use would the sun display its beams? for what end would the spacious world be furnished by the great and bountiful Author of nature were there no rational beings capable of admiring and turning it to their profit? The Creator has given us *eyes*, by the assistance of which we discern the works of creation. He has, moreover, endowed us with the power of *tasting*, by which we perceive the parts entering into the composition of bodies; of *smelling*, that we may catch their subtle exhalations; of *hearing*, that we may receive the sound of bodies around us; and of *touching*, that we may examine their surfaces, and all for the purpose of our comprehending, in some measure, the wisdom of His works. The same instruments of sensation are bestowed on many other animals, who see, hear, smell, taste, and feel; but they want the faculty which is granted us of combining these sensations, and from thence drawing universal conclusions. When we subject the human body to the knife of the anatomist, in order to find in the structure of its internal organs something which we do not observe in other animals, to account for this operation, we are obliged to own the vanity of our researches; we must therefore necessarily ascribe this prerogative to something altogether *immaterial*, which the Creator has given to man alone, and which we call *soul*.

If, therefore, the Maker of all things, who has done nothing without design, has furnished this earthly globe, like a museum, with the most admirable proofs of His wisdom and power; if, moreover, this splendid theatre would be adorned in vain without a spectator; and if He has placed in it man, the chief and most perfect of all His works, who is alone capable of duly considering the wonderful economy of the whole, it follows that man is made for the purpose of studying the Creator's works that he may observe in them the evident marks of Divine wisdom.

Thus we learn, not only from the opinions of moralists and divines, but also from the testimony of nature herself, that this world is destined to the celebration of the Creator's glory, and that man is placed in it to be the publisher and interpreter of the wisdom of God; and, indeed, he who does not make himself acquainted with God from the consideration of nature will scarcely acquire knowledge of Him from any other source, for "if we have no faith in the things which are

seen, how should we believe those things which are not seen?"

The brute creation, although furnished with external senses, all resemble those animals which, wandering in the woods, are fattened with acorns, but never look upwards to the tree that affords them food, much less have they any idea of the beneficent Author of the tree and its fruit.

If our probation had been the only object of Divine wisdom in forming the world, it would have been sufficient for that wisdom, which does nothing in vain, to have produced an indigested chaos, in which, like worms in cheese, we might have indulged in eating and sleeping; food and rest would then have been the only things for which we should have had an inclination, and our lives would have passed like those of the flocks, whose only care is the gratification of their appetite. But our condition is far otherwise.

For the Author of eternal salvation is also the Lord of nature. He who has destined us for future joys has at present placed us in this world. Whoever, therefore, shall regard with contempt the economy of the Creator here is as truly impious as the man who takes no thought of futurity. And in order to lead us toward our duty, the Deity has so closely connected the study of His works with our general convenience and happiness that the more we examine them the more we discover for our use and gratification. There is no land so barren and dreary that any one who should come there need perish with hunger if he knew the bodies which it produces, and how to use them properly; and we see constantly that all rural and domestic economy, founded on the knowledge of nature, rises to the highest perfection.

The magnificence and beauty, the regularity, convenience, and utility of the works of creation, cannot fail to afford man the highest degree of pleasure, so that he who has seen and examined most of these must the more perfectly admire and love the world as the work of the great Creator, and must the more readily acquiesce in His wise government. To be an interpreter of the perfect wisdom of an infinite God will by Him be esteemed the highest honour that mortals can attain. Can any work be imagined more forcibly to proclaim the majesty of its Author than a little inactive earth rendered capable of contemplating itself as animated by the hand of God? of studying the dimensions and revolutions of the celestial bodies, rolling at an almost infinite distance, as well as the innumerable wonders dispersed by the Creator over this globe? in all which appear manifest traces of Divine wisdom and power, and the consideration of which affords so much delight that a man who has tasted it would cheerfully prefer it to all other enjoyments.

I know not what to think of those people who can, without emotion, hear or read the accounts of the many wonderful animals which inhabit foreign countries.

What principally strikes us agreeably at first sight is *colour*, of which the good and great Creator has given to some animals a rich variety, far beyond the reach of human art. Scarcely any-

thing
parti
India
paint
in be
chiur
and
the p
with
is by
in In
apart
and
may
ally
frequ
and
of th
polis
gold
has
cious
Aph
the c
the p
The
strike
we c
visib
large
to th
reco
free
W
stre
pleas
pym
but
Natu
abun
ness
Th
insuf
grou
hum
beet
bees
prey
large
as m
ming
often
back
trees
fligh
a ma
the g
Th
fail t
at th
Ame
man
rostr
being
the f
histo

thing can equal the beauty of birds in general, particularly the brilliant splendour of the peacock. India, indeed, boasts a number of fishes, whose painted scales almost equal the plumage of birds in beauty, not to mention the Indian fishes, *Trichiurus lepturus* (sword-fish of Brown's Jamaica), and *Zeus vomer*, whose brilliant white colour excels the purest and most polished silver; or the gold-fish (*Ciprinus aureus*) of the Chinese, which shizzes with such golden splendour that the metal itself is by no means comparable to it. People of rank in India keep the last-mentioned fish alive in their apartments in earthen vessels, as in fish-ponds, and feed them with their own hands, that they may have something to excite admiration perpetually before their eyes. The Author of nature has frequently decorated even the minutest insects, and worms themselves, which inhabit the bottom of the sea, in so exquisite a manner that the most polished metal looks dull beside them. The great golden beetle (*Buprestis gigantea*) of the Indies has its head studded with ornaments like precious stones, brilliant as the finest gold; and the *Aphrodita aculeata*, reflecting the sunbeams from the depths of the sea, exhibits as vivid colours as the peacock itself spreading its jewelled train.

The difference of size in different animals must strike us with no less astonishment, especially if we compare the huge whale with the almost invisible mite. The former, whilst it shakes the largest ships with its bulky body, is itself a prey to the diminutive *Onisci*, and is obliged to have recourse to marine birds, who, sitting on its back, free it from these vermin.

We are as much amazed at the prodigious strength of the elephant and rhinoceros as we are pleased with the slender deer of Guinea (*Moschus pygmaeus*), which is, in all its parts, like our deer, but scarcely so large as the smallest lap-dog. Nature has, however, in the nimbleness of its feet, abundantly compensated this animal for the smallness of its size.

The great ostriches of Arabia, whose wings are insufficient to raise their bulky bodies from the ground, excite no less admiration than the little humming-birds of India—hardly bigger than beetles—which feed on the honey of flowers, like bees and flies, and, like those animals, are the prey of ordinary spiders, between which and the large spider of Brazil (*Aranea avicularis*) there is as much difference in size as between the humming-bird and the ostrich. This great spider often attacks the largest birds, dropping on their backs, by means of its web, from the branches of trees; and while they vainly seek for security in flight, it bites them and sucks their juices in such a manner that they not unfrequently fall lifeless to the ground.

The singular figures of some animals cannot fail to attract our notice. We wonder, with reason, at the angular appendage to the nose of the American bat; nor is the short and slender upper mandible of the Indian woodpecker (*Picus semi-rostris*) less remarkable, the form of the latter being as unusual among birds as is among fishes the figure of the American fishing-frog (*Lophius histrio*), which is furnished with feet, but cannot

walk, while another kind of fish (*Silurus callichthys*), when the rivulet which it inhabits becomes dry, has a power of travelling over land till it finds more copious streams.

The plaice, the sole, and many other fishes which constitute the genus of *Pleuronectes*, although the only animals which have both eyes on the same side of the head, do not perhaps astonish us so much, being common fishes, as the horned frog of Virginia (*Rana cornuta*), whose head is furnished with a pair of horns, at the extremities of which its eyes are placed; its stern aspect cannot fail to strike with horror all who behold it. This frog is unable, however, to move its eyes in different directions at the same time, like the chameleon, which appears to have a power of contemplating at once many distant objects, and of attending equally to all, for this last animal certainly does not live upon air, as many have reported, but on flies, which it follows with its piercing and sparkling eyes, till it has got so near them that, by darting forth its long tongue, they are instantly caught and swallowed; while the slender ant bear (*Myrmecophaga*), which has no teeth, and which the Creator has appointed to live upon ants alone, by coiling up its tongue like a serpent and laying it near an ant-hill, collects the little animals and devours them entire.

He who has given life to animals has given to them all different means of supporting it; for if all birds were to fly in the same manner, all fishes to swim with the same velocity, and all quadrupeds to run with equal swiftness, there would soon be an end of the weaker ones.

That wisdom which deliberates on all future events has covered the porcupine-fish (*Diodon hystrix*), like the hedgehog, on every side with a strong guard of thorns, has bestowed on the armadillo (*Dasypus*), as on the tortoise, a hard shell, in which it rolls itself up and bids defiance to its enemies, and has enveloped the *Loricaria*, like the Canada pike (*Esox osseus*), with a coat of mail.

The same Almighty Artist has given the flying squirrel (*Sciurus volans*) a power of extending the skin on each side of its body in such a manner that, being enabled to descend by a precipitate flight from one branch to another, it easily avoids its enemies. He has affixed wings to the sides of the little dragon (*Draco volans*), with which, by the help of its feet, it supports itself in the air in the manner of a bat. Thus also has He lengthened out the fins on the breast of the flying-fish that it might seek for safety in the air when pursued by its enemies in the water; and He has likewise formed an appendage to the tail of the great cuttle-fish (*Sepia loligo*), by means of which it springs out of the sea, at the same time being furnished with a bladder, full of a sort of ink, with which it darkens the water and eludes the sight of its pursuers.

Other animals are preserved by means of their dismal cries, as the Capuchin monkey (*Simia Capucina*), whose horrid yellings are intolerable to the ears, and the sloth (*Bradypus*), whose piercing voice puts all the wild beasts to flight like horses at the sound of a rattle. The slow-paced maucauco (*Lemur tardigradus*) is supplied

with double ears that he may betake himself to the trees in time to avoid danger; there he gathers the fruit in safety, always first tasting what he presents to his mate. The Creator has indulged the opossum with a retreat for her young in her own body, to which they betake themselves in case of an alarm, and, lest cruel hunger should force them from this asylum, it is furnished with internal nipples, affording them a welcome nourishment. The torpedo—of all animals the most tender and slow-paced, and therefore most obnoxious to the attacks of others—has received from its Maker a power, denied to other creatures, of giving those who approach it a shock, of such a nature that none of its enemies can bear it.

Truly formidable are the arms which the Lord of nature has given to some animals. Though He has left serpents destitute of feet, wings, and fins, like naked fishes, and has ordered them to crawl on the ground, exposed to all kinds of injuries, yet He has armed them with dreadful venomous weapons; but, that they may not do immoderate mischief, He has only given these arms to about a tenth part of the various species, at the same time arraying them in such habits that they are not easily distinguishable from one another, as the rest of animals are, so that men and other creatures, while they cannot well distinguish the noxious ones from those which are innocent, shun them all with equal care. We shudder with horror when we think of these cruel weapons. Whoever is wounded by the hooded serpent (*Coluber naja*) expires in a few minutes, nor can he escape with life who is bitten by the rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*) in any part near a great vein. But the merciful God has distinguished these pests by peculiar signs, and has created them most inveterate enemies, for, as He has appointed cats to destroy mice, so has He provided the ichneumon (*Viverra ichneumon*) against the former serpent, and the hog to persecute the latter. He has, moreover, given the *Crotalus* a very slow motion, and has annexed a kind of rattle to its tail, by the shaking of which it gives notice of its approach.

On account of these and various other poisonous serpents and worms of India, which crawl upon the ground, swim in the waters, or twine among the branches of trees, we prefer our barren and craggy woods to the ever-blooming meadows and fruitful groves of Indian climes; and we had rather suffer the inconveniences of our northern snows than enjoy their enviable luxuries. We fear no threatening scorpions which disturb the peace and rest of those who inhabit a warmer climate, nor is our sweet sleep interrupted by the *Scolopendra*, to guard against which fires are obliged to be carefully kept up all night in India. Our waters are not infested like those of some other countries, nor do they produce fish whose flesh is poisonous, like the hare globe-fish (*Tetrodon lagocephalus*) of the Chinese, nor any whose bite is venomous, except the *Murena Helena*, a very rare fish; neither have we any that wounds with poisonous prickles, except the weever (*Trachinus draco*), which we can easily avoid. Sharks, which dismember the inhabitants of the eastern world, and

devour them in the water, are almost unknown on our shores, as are crocodiles, which ascend the sides of vessels and take away men for their prey. The ravages of the last-mentioned animal, however, the Creator has restrained within very narrow limits, not only by means of the cruelty with which it devours its own young, and of the bird which destroys its eggs, but also by the striped lizard (*Lacerta monitor*), which informs men of the approach of the crocodile, as the great butcher-bird (*Lanius excubitor*) warns lesser birds of that of the hawk. Just in the same manner the human race are preserved from lions and tigers by means of the little lizard called *Gekko*, which, being alarmed for its own safety, runs hastily to man as its guardian angel and acquaints him with his danger. Thus also the storm-finch warns mariners of an approaching tempest.

But the curious properties of exotic animals are so many that we have only room to mention a few more of the most remarkable. For example, the Surinam toad (*Rana pipa*) nourishes its young on its back, as cattle do the gadfly. And this is more truly worthy of our admiration than the salamander, which was believed by the ancients to live in the fire, or the frog-fish (*Rana paradoxa*), which was till very lately supposed to be transformed from a toad to a fish. The black tortoises always leave the recesses of the sea to seek out the shores of desert and desolate islands, in the sand of which they deposit their eggs. Thus they fall a prey to sailors, who refresh their sick with the delicate flesh of these animals, which is much more wholesome, although less delicious, than that of the guana (*Lacerta iguana*).

The sucking-fish (*Echeneis remora*), which of itself could not, without great difficulty, swim fast enough to supply itself with food, has obtained from its Creator an instrument not much unlike a saw, with which it affixes itself to ships and the larger kinds of fishes, and in this manner is transported gratis from one shore of the world to another. The same Divine Artificer has given the sluggish fishing-frog (*Lophius piscatorius*) a kind of rod, furnished with a bait, by which it beguiles little fishes into its jaws.

Thus he who views only the produce of his own country may be said to inhabit a single world, while those who see and consider the productions of other climes bring many worlds, as it were, in review before them.

Man, ever desirous of knowledge, has already explored many things, but more and greater still remain concealed—perhaps reserved for far distant generations, who shall prosecute the examination of their Creator's works in remote countries, and make many discoveries for the pleasure and convenience of life. Posterity shall see its increasing museums and the knowledge of the Divine wisdom flourish together; and at the same time all the practical sciences, antiquities, history, geography, natural philosophy, natural history, botany, mineralogy, dietetics, pathology, medicine, *materia medica*, economy, and the manual arts, shall be enriched, for we cannot avoid thinking that those which we know of the Divine works are much fewer than those of which we are ignorant.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE IN AUSTRALIA.

ENGLISHMEN speak much about freedom, and it is our boast that no slaves exist in any part of the British empire. The emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies is certainly one of the grandest events in our national history, and we honour the names of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and the others who also laboured for the suppression of the slave trade. But there is too much tendency to "empty talk of past achievement" in this good cause. On the East coasts of Africa the slave trade is still carried on with little abatement; and in our Australian colonies, if we are rightly informed, a new outbreak of "this plague spot of the world," as Livingstone called it, is bringing disgrace upon the British name. It goes there by the milder term of "labour traffic," and the importers of Polynesian labourers are called "recruiting agents," but under this thin disguise it is affirmed that slavery and the slave trade are becoming established under British sanction, and are spreading from Queensland to other parts of Australia.

We have been very slow to believe the reports that have from time to time reached us as to this vile traffic. Is there not an Act for its regulation? Are there not British governors in these colonies? Is there not a free press? Is there not a constant flow of free immigrants? There might be occasional abuses, but we have been unwilling to listen to the earnest appeals and solemn warnings of those who told us that Australian slavery and the slave trade were taking root and flourishing under British protection.

We have lately received such testimony as to the true state of matters that we can doubt no longer, and now declare that the labour traffic is to all intents a slave trade, and that the labour system, in Queensland especially, is liable to be attended with cruelty and crime, misery and death, as much as was that apprenticeship system in the West Indies, which the indignation of England brought to a swift end as soon as its abominations were known.

We do not believe that this state of things is universal, and are sure that under kind employers the Polynesian may be as well treated as the negroes were by some slaveholders and their agents. But under the existing system there is room for much wrong, wrong unwitnessed, unchecked, and unredressed.

We have before us full statistics and trustworthy testimonies upon which our judgment is formed, but a few brief statements will be sufficient to justify our calling attention to the subject.

In the "Melbourne Argus" of April 17, 1882, this advertisement appeared:—

Maryburgh, Queensland. Valuable sugar estate, 1,680 acres, with mill, still, and all sugar-making machinery, *Kanākas, horses, drags, and complete working plant*; 160 acres now under heavy crop of cane in splendid condition. For private sale. Particulars from William Sloane and Co., Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

The Polynesian labourers are called *Kanākas*, and in this advertisement the *Kanākas* are grouped rather awkwardly along with horses, drags, and working plant. Is not this very like what we used to see in the advertisements of the American papers, when slaves were bought and sold along with plantations? We do not lay stress, however, on this, as the advertiser may merely mean that labour is provided for the remainder of the term of engagement.

Our correspondent at Sydney informs us that the author of an article in the "Fortnightly Review" for September, 1881, is representative of the firm named in this advertisement. The article is entitled "*Queensland Planters—an exculpation*;" a title suggesting the proverb, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*." This advocate of the planters tells us that he, with others, having about £500,000 invested in the sugar plantations, and employing about 600 *Kanākas*, has paid annual visits of inspection to North Queensland, during ten years, and he affirms that "the Polynesian labourers are treated in every respect in a most humane and kindly manner; that they are not overwrought; and that as regards housing, clothing, medical attendance, and food, they are amply provided for."

This is the testimony of a planter who has large interest in the system denounced, and who naturally objects to any interference with an arrangement which legally permits him to have the labour of 600 *Kanākas*, at £6 per annum, or four pence per day each!*

Now let us hear the evidence on the other side.

We have before us a newspaper† published at Maryburgh, the nearest town to the sugar plantations referred to. Its date is Saturday, Nov. 4, 1882, and its first leading article is headed "The Slave Trade." The article begins thus:—

Another wail of sorrow and disgrace has reached us from the South Sea Islands—another series of catastrophes has to be chronicled—another page in the history of traffic in regard to Polynesian labour has to be written in blood. The news received last week on the arrival of the *Rhoderic Dhu*, labour vessel, at this port, is perfectly appalling, but such is the

* In Fiji, by the law, the *Kanāka* gets only £3 per annum, or about 2d. a day, and in Samoa one planter employs 1,000 *Kanākas* at this rate, and he states that, including all expenses, they only cost him about £9 each per annum. And this labour, at 2d. per day, gives such profits to the employers that two sugar-planting companies in Fiji a short time ago wanted 2,000 *Kanākas* for their plantations, as stated in colonial papers. Since the trade began 31,085 have been carried away from the islands by British vessels licensed in our colonies for the purpose. Besides, in the plantations and in working the mines in New Caledonia and the French settlements, in the sponge, *biche-de-mer*, and pearl-shell fisheries of the north of Queensland, on board ships among the islands, and in various labours at sea, as well as in working for white traders on the islands, the natives thus employed must consist of many thousands, and it may be correctly said that they are absolutely without any protection whatever against their white employers. This is so well known and understood that I have heard the master of a trading vessel openly boasting that he had employed native crews for some years without paying a shilling of wages or trade to any one of them, for by ill-usage he succeeded in forcing the unhappy black to desert when opportunity offered, and had no difficulty in enticing another to fill his place at the next island he visited.—See pages 4 and 5 of Commodore Wilson's official report.

† The "Wide Bay and Burnett News," published at Maryburgh, Queensland.

deadening power of being accustomed to the recital of such scenes, that the effect appears to have been but small in the minds of the community generally, and in the Legislative Assembly more particularly. In the House we find what is in effect a defence of the hideous system by the Premier of the country. Mr. M'Ilwraith is reported to have said, according to *Hansard* of Thursday, that what he had said on the subject, in answer to Mr. Brooks, was "on the strength of his experience as Colonial Secretary, and having no interest whatever in the trade itself."

Trade! What trade? Unfortunate word! There can only be one answer to the question.

After giving details of the horrible scenes connected with the Rhoderic Dhu, the writer continues:—

The atrocities which are inherent in the traffic, and which are inseparably bound up with it, have been hushed up, or spoken of with bated breath, for such is the power and influence of those who, for obviously selfish ends, have upheld the system, that they have been able to breathe forth threatenings and slaughter against all who have dared to oppose it. Remedial measures have been enacted from time to time, but those who have had the administration of them have wisely for themselves taken warning by the example of Mr. Sheridan, who was effectually and for ever "tabooed," and who has suffered exceedingly for daring to write the plain unvarnished truth, according to the dictates of his conscience, and as the result of official and painful experience.

It is of no earthly use to deny that the "boys" are kidnapped, or in plain English stolen from the islands. The "regulations" say they shall not be. We are quite aware of that, but when the labour vessels clear away from this coast there is not the slightest supervision exercised over them, and they do pretty well what they please. The Government is represented by an agent on board of each vessel, but we submit that he must be a man of firm nerve, and unflinching moral courage, who can sit at the same table and occupy the same small cabin for months with those with whom he is necessarily associated, and allow any serious differences to arise. We have every reason to know that many of the "boys" have not the slightest idea, when they are "recruited," of the nature of the work they are expected to do, or the value of the remuneration they are to receive for it. They are bartered by these chiefs who receive "trade" for the concession, and the unconscious objects are "legally" taken charge of, and brought here to be "civilised" by teaching them all that is bad, and very little indeed, if anything, of that which is good.

When all these matters are brought under consideration it must be very evident that the traffic must cease. At the present time it is not safe for any white man to approach several of the islands. The Government have permitted the sale of deadly weapons and ammunition as articles of barter in and around the islands, also by Queensland storekeepers to labourers on the termination of their engagements. It must be indeed a shocking thing to place firearms and other offensive weapons, and that simply for the sake of the money they bring the vendors, in the hands of those who, the very next opportunity, either from savage instinct, mere caprice, or the love of revenge, may turn them against the very people who have armed them, or against those who may next appear on the scene of their operations.

Having referred to the efforts made by Christian philanthropists and missionaries to civilise the natives of the South Sea Islands, the writer speaks with sadness of the elements of decivilisation introduced by this traffic, and thus concludes:—

Oh! that another Wilberforce, either in our own Assembly or in the Imperial Parliament, would stand forth with the same boldness, earnestness, and zeal, to put a final stop to a traffic which is disgraceful in itself, opposed to the principles of our common humanity, and which is very naturally and properly causing Queensland to stink in the nostrils of the civilised world.

It may be that this represents only a small amount of the public opinion of the colony, and if so the protest of the editor is the more honourable to him. But let us now turn to official evidence.

At the request of the Home Government, two medical men, Dr. Hill-Wray and Dr. Thompson, were appointed by the Queensland Government to inquire into the causes of the great mortality among the Kanakas in Queensland. Here is what they say in their report:—"The mortality is certainly appalling. In England the death-rate of the adult male population from 16 to 32 years of age is 9 per 1,000. (In Australia among whites it is less.) In Queensland, in the Maryburgh district, the Kanaka mortality was, in 1879, 74 per 1,000. On some plantations the rate was 92 per 1,000. The sick as a rule receive but poor attention."

The details of the medical report are sickening, and yet the advocate of the planters in the "Fortnightly Review" affirmed that the Polynesian labourers "are treated in every respect in a most humane and kindly manner!"

The old argument comes in here, that surely it is for the interest of planters to treat their labourers well. This used to be said by the American planters as to their slaves. But the fact that the slaves were the property of the masters, like his dogs or horses, did not prevent fearful cruelty and outrage at times. The Queensland planters have not even this check. They have only a lease of their labourers, and they may, where the checks of conscience and religion do not interfere, take as much work out of the labourers in their three years' term as possible, just as doomed horses are cruelly overwrought before they go to the knacker's yard!

A writer in the "Nord Australische Zeitung," 17 September, 1881, says that a large proportion of the Kanakas perish in consequence of heavy work, bad maintenance, and neglected diseases; adding, "It is simply legalised murder."

Some years ago a firm of sugar-growers and refiners near Maryburgh engaged a number of Chinese labourers for a term of years. Before the first year had expired they were glad to cancel all the agreements. The Chinamen struck for the average rate of wages, then twenty shillings per week, and when some of them were prosecuted under the Masters and Servants Act, the men went to prison. They could not keep the whole of them there. One of the partners said to Mr. Fielberg, of Brisbane, that they had made a mistake in hiring independent Chinamen instead of getting "gangs" through "bosses." We know what that means. There is an effort now to get Indian coolie labour in the same way, as being more manageable than Chinese labour. The Queensland Government has since enacted a poll-tax on Chinese immigrants, and the labour is still extorted from the helpless Kanakas.

The colonial authorities and planters do not like the words slavery and slave trade. But listen to the words of Commodore, now Admiral, Wilson, R.N., in his official report to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, sent by him to

the Governor of Victoria, and published at Melbourne in 1882. Commodore Wilson says:

"I can hardly imagine any one not interested in getting cheap labour for a moment countenancing the labour trade, or the employment of natives by traders and others. Only a few years ago (1860 and '65), and even later, much indignation was felt in England because the French Government sanctioned what was known as the 'engage trade' between their colonies and Africa. Such was I know, from personal observation on the spot, nothing but the slave trade under a new name; but I ask what is the difference between the engaged African and the native labourer recruited from the South Sea Islands? *I certainly can see none.* If anything, as the African originally cost more, being the more valuable animal, his plight was probably the best. It would undoubtedly be best entirely to stop what is known as the Polynesian Labour Traffic." After suggesting some remedies, at page 7 he says, "I do not deceive myself by supposing that the evils now so prevalent would be entirely stopped, even by the adoption of these rules; nothing can possibly do so but entire prohibition of this labour." At page 5 he says, "The Queensland Immigration Rules for the guidance of the recruiting agent on the islands are very good indeed, but in many important respects they are a dead letter."

Baron Macleay (p. 11 of Report) says: "My experiences quite confirm the view expressed by Commodore Goodenough, that 'The voluntary recruiting is all rubbish, and engagement is all nonsense. These people (South Sea Islanders) neither understand why they go, nor where, or what they are to do, or when return. This state is still the *status præsens* for not less than seventy-five per cent. of the exported islanders. (Journal of Com. Goodenough, page 295)." If by hook or crook the natives can be got on board the vessel or into the hands of their captors, by death only they will part with them till they have got at least one term of labour out of them. The engagements are not made with the natives, but when under their power they are made by the agent and the captain of the vessel taking them away, who generally hold up their three or four fingers to the natives, and make that say anything they like in the agreement on paper, when they might just as well put a pen into a cat's claws and hold it there till it made a cross on the agreement, and then sign their own names or those of others as witnesses that the cat understood the agreement they had seen it sign, as say the islanders generally understand it, for they go through the same process with them."

It has been generally supposed that Queensland only of the Australian colonies has anything directly to do with this labour traffic, but a trade so lucrative could not long be enjoyed by any one colony. And the following tabulated facts from the Government officers in all the colonies, as printed at the end of Com. Wilson's Report, will show how all the colonies are now engaged in it.

	From	No. of Vessels.	No. of Natives Imported.	No. of Natives Returned.
New South Wales	1876 to 1881	66	2,345	. .
Victoria . . .	1873 ,, 1880	32	1,959	. .
Queensland . .	1870 ,, 1880	225	17,329	9,610
New Zealand . .	1871 ,, 1881	7	338	. .
Fiji	1864 ,, 1869	29	1,649	292
	1874 ,, 1880	59	7,395	5,146
H. M. Consul, Noumïa.	7	70	. .
		425	31,085	15,048

This table gives the number of ships licensed for this traffic by the governor of each colony, with natives carried within given dates according to the Labour Act.

1st. These statements do not include licences given by the French to French vessels and British vessels flying the French flag to New Caledonia and French settlements.

2nd. Nor all licences said to be given by the British consul at Noumïa. Nor those given by the American, Dutch, German, and French consuls on the islands at Samoa and elsewhere.

3rd. And the ships licensed in New South Wales, Victoria, New Zealand, New Caledonia, Samoa, etc., may carry any number of natives they please among the islands, and dispose of them as they please, and where they please, to traders, planters, and vessels, as the licensing power has no supervision whatever over them, and that of the other colonies is only in name. They treat the islanders as if they had no rights in common with man, but only existed for their benefit; to be bought, and sold or used at will.

At Noumïa, the capital of New Caledonia, in September, 1882, Captain Madazo, of the schooner *Aurora*, was tried for inhuman cruelty, and the evidence was so clear that he was sentenced to four months' imprisonment. An Englishman present at the trial says that what struck him most was the general belief in the court that similar practices were common in the English licensed trading ships. If the French acted in that case as has been several times done by the Australian authorities, the imprisonment of the captain of the *Aurora* would be only nominal, and he would soon be back again at the nefarious traffic.

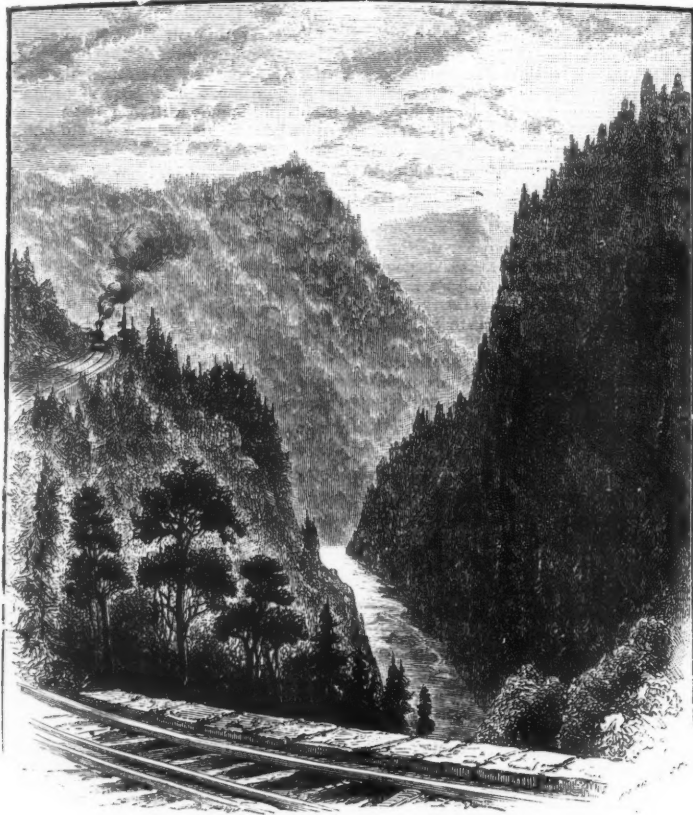
The French Government has as yet not openly sanctioned the abuses of the system, although fearful crimes are committed under the protection of the French flag. There is hope, therefore, that an appeal from our Government to that of France might lead to joint action on the part of the naval forces in those seas to put down pirates and slave traders. An appeal for this joint action might well be recommended by the Commission of Inquiry which is now sitting.

The missionaries in the several groups of islands have done all they can to warn and to protect the natives, and on this account are hated by the slave traders. From one of the oldest missionaries we have received many details which we have not space to publish, but which we have forwarded to the Government commission. Of the high character and truthfulness of this correspondent we are certain, and we believe all that he asserts as to the cruelty, demoralisation, and disgrace of this trade. He tells of other purposes than sugar cultivation for which it is beginning to be used. "A captain in the traffic," he says, "on seeing a handsome young woman, a teacher's wife at my mission station, said to me, 'If I could only get hold of that woman she would bring me £50 at least in Queensland.'" Among the French traders females are in great demand. This fact opens up another view of the traffic, but enough has been said to call attention to a state of things of which few seem to be aware in this country. If this system of labour must be continued, the inspection must be made far more complete.

While writing these notes the announcement is made of the proposed annexation of New Guinea. New fields for "black-bird catching" may be opened up. Let our free colonists beware of a planters' and slaveholders' "interest" growing in their midst.

THE NEW SOUTHERN RAILROAD TO COLORADO AND CALIFORNIA.

II.—THROUGH NEW MEXICO.



BUCKHORN WALL, WEST VIRGINIA (FROM THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILWAY).

WE were still in Southern Colorado, and although running apparently on a level the track had ascended steadily. The elevation was between five and six thousand feet and the air cool and invigorating. On the right stretched the Sangre di Christo range, and to the left a billowy expanse of flower-strewn prairie, with here and there a slanting fence to protect the track from the heavy drifts of winter snow. A herd of antelopes bounded gracefully alongside, for some time keeping pace with the locomotive. Traveling for hours by rail over these rolling plains and dreary deserts, the justice of the stern unwritten Western law which makes horse-stealing a penal offence is first realised, for dismounted a man must perish amid these boundless solitudes. As we dipped to the south the grassy undulations frequently rose high enough to shut out for a space the view of some of the sharp-rigged snow-strewn summits. Later on these would reappear above the grassy line of the horizon, presenting a

most curious effect. Once a magnificent peak—Sierra Blanca—stood out in solitary grandeur, its summit marked by a deep cross-shaped fissure filled with a large field of snow; by far the most Alpine of all the peaks yet seen. Several other mountains, among them the Spanish Peaks, varying from 12,000 to 14,000 feet high, came into view in the course of the morning, but all were dwarfed by reason of the great elevation of their immediate bases. A stern castellated crag of red tertiary sandstone weathered into the fac-simile of a most formidable castle guards the pass into Trinidad. We were then approaching the elevated tablelands, or mesas, of New Mexico, and by the time we had crossed the State border of Colorado, in the picturesque gorge and long Raton tunnel, had made up one hour of lost time. But it was eleven a.m. instead of eight, and every one was more than ready for the breakfast the engineer allowed but scant time to partake of, "hurry up" being his motto for the day.

W
creta
of br
wher
not
mini
tertia
the s
gical
of th
of a
topp
Mex
clust
dark
"cat
sum
terva
shee
tions
catch
mou
gold
back
"ado
revo
cans
tant
subs
tect
or a
of o
plac
flat
supp
whit
resid
wint
T
mea
on
min
trac
evid
five
Th
com
seen
ease
A
gra
each
reve
hill
tho
mig
cro
gro
blu
Eve
bel
low
gro
like
the
ten
sin

We had passed through fine sections of the cretaceous and tertiary rocks, affording great beds of brown coal, more valuable than gold in a region where timber is scarce and the precious ore cannot be worked in the simplest manner by *placer* mining for lack of water. On Raton Peak the tertiaries are capped with basalt, and throughout the subsequent region there is evidence of geologically recent volcanic disturbances. The floors of the valleys are basalt, or strewn with deposits of a soft pumice-like nature. The long level-topped hill ranges, an ever-recurrent feature of New Mexican scenery, are dotted here and there with clusters of the bare stems, gnarled branches, and dark foliage of fir, cypress, and cedar. There are "cattle on a thousand hills" in these pleasant summer pastures, and for hours we passed at intervals through immense herds of long-horned sheep and shaggy goats of truly patriarchal proportions. Ten poor sheep were immolated on the cow-catcher in the course of the morning. The mule-mounted herders, with sashes round their loins and gold tasselled sombreros and a rifle slung at their backs, were picturesque objects. We were in "adobe land," those structures preponderating over revolvers. Timber is scarce. Spaniards and Mexicans followed the example of the Indian inhabitants, and adopted blocks of sun-dried mud as a substitute, erected in one unvarying style of architecture. An adobe is a low one-storeyed mud room or aggregation of rooms, presenting a dead level of outside walls, all the windows opening into the placita, or central courtyard and garden, with a flat roof, which projecting forms a shady piazza supported here and there by slender pillars. Their whitewashed thick walls make them cool summer residences in this dry climate, and yet warm in winter.

The old Spanish town of Las Vegas (the meadows) is exclusively composed of adobes built on the grassy slopes of the Gallinas river. A mining and cattle centre, it possesses further attractions as a health resort in the hot springs—last evidences of volcanic activity, which, situated about five miles distant, are chiefly of a tonic nature. The new town nearest the railroad is of the usual commonplace type; burros, or Mexican donkeys, seemed its chief occupants, numbers standing at ease in all directions.

All that afternoon we speeded chiefly down grade through lovely scenery of the same type, each successive curve—and they were legion—revealing fresh beauties in the long plane-topped hills of the foreground, which often looked as though composed of blown sand—their position might be shifted next year—with the cypress-crowned slopes and rounded mountains as a background. Overhead a sky of deep and unclouded blue. At last we seemed to reach a wild region. Even the flocks and their keepers were left behind. At rare intervals a modest adobe, with low mud walls enclosing a patch of cultivated ground and a round mud structure, which looked like a dog-kennel, but was really an oven, marked the abode of a Mexican, and seemed but to intensify the solitude. The distant stations bore singular names throughout the day, a prosaic

Starkeyville, Waggon-Mound, or Shoemaker contrasting oddly with the liquid Ocate, Romero, or Glorieta of the early Spanish conquerors. But the Americans are bad nomenclaturists; such combinations as Mechanicville, Smithville, or Osage City jar on the ear, while the number of Virginia and Washington cities is no less perplexing than the abundance of the Spanish La Juntas, El Pasos, or San Diegos which sometimes crop up in the same State in close and bewildering proximity.

As the afternoon waned we passed the ruined walls of an old adobe cathedral, where a light was once always kept burning in expectation of the triumphant return of Montezuma. About seven we quitted the main track to run down to Santa Fé, the ancient capital of New Mexico, a territory formerly part of Old Mexico, and ceded to the American Government after the last Mexican war in 1852. At Lamy, the junction for Santa Fé, named after the venerable and venerated Archbishop of New Mexico, warned by previous experiences, we wired back, for forty cents, to Las Vegas, sixty miles distant, to the Pullman office to secure berths in the westward-bound train for the following evening. But, like the "tenderfeet" we were (the Western *sobriquet* for new-comers), did not see the message dispatched, fearing to lose the train, for they start off west with but little preliminary ceremony. Consequently that brief message, if wired, was never delivered—not the only instance of the kind on the Atchison which came to our knowledge. The Santa Fé train, of one car only, stood full in the blazing sun, a row of badly-shod feet protruding from the windows; its occupants a swarthy lot of Mexican miners and cow-boys, taking the opportunity to air their extremities. Lamy is eighteen miles from Santa Fé, but the fare was two dollars, and the time occupied by our "express" two hours. This was not to be wondered at, for the track seemed really as though laid on a sand-hill which had not quite settled down, and the trestle-bridges over the ravines and dried-up river-beds were apparently of but slender construction. It ran through a wide, elevated valley, fringed with low, wooded hills on the right, a line of purple mountains in the left background, and when the fierce sun set, a fiery ball in the sky, the cloud effects were of singular beauty. Once arrived at the *depôt*, the city seemed a long way off as we were jolted in a crowded omnibus through hills and hollows, and for some time only a few buildings were visible. At last a sudden turn brought us into the main street of this strange invisible city of one-storeyed mud-coloured houses clustered in a dust-coloured hollow, and we were safely deposited—a matter of congratulation—at the doors of the Grand Central Hotel, "a first-class house," as the coloured functionary who preceded us to our cells reiterated with amusing persistency at every footstep, although no one ventured to contradict him.

First-class or otherwise, it presented an adobe façade of two storeys towards the street only. The rear covered half an acre, was one-storeyed, and its flat roof, which proved a pleasant promenade, despite the smell of peat and the smoke and warmth from the chimneys, afforded a good view

of the city and its beautiful surroundings. Steps lead down into the courtyard below. In the front the projecting roof formed a natural piazza, supported by slender white pillars. The drawing and dining-rooms had mud floors, and were in close proximity to the kitchen, of the products of which the less said the better.

After supper, two American fellow-travellers proposed a moonlight stroll in company, to which we gladly agreed, feeling, in such a place and at such an hour, the presence "of a strong man armed" to be highly desirable. The city looked very beautiful bathed in the pure moonlight, which softened the outlines of the low, long, white houses and graceful piazzas. Tufted locust-trees rustled in the breeze, which wafted the prosaic strains of a cavalry band, for Santa Fé is the headquarters of a frontier command of the United States army. Sometimes we caught the sounds of stranger instruments from the open doors of Mexican residences. Presently we reached a central square, planted with cottonwoods, surrounding the monument raised there to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the Indian wars and that of Secession, and then came to a number of brilliantly-lighted stores. Hand-made gold and silver filigree jewellery, fashioned by Mexican workmen, is one of the chief manufactures of the city, and although the shops were only adobe, they were fitted with plate-glass windows and polished cases full of gold-work, puzzle-rings, and valuable gems, a display equalling that of Parisian houses.

The ancient city of Santa Fé stands seven thousand feet above the sea, in a depression of the elevated plateau, watered by a brook dignified by the name of the St. Fé River, the bare, rugged summit of "Old Baldy" sloping up towards the sky another six thousand feet. It is the oldest city in the United States, and was discovered three hundred years ago by the all-conquering Spaniards, who enslaved the Indian inhabitants and adopted and retained their style of architecture—one that is admirably suited to the climate and surroundings, for mud walls cost little and last long in this beautiful, dry, and invigorating atmosphere. Many of the present buildings date from the Spanish occupation. In 1881 there were but few stone or brick structures; a large hotel, painfully modern, was in process of erection, and, with railway development, there can be no doubt that Santa Fé, the centre of a rich mining region, will soon lose much of its quaint picturesqueness, to which the mixture of population adds greatly. Its dusty streets, separated from the narrow cobble footways by a flowing gutter, are thronged with gaily-dressed Mexican ladies in modern attire, some smoking tiny cigarettes. There, with swift, sinuous motion, glides a Spanish señorita, her long, black, and gracefully-clinging garments trailing indiscriminately through dust and mire, her head covered with a long, black head-dress, hardly suited to the climate; or a Mexican in full national dress, magnificent as to breadth of chest but weak as to limbs, swaggers along, his short braided petticoat fluttering in the breeze. A round embroidered cap surmounts his long,

straight, black hair, a gay sash supports heavy silver-mounted pistols and yataghan, and his whole get-up resembles that of a Montenegrin or stage brigand. At the street corners, or under the piazza of their adobes, swarthy half-breeds crouch on their haunches, the women, generally wrinkled crones, looking as though they were at least a century old. A full-blooded Indian in moccasins and fringed blanket loiters along, offering turquoises in their rocky matrix for sale. All of these novel types may be seen in the course of a day's stroll in this most interesting of American cities, which seems to belong to another epoch and another world.

Next morning we found our way to the cathedral, an adobe structure, round which a more commodious but less interesting brick edifice was being built up. A United States soldier, in neat blue-and-grey uniform and peaked cap, the first we had seen, kindly preceded us into the old building, recommending us to leave before the offices commenced. It was a long, narrow, cruciform structure of unadorned mud walls, the high altar, with three shrines, profusely ornamented with paper flowers, doll-like figures, and banners. On one side of the aisle a few low wooden benches accommodated the males of the congregation; the women, less favoured, crouched or knelt on the floor, whereon a dog lay panting, broadsided, by his devout mistress, quite at his ease in the sacred edifice. As we left quietly, a school of young Mexicans filed up the narrow gallery at the end in charge of their priestly schoolmasters. Outside a motley crowd stood chatting in the bright sunshine under the scanty shade of the slender-stemmed tufted acacias. The sky was of an intense cloudless blue, but the heat was tempered by the invigorating breezes of this elevated mountain plateau.

There is a still older church, that of San Miguel, on the hill, which was partially destroyed in the Indian revolt against the Spaniards, and rebuilt by the latter in 1710. It still bears traces of the fight. An altar-piece, a representation of the Annunciation, bears date 1287, and is believed to have been brought over from Spain. The entrance is paved with tombstones, and the venerable mud walls are surmounted by two square dwarfed towers. Father Baldwin, a genial Irish member of the Christian Brotherhood, showed us the building, and over the very modern college adjoining—a seminary for young Mexicans—from the cupola of which there is a fine view of this romantically situated city. We had to forego a visit to the convent of sisters, having been warned that the train for Lamy left at 4.30. So we hastened off to the hotel, only to hear that, as the Westward train was wired two hours late, the Lamy one would not be dispatched for that period. An hour later our friends found us seated in rockers under the piazza, and hastily made up their minds to accompany us that evening. The depôt was crowded with swarthy, truculent loungers, and, going up to the baggage-master, Mr. P— discovered some one had already checked his wife's "Saratoga" on his own account. A remonstrance with the guilty party

elicited merely a cool, "So that's yours!" It was a novel sensation to be mute among thieves and possible sympathisers, with no one to appeal to on the side of law and order. All the way down the car was crowded with evil-looking Mexicans, and the repeated discharge of a revolver sounded alarming, for some hangers-on to the platform emptied their six-shooters "out of pure cussedness," as my friend said, at a group of antelopes

come up before ten p.m. instead of seven, was a pleasurable experience in this land of

"Larger constellations burning, mellow moons, and happy skies."

But the delay caused us to pass Albuquerque on the Rio Grande river, the junction of the projected Atlantic and Pacific with the Atchison,



CHEAT RIVER GRADE, IN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS, W. VIRGINIA.

startled from the forest glade adjoining the track, but fortunately missed all the poor animals.

The Lamy depôt was a very good one—a pattern to all of its kind; and its superiority over the rest on the Atchison afforded proof that there was really no necessity for the discomforts we had been subjected to elsewhere. During supper the official till was forced and robbed of the little silver left in it. A few saloons at the back constituted the place.

It was a perfect night, and the air was scented by the aloes and other flowers which blossomed abundantly on the grassy hill-slopes, crowned with dark-foliaged trees and bathed in a flood of pure moonlight. Waiting for the train, which did not

in the night, and, despite the all-sufficing light of the brilliant moon, I saw nothing of the scenery, being for once relegated to an upper berth, where I missed the window glimpses of the skies and country, was smothered in dust from the open ventilators, and spent the night clutching frantically at the curtain-rod as the cars rocked wildly from side to side, down grade, the engineer making up time as usual. Before turning in I had my first view of some Indians. They pressed their faces close to the glass door, near which I stood, and their glistening eyes, long straight black hair, and red-skinned features were not uncomely. Of their "get up" I can say nothing, as their faces only were visible, and a

mutual grin of surprise on my part—for I had been quite unconscious of their presence—and amusement on theirs was all that passed between us. Early next morning we saw several others in the fields near by, who had evidently not become accustomed to the passage of the train, for, approaching eagerly, they would halt and turn back as the engineer sounded his whistle; one small boy fairly turned tail and clutched at his mother's blanket, hiding his face therein at a prolonged screech from the locomotive. They seemed a poverty-stricken lot, and the few adobe huts hereabout were of the simplest type and in the last stage of dilapidation.

After dawn the scenery grew more and more desert-like, and the prospects of two young girls and their male companion, who were set down in the midst of sand, a few tents, and that large accumulation of empty tinned-food cans that fringes every new settlement, did not seem enviable. Soon after the train drew up at the long open platform, which at that time constituted the terminus of the Southern Pacific at Deming. It was ten o'clock instead of eight a.m., and, with the mercury well in the nineties, a diet of greasy pork chops, unlimited flies, and limp-hot bread, was not inviting. Such was the breakfast served by a dirty coloured man in an old construction car or "caboose" on a side track. Even the sage-bush decoction called tea, poured out of tin cans into cups minus handles, proved an aggravation of the temperature. At Deming all baggage is re-checked, and you were then requested to superintend the transfer across the platform from one baggage car to the other. Our friends found to their dismay that the kleptomaniac had been to the fore in the night, for their

Saratoga was missing, and was proved to have been taken off at Albuquerque, a proceeding which involved collusion in the baggage car. Its owner wired in all directions, and the upshot of the affair, which illustrates the dangers of the check system, was that it was recovered and returned intact at Los Angeles, after three days' detention, a result that was owing to his nationality and determination. A notice was posted up in the Pullmans on the Southern Pacific that, although attendants were instructed to take every care of the property left in the sections, the company would not be responsible for its safety.

For at that time Deming was a stronghold or robbers, and it was risking a meeting with the "hands up" gentlemen to stray away from the group near the cars. Soon afterwards a determined sheriff came on the scene and executed twenty-five desperadoes with his revolver. There were two hundred and fifty deaths by violence in 1881. It is impossible for any Government to restrain such wild characters, the scum of all nations and every State, who flock into these hitherto inaccessible regions, perhaps a thousand miles away from the restraints of civilisation. Given a nucleus of responsible citizens and a determined marshal, and the district soon evolves into a respectable community. By now Deming is probably as safe as other young cities. A pleasant place of residence it can never be, sand and bare rugged mountains its only surroundings. Although of nascent importance as a railroad centre, it has a formidable rival in El Paso on the Texan and Old Mexican border, the junction of the Southern Pacific with the Texan Central and Mexican Central railroads.

AGNES CRANE.

DICTIONARY MAKING.

ALL who have carefully studied the English language know only too well the defects of the existing dictionaries. The art of making a really good, serviceable, comprehensive dictionary has not yet reached perfection. But those who feel a deep interest in this great subject rejoice in the knowledge that the prospect in this respect is very much brighter now than it has ever been before in our literary history. And all unacquainted with the fact who value the English tongue should be glad to learn that the first instalment of the most scientific, comprehensive, and scholarly dictionary of English ever compiled will shortly issue from the Clarendon Press.

The writer of this article recently enjoyed the privilege of a visit to the workshop where this great undertaking is carried on. He had the advantage of the master-worker's presence, and by his kindness was allowed to get some insight into the magnitude of the labour and the great-

ness of the boon it will confer upon the nation when accomplished.

A stranger walking through the village of Mill Hill will see in a garden belonging to a quiet, old-fashioned house, a little iron building which he might readily be forgiven if he mistook for a diminutive village chapel. Probably the last object for which such a building would seem to him to be designed would be the production of a single book; yet there the work is being done which will in all probability supersede the dictionaries of Johnson, Richardson, Latham, and Webster, without in any degree lessening our indebtedness to those great lexicographers.

Great literary works like this are a growth. The value of the result depends upon the steadiness and progressiveness of the development. The day when any one toiler could compile a vocabulary of a language has long passed. Hence this work did not begin in the little iron building,

which
it origi
genera
another
compl

In a
two p
some
Dealin
of his
to arou
vigorou
tion of
aries o
seventy
these v
Key, C
Hopps
den, L

As t
altoget
an enti
ridge,
became
the ger
respons
one hu
small c
was ch
tionary
It is a
human
that fir
light.
toil, th
other m

Ther
were a
fell ill,
days be
the dic
editorsh
the wor
speed, t
work, b
pathise
no pun
private.
Readers
editors
after fo
dictiona
had bee
laid; he
years wa

At len
all need
successf
dent of
and aut
in the
effort is
undertak
we call
commer
Althoug
national

which Dr. Murray calls the "Scriptorium," nor did it originate with Dr. Murray. It is now nearly a generation old, and it is more than probable that another ten years must pass before the goal of completion is reached.

In 1857 Archbishop (then Dean) Trench read two papers before the Philological Society "On some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries." Dealing with a subject very near the heart of many of his hearers, the result of the Dean's effort was to arouse the society to the determination that a vigorous effort should be made to "form a collection of words hitherto unregistered in the dictionaries of Johnson and Richardson." The readers, seventy-six in number, who began the search for these words, included in their ranks such men as Key, Craik, Perowne, Hazlitt, Rossetti, Page Hopps, Lord Lyttelton, Lightfoot, Lubbock, Dowden, Lushington, and others.

As time passed this scheme was seen to be altogether too narrow. It was resolved to produce an entirely new work, and in 1858 Herbert Coleridge, the secretary of the Philological Society, became the first editor. An appeal for help to the general reading public met with such a ready response that the army of readers soon numbered one hundred and forty-seven in addition to a small company of American scholars. The hope was cherished that the first section of the dictionary would be published in two years' time. It is a striking illustration of the frequency in human labour of "the hope deferred" to find that that first section of the work has not yet seen the light. In this, as in many other departments of toil, the originators of the scheme laboured and other men entered into their labours.

There were many delays. Some of the readers were a hindrance rather than a help. Coleridge fell ill, and in 1861 died, his last work only two days before his death being to arrange some of the dictionary papers. He was succeeded in the editorship by Mr. Furnivall, and for some years the work went on with more or less speed. The speed, to the regret of all really interested in the work, became less and less. All editors will sympathise with Mr. Furnivall's question, "Is there no punishment for illegible writing beyond the private maledictions of infuriated sub-editors?" Readers failed to keep their engagements, sub-editors died, all kinds of hindrances occurred, and after fourteen years had passed no part of the dictionary had appeared. A great mass of material had been gathered; a good foundation had been laid; hope was not dead, but the project for some years was dormant.

At length an editor, possessing in a high degree all needful qualities for carrying the work to a successful issue, was found in Dr. Murray, President of the Philological Society for 1879 and 1880, and author of the article on the English language in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Voluntary effort is good and of immense value in all great undertakings of this kind. But in these—shall we call them degenerate?—times a nucleus of commercial enterprise seems essential to success. Although the character of the work gives it a national claim, the difficulties in the way of State

aid were insurmountable. In this, on a smaller scale, as in the matter of the Revised Version, University sympathy and University capital came to the rescue.

The University of Oxford, through the delegates of the Clarendon Press, are paying all the needful expenses, without which the work could not go on, and the copyright of the completed dictionary will belong to them.

The inheritance to which Dr. Murray succeeded in 1879 might well have appalled him. Some vague notion of the Herculean toil he was undertaking may be obtained from a knowledge of the fact that the literary material handed over to him, printed and in MSS., amounted to more than *two tons in weight*. Nor was it all neatly arranged and in a condition to allow of immediate progress. It consisted of readers' quotations, of lists of sub-editors, of newspaper comments, of matter more or less relevant to the task in hand, but all needing careful examination.

It had gathered gradually in the house of Mr. Furnivall, and bid fair to leave scant room for the proprietor. It was handed over to Dr. Murray in sacks, in hampers, in bundles, in boxes, just as it had come to hand from readers and sub-editors. Here, as elsewhere, to reduce chaos to some kind of order was the first necessity, and in doing this manifold experiences, pleasant and painful, had to be endured. In some cases the paper was covered with writing, but of such an illegible kind that Chinese would have been more useful, because for that a translator might have been found. In other cases, what *had* been paper was *now* found to be a mouldy and decayed mass of useless substance. Ink had lost so much of its colour in places as to make deciphering as difficult as the reading a palimpsest. In one sack a mouse and her young family were found snugly and comfortably ensconced!

So much for the material handed over to Dr. Murray. There was much heaped up in different parts of the world, to which close search and inquiry had to be made if perchance it might be gathered in and prove useful. A clergyman in Ireland was known to have undertaken the sub-editing of part of a letter. After much inquiry it was discovered that he had died some years ago. Further writing led his survivors to remember that he had been in the habit of busying himself with papers and writing. The remnants were found, either over a stable or in a garret, and all that had not served to light fires came at last to hand. The work here plainly had to be done over again.

Much material being lost in this and other ways, much never having come into existence by reason of the failure on the part of many to keep their promises, Dr. Murray speedily saw the need of a fresh call for help and a fresh appeal to all willing to aid in the great work. Between *two and three millions* of quotations had been extracted and written in slip form during twenty years. The editor soon saw that another million would be required. He asked for them three years ago, and now they are reposing either in the pigeon-holes of the Scriptorium or in the studies of the various sub-editors.

This reading for quotations is the indispensable first step in the dictionary making. Long lists of books were issued, and any person was at liberty to select one or more works, undertaking to give them careful reading. A special list was sent to each reader containing twelve directions, of which these were the most important:—

"Make a quotation for *every* word that strikes you as rare, obsolete, old-fashioned, new, peculiar, or used in a peculiar way."

"Take special note of passages which show or imply that a word is either new and tentative, or needing explanation as obsolete or archaic, and which thus help to fix the date of its introduction or disuse."

Of quotations, each written on a separate slip, of words used from the earliest stages of the language down to the present day, Dr. Murray has received in the last three years no less than *one million*, contributed by over eight hundred readers. He has been most anxious to steer quite clear of one great fault in all of his predecessors. Existing dictionaries contain many words that have never yet fallen from human lips. The early dictionary makers coined words freely, and their successors have copied them largely. Hence all mere dummy words—that is, those found only in dictionaries—will be carefully marked as such in the Philological Society's great work, and no word that has ever passed current as a living word will be denied a place. This, as we shall see later on, swells the number of words, but answers the true function of a dictionary—viz., to include as far as can be ascertained *every* word in the language.

When the sacks and bales and boxes and bundles of material new and old began to heap themselves up in every available part of Dr. Murray's house, he had to face the difficulty present to Mr. Furnivall's mind. Was he to give the dictionary a home or was he to inhabit a continually decreasing corner of the dictionary's home? It became increasingly evident that the latter was certain unless some new plan could be devised.

Here woman's ready wit came to the rescue, and at Mrs. Murray's suggestion the little iron building which now occupies a large part of the doctor's garden was built. For the work to be done in it it is as near perfection as any human effort is likely to attain. Around half of the walls are the pigeon-holes to contain the 3,500,000 slips, all neatly arranged in alphabetical order. At this end is the table where nimble-fingered assistants are constantly employed in the work of sorting and arranging these slips. The labour involved in this almost mechanical work is very great. The words of each letter of the alphabet will have undergone *twenty-five* distinct sortings by the time they have passed into the hands of the sub-editors. This first sifting is simply to get the slips in alphabetical order. Then each word is arranged into groups. For instance, the word "charge" has perhaps fifty different meanings, a charge in battle, to charge a gun, to charge too much, etc. There are perhaps five hundred quotation slips for this one word, and to get these all properly arranged under their appropriate headings and in chronological order is a labour by no means easy or mechanical.

The other half of the building is occupied by the editor and his chief assistant, Mr. A. Erlebach, surrounded by the many needful books of reference. Here the final and laborious work of settling the etymology of each word and fixing the order in which its various definitions are to be placed on the printed page is done.

All round the walls of this portion of the building are ranged curious early dictionaries, early Bibles, rare English books, and a vast amount of literature intensely interesting alike to the lover of books and the lover of philological study.

In this part of the building a row of more than twenty large quarto volumes attract the visitor's attention. After what he has seen and heard he is not surprised to learn that they contain the letters, chiefly from readers and sub-editors, written to Dr. Murray concerning the dictionary. They have come from all quarters of the globe and from all ranks and conditions of men. From Japan, California, Oxford, and Rome, from great cities, from obscure villages. There are letters from men like the present Prime Minister of England and the American Ambassador; there are letters from lady readers excusing hindrance in work by reason of marriage; there are letters from the present occupants of houses where missing workers once dwelt. On paper of all sizes, shapes, and colour, in handwriting of all degrees of badness and goodness, these twenty odd quarto volumes of correspondence are written. When the editor comes to tell the history of the work, with the finished volumes of the dictionary before him, he will have a choice store of incident to draw from in this mass of correspondence.

Ever since the Scriptorium was built it has been an object of pilgrimage. Scholars of many nations have visited it. Our English Universities have swelled the list of pilgrims, our American cousins have journeyed to Mill Hill in large numbers. One of them said to Dr. Murray that a Harvard professor had told him that after he had visited Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London the next thing to do in England was to go out and see the building at Mill Hill where the big dictionary is being made!

The dictionary, when complete, will extend to six large quarto volumes about the size of Littré's great French dictionary. The volumes will be published in four parts, each containing about 350 pages. The first part of the first volume will issue from the Clarendon Press in the autumn of this year, twenty-five years after the beginning of the work.

A few facts about the part already printed, and a few specimens of the work, will do more to convince the reader of its value than the most elaborate descriptions and encomiums.

In a report presented to the Philological Society on January 19th, 1883, Dr. Murray said:

"3149 words are treated in the part done (that is, up to the word *age*); there are 300 subsidiary articles besides, as *beforehand* under *before*; 651 cross-references; altogether 4100 words up to *age*. In Webster there are 1867, in his Supplement 156, together 2023: we have more than double Webster's number of words. 2128 forms are to be added,

inclu
Of t
use,
etc.,
abor
2155

TH
of th
doub
most
TH
judg
space
"alc
page

Alc
hole.
the fi
kākha
Eng.,
hol, n

+1.
stain
or anti
παυρ
or lea

[MIN
a kinde
(1657)
They p
made o
Alcohol
made o
lay und
called
1819 Pa
of their
is empl
or isph

+2.
palpat
sublim
phur f

1543
alcohol
poudre
glasse
is an op
that is
1751 C
impalpa
already

+3.
essence
'rectifi
Obs.

[LIBA
mispr.
JOHNSO
vini a vi
nihilque
VII. gos
Alcool,
It is mor
and som
of Wine
volatile
contains
chemists
Alcohol
Alcohol

b. f
1830 C
of egotis

4. (S
of 'rect
spirituo
popular
anhydr

1753 C

including variants like *ayen* or *agen*, altogether 5577. Of the 3149, 994 are obsolete, 2155 in modern use, 153 are denizens, travellers' names of shrubs, etc., 2022 fully naturalized English words. Of aboriginal English words there are 187 only in 2155; 1420 are wholly of foreign extraction."

This quotation conveys some notion of the scale of the new dictionary. It will contain more than double the number of words found in the best and most copious of its predecessors.

The plan and style of execution can best be judged from examples, of which we have only space for two or three. Take first the word "alcohol;" this is how it stands on the printed page—

Alcohol (æ'l'kôh'l). Also 6-8 **alcoöl**, **alcho(h)ol**, **alcohole**. [a. med. L. *alcohol*, ad. Arab. *al-koh'l* 'collyrium,' the fine powder used to stain the eyelids, f. *kahala*, Heb. *kākhāl* to stain, paint: see *Ezekiel* xlii. 40. It appeared in Eng., as in most of the mod. langs. in 16th c. Cf. Fr. *alcohol*, now *alcoöl*.]

†1. *orig.* The fine metallic powder used in the East to stain the eyelids, etc.: powdered ore of antimony, stibnite, or antimony trisulphide (known to the Greeks in this use as *πλευροθαλμιον στίμι*); also, sometimes, powdered galena or lead ore. *Obs.*

[MINSHU *Sp. Dict.* (1623) *Alcohol*: a drug called Antimonium; it is a kind of white stone found in silver mines. JOHNSON *Lex. Chym.* (1657) 12 *Alcohol* est antimonium sive stibium.] 1615 SANDYS *Trav.* 67 They put between the eye-lids and the eye a certaine black powder . . . made of a minerial brought from the kingdom of Fez, and called *Alcohole*. 1626 BACON *Sylva* § 739 The Turkes have a Black Powder, made of a Mineral called *Alcohole*; which with a fine long Pencil they lay under their Eye-lids. 1650 BULWER *Anthropomet.* iv. 69 A Mineral called *Alcohol*, with which they colour the hair of their Eye-brows. 1819 *Pantol.* s.v., The ladies of Barbary tinge their hair, and the edges of their eyelids, with *al-ka-hol*, the powder of lead ore . . . That which is employed for ornament and is principally antimony, is called *al-cohol* or *isphahany*.

†2. Hence, by extension (in early *Chem.*): Any fine impalpable powder produced by trituration, or especially by sublimation; as *alcohol martis* reduced iron, *alcohol of sulphur* flower of brimstone, etc. *Obs.*

1543 TRAHERON tr. *Vigo's Chirurg.* The barbarous auctours use *alcohol*, or (as I fynde it sometimes wryten) *alcofol*, for moost fine poudre. [*Alcofol* is Catalan.] 1605 TIMME *Querist.* i. xvi. 83 If this glasse be made most thinn in alcohol. 1657 *Phys. Dict.*, *Alcolismus*, is an operation . . . which reduceth a matter into alcohol, the finest powder that is. 1661 LOVELL *Anim. & Min.* 3 The alcohol of an Asses spleen. 1751 CHAMBERS *Cycl. Alcolol* is sometimes also used for a very fine impalpable powder. 1812 SIR H. DAVY *Chem. Philos.* 310, I have already referred to the alcohol of sulphur.

†3. By extension to fluids of the idea of sublimation, An essence, quintessence, or 'spirit,' obtained by distillation or 'rectification'; as *alcohol of wine*, essence or spirit of wine. *Obs.*

[LIBAVIUS *Alchymia* (1594) has *vinii alcohol* vel *vinum alcalisatum* a mispr. or perhaps misconception for *alcolizatum*, see *ALCOLIZATED*; JOHNSON *Lex. Chym.* (1657) 13, *Alcohol vini*, quando omnis superfluitas vini a vino separatur, ita ut accensum ardeat donec totum consumatur, nihilque fæcum aut phlegmatis in fundo remaneat.] 1672 *Phil. Trans.* VII. 5059 Assisted by the *Alcohol* of Wine. 1706 PHILLIPS, *Alcohol* or *Alcol*, the pure Substance of anything separated from the more Gross. It is more especially taken for a most subtil and highly refined Powder, and sometimes for a very pure Spirit: Thus the highest rectified Spirit of Wine is called *Alcohol Vini*. 1731 ARBUTHNOT *Aliments* (J.) *Sal volatile oleosum* . . . on account of the alcohol or rectified spirit which it contains. 1753 CHAMBERS *Cycl. Suppl.*, *Alcohol* is used by modern chemists for any fine highly rectified spirit. *Ibid.* Method of preparing *Alcohol of Wine*. 1794 PEARSON in *Phil. Trans.* LXXXIV. 395 *Alcohol* of gall nut (tincture of gall nut).

b. *fig.* Quintessence, condensed spirit.

1830 COLERIDGE *Lect. Shaks.* II. 117 Intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism.

4. (Short for *alcohol of wine*, this being the most familiar of 'rectified spirits.') The pure or rectified spirit of wine, the spirituous or intoxicating element in fermented liquors. Also, popularly, any liquor containing this spirit. *Absolute* or *anhydrous alcohol*: alcohol entirely free from water.

1753 CHAMBERS *Cycl. Suppl.* s.v. *Spirit*, Water is a solvent to alcohol

or spirit of wine. 1760 *Phil. Trans.* LI. 824 Alcohol, or spirit of wine, has been more generally used. 1806 VINCE *Hydrost.* ii. 25 Pure spirits, called alcohol. 1814 SIR H. DAVY *Agric. Chem.* 134 The intoxicating powers of fermented liquors depend on the alcohol that they contain. 1873 COOKE *Chem.* 14 Alcohol has never been frozen. 1875 *Urr Dict. Arts* I. 42 The separation of absolute alcohol would appear to have been first effected about 1300 by Arnould de Villeneuve. *Ibid.* 65 If wood-spirit be contained in alcohol, it may be detected . . . by the test of caustic potash. 1879 RIDGE *Temper. Primer* 129 Life assurance offices have found that the average length of life of total abstainers is greater than that of drinkers of alcohol.

5. *Organ. Chem.* An extensive class of compounds, of the same type as spirit of wine, composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, some of which are liquid and others solid.

1850 DAUBENY *Atom. Theory* vii. (ed. 2) 222 The term . . . *alcohol* indicates a class, some members of which, far from being volatile, are not even liquid. 1863 WATTS *Dict. Chem.* (1872) I. 99 The first eight alcohols are liquid. Cetyl alcohol is a solid fat; cerylic and myricylic alcohols are waxy. 1875 *Urr Dict. Arts* I. 42 We speak of the various alcohols. Of these, common or vinous alcohol is the best known. 1879 G. GLADSTONE in *Cassell's Techn. Educ.* 106/1 Resistance to the action of Alcohols, Acids, and Alkalies.

The definition of this word is worthy of careful study. Under the derivation (a. med. L.) shows that the word was an adoption of the mediæval Latin form, *alcohol*, which was itself (ad.) an adaptation of the Arabic word *al-koh'l*, which comes from the Hebrew word *kākhāl*. Then follow the meanings of the word. The original meaning (1) of a special powder becomes by extension (2) any fine powder, and then by further extension to fluids, (3) an essence, or spirit, then (4) is limited to the most familiar kind of spirit, the *alcohol of wine*, and then (5) in chemistry the sense widens out again to include a natural class, the compounds called alcohols.

No less than *thirty-one* quotations are given to illustrate these different senses in which the word has been used. They range from 1543 to 1879 and are taken from a wide field of literature. Authors like Bacon and Coleridge are laid under contribution, and books as different as old Minshew's Spanish Dictionary of 1623 and Dr. Ridge's Temperance Primer of 1879 are pressed into the service. We have brought before us not simply the skeleton but the living form of the word and the various stages of its life are made clear.

The treatment of this word brings out well the special character in which this differs from all other English dictionaries, and even goes beyond Grimm and Littré, viz., its *historical* character. Every word is treated historically and with rigorous historical truth as to derivation, form, history, and sense-development. *Conjectures*, where historical data are wanting, are sparingly used and carefully distinguished. The quotations serve the double purpose of exhibiting this history and illustrating usage: they form, as it were, the text to which the other matter is the commentary and interpretation. The foundation thus laid can never be superseded—it is done once for all; future architects have only to build on it. And let it specially be noted that *exact references* are given. The volume, the chapter, the page, the edition of the book quoted, are all given in clear form, so that any one can verify them. Richardson's great dictionary, and almost all others, often put after a quotation the author's name, Milton, Pope, Coleridge, etc. To verify such quotations in most cases is rather worse than seeking needles in haystacks.

The next definition quoted will make the value

of this principle of giving full references still more evident. The word is one that will not be found in many of our lexicons, and yet it has a most interesting and instructive history.

||**Agnus Castus** (ægnʊs kæ'stʊs). [*L. agnus*, a Gr. *agnos* name of the tree, confused with *agnos* chaste, whence the second word *L. castus* chaste.] A tree, species of *Vitex* (*V. Agnus Castus*), once believed to be a preservative of chastity; called also Chaste-tree and Abraham's Balm.

1398 TREVISA *Barth. De P. R.* xvii. xv. (1495) 612 The herbe Agnus castus is alway grene, and the flowre thereof is namly callyd Agnus castus, for wyth smelle and vse it makyth men chaste as a lombe. c 1400 *Floure & Leaf* 173 A branch of Agnus castus eke bearing. In her hand. 1741 *Compl. Pam.* Piece II. iii. 386 Agnus Castus or the Chaste Tree. 1881 *STANLEY Chr. Instit.* i. 2 The sacred river rushes through its thicket of tamarisk, poplar, willow and agnus-castus.

Here we have given us the curious origin of the compound in the confusion of two perfectly distinct Greek words. The sign || signifies not naturalized, and (a) in the derivation, adoption of. Then a glance at the quotation shows us that the word can be proved to be as old as the fourteenth century, and was used only two years ago by one of the best writers of the nineteenth. And between these two extremes we have a fifteenth and an eighteenth century quotation, all of them so given that in half an hour at the British Museum they could all be verified.

Another example worth considering is the word "all." This monosyllable has a space allotted to it that at first sight might seem to be out of all proportion to its dignity and importance. It fills no less than ten columns, or *three and a half large folio pages*. The article on it gives indeed the life and history of the word.

Under heading A the meanings of the word as an adjective are grouped in three divisions, when (I) used with a noun, as "all England;" (II) absolutely, as "all that we have;" (III) combined with other adjectives, as "one and all." The number of distinct meanings in this division is *eight*, each subdivided into two or more separate uses of the word.

Under B are ranged the different significations of the word when used absolutely. This section we venture to quote, pointing out that it occupies less than one-twentieth of the whole space given to the word in the dictionary. It will be observed that there are *twenty-two* quotations, ranging from 1598 to 1862, in illustration of this use of the word.

B. sb. (through the absolute use in A. 7.)

1. Usually with *poss. pron.*, as *our all*: Everything that we have, or that concerns or pertains to us; whole interest, concern, possession, property.

1627 FELTHAM *Resolves* Wks. 1677, xxxi. 55 He shall not command the All of an honest man. 1681 NEVILLE *Plato Rediv.* 235 Those matters which concern our All. 1707 ADDISON *State of War* 242 Our All is at stake. 1722 WOLLASTON *Relig. Nat.* viii. 157 When two persons throw their all into one stock as joint-traders for life. 1794 BURKE *Corr.* (1844) IV. 221 We are, as I think, fighting for our all. 1862 TRENCH *Mirac.* iii. 143 Whatever it was, t was their all.

b. In this sense it has been used with a *pl.*

1721 MRS. CENTLIVRE *Perpl. Lovers* i. 267 I'd pluck up a courage, pack up my Aulls and match with him. 1763 BICKERSTAFF *Love in Vill.* 44 So pack up your alls, and be trudging away. 1752 FIELDING *Amelia* vii. iii. (1775) 296 [My father] bid me pack up my alls and immediately prepare to quit his house. [Still a common phrase in Scotland.]

c. Antithetically, with *little*.

1631 QUARLES *Samson* (1717) 280 That little All Was left, was all corrupt. 1738 JOHNSON *London* 189 [You] leave your little all to flames a prey. 1738 WESLEY *Hymn*, 'Long have I viewed,' My little All I give to Thee. 1755 JOHNSON *Boswell* (1826) I. 226 No man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it never so little. *Mod.* Many a struggling tradesman lost his little all in the fire.

2. Whole being, entirety, totality.

1674 FAIRFAX *Bull & Selu.* 145 The laws of motion, in the round All of bodies. 1761 LAW *Conf. Weary Pilgr.* (1809) 86 This pure love introduces the creature into the all of God. 1843 CARLYLE *Past & Pres.* (1858) 169 An All of rotten Formulas.

3. Whole system of things, τὸ πᾶν, the Universe.

1598 J. BASTARD in FARR *S. P.* II. 316 Man is the little world (so we him call). The world the little god, God the Great All. 1612 WITHER *Prince Henry's Obs.* in *Juv.* (1632) 298 Living in any corner of this All. 1624 MASSINGER *Renegades* IV. iii. That most inscrutable and infinite Essence That made this all. 1649 DRUMM. OF HAWTH. *Fam. Ep.* Wks. 1711, 25 Come see that King, which all this all commands. 1714 MANDEVILLE *Fab. Bees* (1733) II. 21 The beautiful all, must be the workmanship of one great architect of power and wisdom stupendous. 1839 BAILEY *Festus* xxviii. (1848) 329 The atom and the all Commune and know each other. 850 CARLYLE *Latt-day Pamph.* vi. (1872) 200 No pin's point can you mark within the wide circle of the All where God's Laws are not.

Then comes C, the cases in which "all" is used as an adverb, arranged in two main groups with fifteen significations. D, obsolete uses of early inflected forms; and E, the use of "all" in combinations.

Any one who has but a very superficial acquaintance with the grammar and history of English, knows how important is the part played in it by these little words, which are the real backbone and life of the language. After but a very imperfect acquaintance with the classification of the meanings of this word "all," as it stands in the rough proof sheet, the writer can fully appreciate Dr. Murray's statement that it has formed the toughest piece of work he has yet done in his editorial capacity.

What has been written above may give the reader some conception of the magnitude of the dictionary now in the process of making, and of the toil its production involves. It has occupied many willing workers for long years past. It is now engaging the constant diligence of a band of sub-editors, and it will tax all the energies of Dr. Murray and his assistants at the Scriptorium for years to come.

It will stand out distinct from all existing English dictionaries, by the strictly historical method in which the language is treated as well as by reason of the number of words it contains, and the quotations given illustrating the history of each word and its use by the best writers. It gives these quotations in chronological order, and supplies the exact reference in every case. It promises to become the English dictionary of the future, and will be a great and fitting monument of the history, variety, flexibility, and richness of a language which is not too well understood or appreciated by the vast majority of the millions who speak and read it.

It only remains to hope that no hitch may now occur, but that the *magnum opus* may go steadily forward to completion; that the hand which has corrected the proofs of the first sheet may in due time correct the last; and that when there is no longer need for the Scriptorium, and its busy workers find their occupation gone, the gratitude of all who love our native tongue may reward the society that originated and the workers who built up the great English Dictionary.

MR. BURD'S ROMANCE.

IT was a beautiful evening in June. There was a sense of summer in all its first sweetness and freshness, pervading the air even in the dusty streets of the little country town where Mr. Albert Burd spent his life. He was now sauntering home from his dingy, stuffy office, where he had passed the live-long summer day on a high stool in front of a ledger. "Home" to him consisted of two poky rooms in a back street; but his sitting-room had this advantage—that it looked upon green woods and blooming hedges, and fields yellow with buttercups. Mr. Burd's tea was awaiting him; a cheerless tea, brewing feebly in an old plated teapot, which, owing to its loss of one leg, drooped wearily to one side. The bread looked stale and uninviting, and the butter pale and pasty. Nor was the room itself attractive. There was a hard horse-hair sofa veiled in crochet antimacassars. A print, called the "Poacher's Revenge," representing an extremely harrowing scene, hung over the chimney-piece. The empty fireplace was filled by a brilliant erection of magenta and green paper. There were two cracked vases and a china dog on the mantelpiece, and there was on the sideboard an ornament with tiers of cut-glass pendants, which Mr. Burd, on the authority of his landlady, had always believed to be of priceless value.

Mr. Burd leant back in his arm-chair, and looked out on the quiet country. There was a vague scent of bean-fields and of wild flowers in the soft, die-away wind that floated in at the open window; and there was still a faint suggestion of pink and gold in the western sky. Albert could hear the lowing of the cattle in the little farmyard beyond the meadows, and the contented quacking of the ducks on the pond. All these pleasant sights and sounds soothed his tired head, and he began to day-dream over again the one romance of his life. Mr. Burd was not a romantic person in appearance. He was short and square, with an honest, solemn face, rather like some black-and-tan dogs that I know; and he wore his dull-coloured hair, plastered down on his forehead in the most unbecoming manner. He had always been hardworking, honest, and frugal, one of those people who practise simply and quietly all the homely, everyday virtues, and are considered by all their neighbours to be worthy and respectable in the highest degree. And yet, despite these unpromising and certainly commonplace circumstances, he had ideals and fancies of his own (he would rather have died than have revealed them to any human being), which gave a tinge of romantic colouring to his life.

Some years before, on a bitter December evening, Mr. Burd had been sent by his employer with some important papers to Thelwick Castle, a drive of about fourteen miles. The wind was as keen as a carving-knife, and pierced poor Albert's greatcoat and woollen comforter. The chilly darkness had closed in over the ice-bound country. Snow

clouds were gathering and occasional flakes were falling, driven swiftly by the fierce and hungry wind that was howling like a wolf round the woods and solitary houses. Sometimes Mr. Burd drove through villages where lights and the cheerful blaze of a fire could be seen through the windows. He shivered, and envied the cottagers; and he thought how pleasant it must be, after a hard day's work, to sit round the warm hearth, with wife and children beside you.

All things must come to an end, however long they seem, and accordingly Mr. Burd reached Thelwick Castle. He rang the bell with trembling and frozen fingers, and presently the heavy hall-door was opened by a footman in a magnificent livery, and Albert was admitted, blinking like a bat, into the great, bright hall. He felt a confused sense of dazzling light, of delicious warmth, and of the scent of hothouse flowers with which the room was filled—delicate azaleas, Roman hyacinths, strange tall lilies, and sweet white lilac. It seemed to him, coming out of the rough wind and frozen country, like an enchanted palace. He took off his greatcoat and waited—how long he did not know, perhaps five minutes—until the footman, who had gone to announce the clerk's arrival, returned with a message that simply terrified Mr. Burd.

"The family are at dinner, and her ladyship begs you will come into the dining-room, and dine with them."

Albert stammered out an excuse. The bare idea of it frightened him, and at all costs he resolved to decline such an alarming honour. Oh, why had he not gone round to the back door? he thought, bitterly repenting his mistake; and then he would have been safe, and at his ease in the steward's room.

"I would rather wait until his lordship has dined, and then I can give him the papers," he said.

He waited in a tremor of expectation while the footman took back his answer. Presently a young man of about his own age, tall, handsome, and with a kindly, good-humoured face, pushed aside the tapestry curtains through which the footman had passed, and came up to Albert. He shook hands with him, and said pleasantly,

"My mother won't hear of your having no dinner. We are shocked to think of the cold drive you must have had from Tinbury. You had really much better come in and have something."

Poor Albert looked and felt most unhappy, and said he was not in trim to appear at the dinner-table.

The young man repressed a smile. "Oh, nonsense," he said; "we are alone, and you had much better come. My mother expects you."

And before Mr. Burd knew what he was doing, he found himself following his new acquaintance into a large room, where he could see dimly a haze of lights, a shimmer of gold and silver plate,

and a vista of faces down a long dinner-table. He had a confused idea that Lady Hurst was expressing kindly her regret for his cold drive; and then, as if in a dream, he heard her tell her son to make room for Mr. Burd between himself and a beautiful young lady—the most lovely young lady that Albert had ever seen—whose name seemed to be Blanche.

As Mr. Burd thought over the whole scene that summer evening, years after, it seemed to him that he could never forget a single detail of her dress, or a single feature of her face. He remembered that she was tall, and wore her bright hair in soft coils round her head. Her eyes were large and grey, and had a very sweet happy look in them. She was very queenly and stately, and yet so kind and gracious. And he could, even after the lapse of these long years, recall everything she had said to him; three little sentences. "Are you not very cold?"—"Is it snowing?"—"Did you drive all the way from Tinbury!" And then seeing that her attempts at conversation only served to bewilder Mr. Burd, she was silent.

But he always felt assured that she must be very clever and witty, and he often used to try to fancy the things she might have said if he had not been so stupid and shy.

The young man on his right hand was doing his best to make him feel at home, endeavouring to set him at his ease, and pressing him to eat and drink. Meanwhile Albert carefully copied his neighbours' manners, fearful lest he might sin against some unknown law of etiquette if he followed his own impulses. It is my impression that if at the time he felt ill at ease he always afterwards looked upon this evening as the summit of his existence.

The time passed like a dream—the papers were signed; Lord and Lady Hurst bade him good-bye, and, oh rapture! Blanche smiled graciously as he left. He never saw her again; he never knew

who she was, or what might be her surname, but she always remained in his fancy as the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. And as he leant back in his arm-chair, by the open window, that summer evening, he began to wonder what she might be doing at that moment—she never grew any older in his mind—and he fancied she must be going to some grand London ball. He pictured her dressed in some soft blue kind of gauze—the shimmering blue of water in the sunlight—and wearing white lilies at her breast and in her hair. He imagined her amidst scenes, formed partly from recollections of the "Arabian Nights" and partly from what he remembered of Thelwick Castle, dazzling with light and brilliant with flowers; a crowd of beautiful ladies, and one stepping in amongst them, the queen of them all. Then he fancied music and dancing, and admiring cavaliers crowding round her, and begging for the favour of her hand in the dance, at least so they worded it in Mr. Burd's fancy. But she was refusing them all, in her majestic but courteous way. "I am already engaged," he supposed her to be saying, "I must decline." And then, oh wonder! oh rapture! Mr. Burd trembled as he imagined this part—he, Albert Burd, came forward, and she, this Queen Blanche, went to meet him, and laid her hand on his arm, and she said in her clear, kind voice, "I have been waiting for you, Mr. Burd."

And then, like most dreams, having reached a climax, this day-dream faded away, and a large cockchafer lumbered heavily in at the window and dropped into the milk-jug, whence Mr. Burd had to extract it carefully with a spoon. He set the dripping thing tenderly on the window-sill, and watched it shake its wet wings and then sail off into the dim sweet twilight beyond, which was as vague and unknown as the twilight of dreams and fancies where he himself had been wandering so happily.

ANNE FELLOWES.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

GREATER LONDON, that is, the enormous population outside the square mile which we call the City, is, as we all know, entrusted to the care of the Metropolitan Board of Works. That body has spent, during the quarter of a century or so that it has been in existence, about ten millions sterling in sewerage and streets, and besides has contributed about £700,000 in aid of local improvements. In permanent works it has spent already as much as twenty millions. The Board has built up eighty miles of main intercepting sewers, and reconstructed 165 miles of old ones. It has built the Victoria, the Albert, the Chelsea Embankment. It has laid out 3,000 new streets, and is now making important improvements in connection with the new railway to com-

plete the inner circle of underground railway. The Board meets in offices in Spring Gardens. It has a chairman, a baronet and M.P., with the salary of £2,000 a year, and far and near its name is known and its influence felt. The members, who are unpaid, devote a very large amount of time to the public service. If Greater London is being made decent and respectable in a sanitary point of view, it is owing to the action of this Board of Works.

In 1855 Sir Benjamin Hall, afterwards Lord Llanover, took the first steps towards uniting the metropolis under a central local government by the Act passed in that year for the superintendence of new structures, to ensure compliance with the provisoes of the Building Act, the supervision

of the arterial drainage works and new sewers, the general control of all sewage works, naming streets and numbering houses, preserving lines of streets, and improving thoroughfares. That was the origin of the Metropolitan Board of Works. In addition, it looks after the gas supply; later on it was entrusted with the embankment of the Thames; again under several Acts for the prevention of disease the Board had enlarged powers. Year after year Acts of Parliament are passed devolving upon it still further responsibility. In 1875 the Metropolis Water Act constituted the Board the chief metropolitan authority to provide a constant water supply to the metropolis with the exception of the City. In 1870, by an Act passed to facilitate the construction and regulate the working of tramways, the Board was constituted the local authority for the metropolis. Even Father Thames is subjected to its sway, as by a section of the Thames Navigation Act of 1870 the Metropolitan Board is required at its own expense to keep the Thames free from such banks or other obstructions to the navigation as may have arisen or may arise from the flow of the sewage into the river, and to remove such banks or obstructions; the operations to be subject to the approval of the Conservators, and, if they so require it, to be carried out under their superintendence. If old Father Thames bursts his borders and floods the adjacent neighbourhood, the Board, by an Act passed in 1879, has power to look after him. North or south, east or west, behind and before, the Londoners are encompassed by the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Board has even jurisdiction for many purposes in the City, which sends three members to the Board. The Lord Mayor was powerless beyond the City, so it was necessary to build up outside another chief magistrate, with no vested interests to defend, with no accumulated hoards to spend, with no antiquated customs or prejudices to respect or preserve, and he is the chairman of the Board of Works, who now perhaps may have to give way to the new Lord Mayor of the greater corporation it is said the present Government is about to call into existence.

This much by way of introduction as it were, let us now speak of the Board at work. We can best describe what the Board is by showing what it has done for the health and well-being of the Greater London, of which it is the guardian and the head.

It is to be questioned whether there is a subject of more importance than the state of the dwellings of the humbler classes of the community. How does the Board act with regard to them? The Artisans' and Labourers' Metropolitan Dwellings Act, passed in 1875, with the object of remedying the evils arising from overcrowding in large towns, applies to all urban sanitary districts with a population of 25,000 and upwards; and the Board is appointed the local authority for the metropolis, except in the City of London. No sooner was the Board appointed to this office than it prepared itself to do its duty. Already it has spent a million and a half of money in demolishing old buildings and preparing the ground for healthy habitations. It is the duty of the Board, on being satisfied of the truth

of the medical officer's representation, and of the sufficiency of its resources, to pass a resolution that such area is unhealthy, and to draw out a scheme for its improvement. The Home Secretary, if the scheme meets with his approval, gives a provisional order for its execution, which has afterwards to be confirmed by an Act of Parliament. In 1879 fourteen such plans were approved of and measures taken to carry them out. Whitechapel, Limehouse, Bedfordbury, Flower and Dean Street, St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark, St. Giles's, Whitecross Street, Old Pye Street, Westminster, Islington, Pear Street, Clerkenwell, Marylebone, Poplar, have all thus come under the touch of its reforming hand. The difficulties of the work, however, are great, as great as the subject is important. The Act is expensive and slow in action, but we must trust to it nevertheless, if we are to have decent houses for our working men, a necessity which lies at the very base of all real progress. So long as the working classes are compelled to live in close, inconvenient, badly devised, and overcrowded dwellings, it is impossible that they can be elevated, either by their own exertions or those of the philanthropist or minister of religion.

Another great evil which the Board has grappled with is that arising from tolls at bridges which impeded the traffic in one particular direction to the immense inconvenience of the general public. In 1878 Waterloo Bridge was purchased by the Board for the sum of £475,000, and the tolls at Charing Cross footbridge were redeemed by the payment to the South-Eastern Railway Company of £998,540. Next the Board proceeded to free Lambeth Bridge at a cost of £36,049; Vauxhall Bridge for £225,230; Chelsea Bridge, which belonged to the Government, and was under the control of her Majesty's Board of Works, for £75,000; the Albert Suspension Bridge and Battersea Bridge for £170,305. In 1880 the Board threw open Deptford Creek Bridge, £47,800 having been paid to the owners; Wandsworth Bridge at a cost of £32,761, with £350 for additional land; Putney Bridge, for which £58,000 was paid; and Hammersmith Bridge at a cost of £112,000. Nor did the work of the Board end here. They had to put the bridges in a position to bear the increased traffic which the abolition of tolls would occasion. At this present time Putney new Bridge is in hand, Waterloo Bridge is being repaired on a thoroughly satisfactory scale, and Hammersmith is to be made safe.

Perhaps the most important action of late taken by the Board is that with regard to parks, commons, and open spaces. In this respect London, for a city of its size, is woefully deficient. The metropolitan area extends over 122 square miles, and few only, comparatively speaking, of the four millions living within it can have access to the royal parks. It is to the Metropolitan Board of Works, then, that we owe the formation of Finsbury Park, with 115 acres; Southwark Park, with 63; the 14 acres occupied by the gardens on the Victoria, Albert, and Chelsea Embankments; and the rescue from the builders' ravages of such places as Blackheath, Hampstead Heath, Shepherd's Bush Com-

mon, London Fields, Hackney Downs, Well Street Common, North and South Mill Field, Clapton Common, Stoke Newington Common, waste land at Dalston Lane, and Grove Street, Hackney, Tooting Beck Common, Tooting Graveney Common, Clapham Common, Bostall Heath, Plumstead Common, Shoulder-of-Mutton Common, and far-famed Wormwood Scrubs. Last year the Board acquired three more open spaces, Brook Green, Parson's Green, and Eel Brook Common. In many cases great difficulties had to be encountered and expenses incurred. Lords of the manor stood out against improvement, or for their rights, but the result has been that the Board has preserved these breathing spaces for the health and the happiness of millions, and that no part of the Board's action has been more widely appreciated.

In 1866 the Board undertook the charge of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. It had previously been the duty of the churchwardens and overseers of each parish to keep a fire-engine for putting out fires under an Act passed in the fourteenth year of King George III. In addition, a fire-engine establishment had been maintained for more than thirty years by an association of the principal fire insurance companies. Again, a society existed for the purpose of saving life from fire. These all have been incorporated in the Board of Works, and at the present time the staff of the Fire Brigade consists of 576 men. In addition, there are 68 coachmen and licensed watermen employed. We have now 54 fire-engine stations, 12 street stations, 124 fire-escape stations, 4 floating stations, 11 fire-alarm circuits, with 77 call points, and 170 miles of telegraph lines. Fire is, however, a terrible power for evil in the metropolis. In 1882 the loss of life by fire was 34. Besides, of the 175 persons seriously endangered by fire, 36 lost their lives. Last year nearly seventeen millions of gallons of water were devoted to extinguishing fires. The number of journeys made by the fire-engines of the land stations was 28,778, and the total distance run 66,226 miles. In connection with this subject it is a matter for congratulation that the proportion of fires in the metropolis which are classed as serious has been reduced from 25 per cent. in 1866 to 8 per cent. in the year just ended.

It is the work of the Board to look after the gas companies, and to test the quality of the gas with which they supply the public. But the only places the lighting of which is under its control are the bridges and the Embankment, and the thanks of the public are due to the Board for the readiness with which they have resorted to the electric light. The City Commissioners of Sewers have done the same, but the Metropolitan Board of Works led the way.

The Board undertakes the stamping out of cattle plague or rinderpest, pleuro-pneumonia, and certain other diseases affecting animals; to look after dairies, cowsheds, and milk stores; to see that slaughter and offensive businesses, when permitted, shall not be prejudicial to human health; to regulate the manufacture, conveyance, storage, and sale of explosive substances in the

metropolis, and to see that infants are not illegally nursed. It also lends money to vestries and other public bodies, and contributes towards the cost of local improvement. It thus effects a large amount of business. Nor can we say that it works on a too expensive scale; the Board's expenditure during 1881 amounted to £2,156,612. No new street may be made, no new building erected, without its sanction. It looks after dangerous structures, it insists that theatres and music halls should be safe. All the money thus expended comes out of the pockets of the ratepayers, and in these days, when we hear so much of bad trade, and of the effects of foreign competition, it is satisfactory to learn that while in 1856—the year in which the Board and all the local governing bodies constituted by the Metropolis Management Act began their operations—the rateable annual value of the metropolis was £11,282,663, that of 1883 amounted to £27,386,086, this increase arising partly from new property bought, underrating, and partly from the increased value of property in the metropolis generally. “Probably,” observes the writer of the last report of the Board, “no more remarkable instance could be found of the growth of the value of property in a city or town than is presented by London in the second half of the nineteenth century.” In 1888 the present rate of sixpence may be expected to be considerably increased, as then the coal and wine duties cease to swell the income of the Board. The duties in question in the estimate of receipts for the year figure at £270,000.

Naturally the reader is anxious to know what constitutes a member of the Board. He is not elected by the general public, as a member of the School Board is—and whether that is an advantage or not it is not for the present writer to say. Exclusive of the City, twenty-three of the largest parishes have vestries, fifty-nine of the smaller ones are grouped into fifteen district boards, besides which the Charterhouse, Westminster Close, and the Inns of Court are formed into a group. The members of the vestries and boards whose qualification is a £40 rating are in proportion to the population of rated householders; one-third of them retire annually, and are replaced or re-elected by the ratepayers. The Metropolitan Board for the whole metropolis is composed of three members elected by the council of the City, of two elected by each of the six vestries of the largest parishes, and one elected by each of the vestries and district boards, except Plumstead united to Lewisham, and Rotherhithe to St. Olave, which jointly elect a member, making the total number of the Board forty-five, who require no qualification, and of whom nine form a quorum. One-third retire annually and the vacancies are filled up by fresh elections, retiring members being eligible. Any Friday, gentle reader, you can see these respected gentlemen at work, except in the long vacation. As a body they are eminently respectable, and get through their work quite as well and quite as disinterestedly as members of older and more august bodies. The chairman faces you as you enter, on each side are the members of the Board, a few reporters are present, and up in a gallery

there may be one or two individuals to represent the general public, while all around are officials and clerks, without whose aid the Board would not be able to do its work.

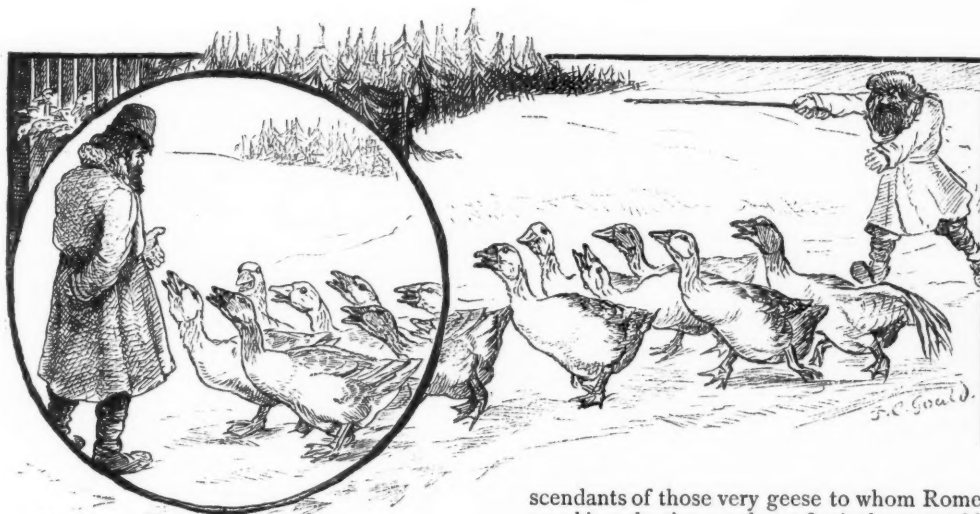
Let us remark in conclusion that the establishment of the Metropolitan Board of Works was a great step in advance and a real gain for the public. Up till the time of its establishment the metropolis, excluding the City of London and Westminster, was governed by vestries. There was no attempt at local government in the interests of the whole. The disadvantage of this state of things was manifold. What one parish did another undid. There

was no harmonious action. Vestries were supreme within their local limits. They acted quite independently of another, often regardless of each other, often in a strong spirit of hostility. Sometimes they quarrelled with each other and went to law, to the increasing of the rates and for the good of the lawyers. This mischievous order of things is now gone, and in their place we have the more dignified, the more sensible, the more economical action, looked at in the interests of the entire community, of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

J. EWING RITCHIE.

RUSSIAN FABLE.

THE GEESSE.



A PEASANT was one day driving some geese to a neighbouring town where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand, and, to say the truth, he did not treat his flock of geese with much consideration. I do not blame him, however; he was anxious to get to the market in time to make a profit, and not only geese but men must expect to suffer if they hinder gain.

The geese, however, did not look on the matter in this light, and happening to meet a traveller walking along the road they poured forth their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we are? See how this peasant is hurrying on this way and that, and driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow as he is, he never thinks how he is bound to honour and respect us; for we are the distinguished de-

scendants of those very geese to whom Rome once owed its salvation, so that a festival was established in their honour."

"But for what do you expect to be distinguished yourselves?" asked the traveller.

"Because our ancestors—"

"Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is what good have you yourselves done?"

"Why, our ancestors saved Rome."

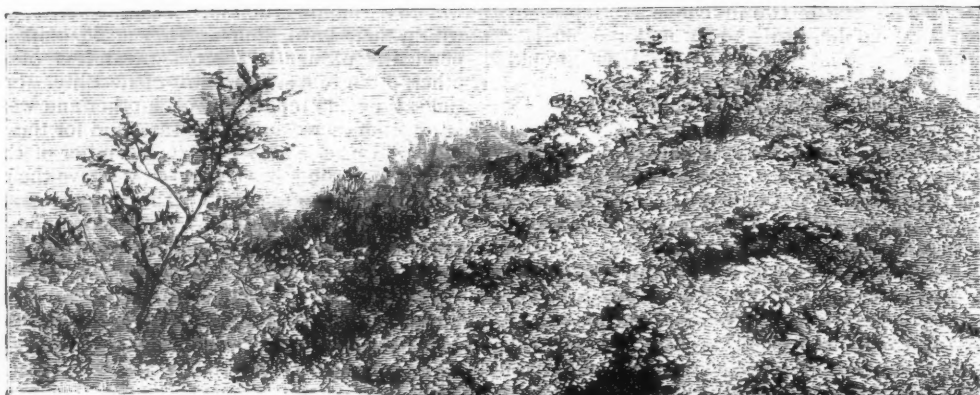
"Yes, yes; but what have *you* done of the kind?"

"We? Nothing."

"Of what good are you, then? Do leave your ancestors at peace. They were honoured for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roast-
ing."

I might explain at length the meaning of this fable, but it would not do to irritate the geese too much.

—From the Russian of Kriloff.



In the Wood.

WHEN thou art weary, go into the fields,
Nor scorn to feel a child's joy to behold
The bowing buttercups bend in the breeze,
Dashing the green with gold.

Stand by the stile, within the green cornfields,
When early on some iron-gray clouded morn
The wind sweeps o'er the land, and listen to
The rustling of the corn.

And there is music, music rarely sweet,
From every hedge in early summer-time ;
Each little bird seems helping all he can
To ring a summer-chime.

Oh, how they sing in early summer-time,
Those happy birds, with voices full of cheer !
The chaffinch in his bowery elm all day
Sings, "'Tis the sweet o' the year !"

The bold blackbird, high up among the boughs,
Where leaves grow thickest, whistles clear and
strong ;
The lark up-struggles thro' the dazzling air
In ecstasy of song.

I know a wood where tangled sunbeams lie,
Caught in the brambles ; there the grasses grow
Untrampled, and at noon life seems to pause,
And sleepy airs breathe slow.



ALLAN BARRAUD

The honeysuckle twines about the briar ;
The ivy and the mantling mosses climb
Over old trees, and make the wrinkled
boles
Fairer than in their prime ;

The topmost branches hardly stir—so still
Is noon within the wood ; the hazy sky
Seems near ; and round the honeysuckle flits
One yellow butterfly.

Yet is not silence in the wood—the birds
Are sweetly piping all within the cover ;
Two thrushes, each one side an open space,
Sing all their old songs over.

The nightingale sings now and then, as tho'
She thought her song too sweet for daylight ears ;
Bright dragon-flies, with wiry wings, dart swift
Between the tall grass-spears.

Inland, at eve, the freshening twilight-breeze
Fills out the spreading boughs of every tree,
And makes a sound in the close-clustered elms
Like to a far-off sea.

There, while we listen, pacing slow to hear,
We find a thought that links the earth with heaven,
Remembering once the Voice of God did sound
Among the trees at even.

M. A. M. HOPPUS.

SOME FASHION-GLEANINGS, FROM 1744 TO 1768.

IN looking over a volume containing newspapers of various dates, issued in London and several other large towns, I have found various scraps of fashion-gossip, and other notices of English social and domestic life, which carry me back to the middle of the eighteenth century, the scenes of which appear with a reality and a vividness which I only hope may present itself to my readers.

Then, as now, Paris reigned supreme, a very queen of fashion, and the most minute and intense interest is taken in the doings of the Court of that period. Here is a specimen :—

January, 1744.—They write from Paris that the diamonds of the lords and ladies of the Court of Versailles at the grand ball of the 25th of last month were valued at 250 millions, which is near twelve millions sterling; those of the Dauphin and Dauphiness alone were actually worth forty-five millions of livres, and those of the King and Queen seventy millions.

Our next notice is of a different class; it is an extract from a London paper, and is dated—

Dundee, September 13th, 1745.—The young chevalier is now in our neighbourhood, and but far too well attended. The Government and King George want not friends among us. The whole army under the Pretender moved last Wednesday to Dunblane, and are daily growing in numbers. Lord Ogilvie is now at Montross, and has committed great outrages in this country, and is threatening also to visit Dunblane. I cannot say what the number of the armed rebels may amount to; some say four, others five, and others seven thousand.

The Pretender makes himself very popular. He is dressed in a Highland garb of fine silk tartan, red velvet breeches, and a blue velvet bonnet, with gold lace round it and a large jewel of St. Andrew appended. He wears also a green ribbon, is above six foot, walks well and straight, and speaks the English or broad Scots very well.

And here is fashion on the other side :—

Edinburgh, February 1st, 1746.—On Thursday, at three in the morning, the Duke of Cumberland arrived at the Abbey, not in the least fatigued. He went to bed and slept near three hours, so that by eight he was busy with General Hawley and General Huske, and the rest of the principal officers, who all appeared in boots. His Highness had no time to go into Edinburgh all that day, and could scarce be persuaded to allow the ladies to be admitted for one hour; but at last he agreed to receive them at seven in the evening, and none to stay after eight. The ladies attended at the time appointed, very richly dressed. His Royal Highness received them very familiarly; saluted each of them. One, Miss Car, made a very fine appearance. At the top of her stays, on her breast, was a crown, well done in beugles, and underneath, in letters, "WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND." On the right side of the crown was the word "Britain's," and on the left "Hero."

Can you not imagine the agony of fright Miss Car or Kerr was in all that first day of February, 1746? I can. The "beugles" must have taken an immensity of stitching on to her stays. I wonder if the prince took particular notice of the fair lady who did him so much honour.

The next we have is from the "London Gazette" :—

June 17th, 1751, Lord Chamberlain's Office.—Orders for

change of mourning for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on Sunday next, 23rd inst.—viz., the men to wear black, full-trimmed, plain or fringed linen. Black swords and buckles.

Undress—Grey frocks.

The ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, black and white shoes, fans and tippets, white necklaces and earrings; no diamonds.

Undress—White or grey lutestrings, tabbies or damasks.

Lutestrings, tabbies, and damasks! All names that have utterly vanished from the world of fashion. A "lutestring" was a plain stout silk; the name, by-the-bye, corrupted from lustring. A "tabby" was a kind of waved silk, usually watered, manufactured like taffeta, but thicker and stronger (the latter a fine smooth silken stuff, having usually a remarkably wavy lustre, imparted by pressure and heat, with the application of an acidulous fluid, to produce the effect called *watering*—it was of all colours, and often striped with silver and gold). These two must have been very much what our *moiré antiques* and watered silks are. A "damask" was a heavy rich figured silk, with varied figures, such as flowers set, evidently the counterpart of our richest figured silks. It seems rather odd that these three excessively rich materials should be ordered for *undress*, while plain black silk was for State use.

Apparently at that period English ladies had a reputation for being good dressers; for read this :

September 17, 1751.—A fine doll is made by Mr. Church's daughter, in St. James's Street, with different dresses to cloath it, and is to be sent to the Czarina, to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among the English ladies.

We read the result of this doll's mission a month later.

From Petersburg we hear that the Czarina of Russia has of late taken such a fancy to the dress of the English ladies that she has desired to have dolls sent over from London completely attired in the various dresses now in fashion at Court and in the City, as also in deshabil and riding habits. Her Imperial Majesty intends to introduce the same at her Court; though it is feared some alterations may appear here ere the dolls can be completely rigged out, or at least before they can reach Petersburg, one moon being sufficient to give a turn to fashion.

That terrible woman, Elizabeth Petrovna, was just then in the zenith of her power. It is difficult to imagine her occupying herself with anything so harmless as foreign fashions. True, she did found a University and an Academy of Art, two clean spots in the vast blot of which her character consisted.

December 29, 1763.—The ribbon manufacturers of Spital-fields are busy making up a quantity of fine ribbons of proper colours and curious devices to be ready against the marriage of Her Royal Highness Princess Augusta.

Here is another exceedingly interesting announcement :

July, 1745.—We hear an academy will soon be established at the Court end of the town (London) to teach young gentle-

men to curl and paper up their hair in order to qualify them for posts in the Army.

It may be meant for a joke, but it is inserted between two paragraphs which certainly have no "joke" about them. I note invariably, however, that the humour of a hundred years ago, if it is not so broad as to be coarse and even worse, is so carefully wrapped up that we cannot without much consideration discover it.

June 24, 1764.—When a certain great Minister of State took his leave of some persons of distinction he did it in a fustian frock, and not *à la mode de Paris*, which put them a little out of humour, they deeming it a mark of contempt, and therefore returned the visit in the same manner.

Poor Minister of State! How he must have felt the rebuke!

Here is another scrap of fashionable gossip *apropos* of a well-known politician:

April, 1768.—So great is some people's veneration or enthusiasm for Mr. Wilkes, that we are assured a gentleman has lately had a coat made, on the button-holes of which are embroidered the words, *Wilkes and Liberty*.

The following deals with a subject of ever-recurring interest:

February 5, 1765.—Several eminent silk manufacturers of Spitalfields attended on Friday at the Treasury, and were examined by their lordships upon the decline of that valuable branch of trade. It is said a noble countess, highly distinguished for her public spirit, has declared her intention of wearing only British manufactures, and to encourage the manufacturer has allowed him to affix to his name and sign, "Weaver to Her Ladyship."

This surely must have been an ancestress of the great champion of English industry, Lady Bective. It is so annoying not to know her name. Whoever she was, the noble countess brought high influence to her aid; for see the announcement:

A stocking manufacturer at Doncaster, who lately sold twenty pairs of stockings at a guinea each pair, has got a commission from some of the nobility for six pairs at six pounds each pair, which he has undertaken to execute. To so great perfection is that branch of British industry arrived.

Rather a long price, is it not? Another paragraph says:

June, 1766.—We hear Her Royal Highness Princess Caroline Matilda has particularly requested that her wedding cloaths and Her Royal Highness's other dresses shall be made of the manufactures of England.

Poor ill-fated princess! I find close by the account of that marriage, which, until she died broken-hearted nineteen years later in the Castle of Lille, brought her only wretchedness and misery.

October 2, 1766.—Last night between seven and eight Her Royal Highness the Princess Caroline Matilda, youngest sister of our most gracious Sovereign, was married by proxy to the King of Denmark, His Royal Highness the Duke of York standing proxy for His Danish Majesty. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Council Chamber of St. James's. This morning about half after six the Queen of Denmark set out from Carlton House, attended by Lady Mary Boothby, Count Bothman and several other persons of distinction, in three coaches and six and two post-chaises, escorted by a party of Horse Guards and a numerous train of attendants for Harwich, to embark on board the yacht for Rotterdam, from

whence Her Majesty will proceed to Denmark. Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Gloucester, Prince Henry, and the Princess of Brunswick were at Carlton House between five and six in the morning to take leave of their royal sister, which was very affecting on all sides, and the Queen of Denmark shed tears when getting into the coach.

I do not wonder at it. What a forlorn marriage! What an ordeal, to go all alone, at least without any of her own kith and kin, into a foreign country and among strangers to meet a husband who had not taken the trouble to fetch her from the land of her birth! Small wonder that she shed tears on getting into the coach.

In 1767 we find two very amusing letters from a lady and gentleman of fashion. Though rather long, they are both so laughable that I must give them in full.

October, 1767.—To the Printer of the "St James's Chronicle":—Sir,—It hath often been observed that we English people are remarkable for extremities—that is, that we are remarkable for acting in opposition to those wise maxims which tell us, *In medio tutissimus ibis*, or *In medio consistet virtus*. Though an Englishman, I have candour enough to acknowledge the truth of the accusation, and I think it was never more exemplified than at present by my countrywomen in the enormous size of their heads. It is not very long since this part of their sweet bodies used to be bound so tight and so amazingly snug that they appeared like a pin's head on the top of a knitting-needle. But now they have so far exceeded the golden mean in the contrary extremity that our fine ladies remind me of an apple stuck on the top of a small skewer. If I am not mistaken the head of the Venus de Medicis measures about one-tenth of her whole body. This, therefore, we may very justly conclude to be the just proportion. In proportion, therefore, as a lady deviates in her appearance from that standard, the nearer she approaches to our idea of a monster. How then is it possible that a fine lady can imagine herself agreeable in the eyes of a spectator when her head makes a full fourth of her whole body? I often frequent the playhouse, and between the acts am wont to regale myself with contemplating the charms of my fair countrywomen; but really their heads of late have become so enormous that, in order to behold them without disgust, I find myself under the necessity of imagining them to be so many Patagonians, and consequently that the feet of those in the boxes are on a level with the floor of the orchestra. This I find to be a much more tolerable idea than to suppose them to be dwarfs, with giants' heads. Pray, sir, inform these fair ladies that without proportion there can be no beauty, and that an oyster-wench *in puris naturalibus* is a much more desirable object than a brocaded monster. But, cries her ladyship, it is the fashion. Fie! fie! my good lady, I expected a more rational answer. Ought a woman of your understanding to be led into manifest absurdity by a parcel of foolish ridiculous female coxcombs and French *friseurs*?—I am, Sir, yours, etc.

It is severe, and the writer seems to have held the popular belief that the Patagonians are the veritable sons of Anak. Little more than a year previous to the date of his letter had appeared a short account of the natives of that country, which our severe friend had evidently seen, and, seeing, believed. Here it is:

August 19, 1766.—There is no doubt of the Patagonians being as tall a people as has been represented—viz., between eight and ten feet. As a corroboration one of the ship's people (it does not, by-the-by, say what ship) brought home with him a skeleton of one of their hands, which measures sixteen inches from the joint of the wrist to the fingers' ends, and every way large in proportion. Their children are five feet high at two years old, and their women are adorned with bracelets of gold. They do not inter their dead, but by a preparation eat off their flesh and hang the bones in a box

up a tree, many of which were seen and might have been brought away easily.

Just a proof that travellers see strange things, and geese at home believe them. I find, on looking into the subject, that the Patagonians average five feet ten, but are *known* to reach six feet four. Not more extraordinary in height than the Englishmen we are accustomed to see every day.

And here is the reply to the letter:

October 14, 1767.—Sir,—In your paper of Saturday I read a letter of criticism on the present taste of the ladies' head-dresses. I cannot help thinking it severe and indeed scurrilous to compare the fairest of the creation to monsters. Insufferable! it is an impertinence not to be forgiven by the injured sex. I must confess the extravagance of the present mode is ridiculous in a great degree and really ought to be corrected; but then, in a more gentle manner than your correspondent has done. We women, you know, are generally deemed weak; if this argument is allowed, our little foibles should be overlooked; and I think I may with justice vindicate my own sex, by saying they are not half so absurd in their dress as the *men*, who are supposed to have sense superior to us, consequently should not rush into such extremes. I am sure they deviate from their *great sense* when they make themselves such enormous figures as they do at present. What is there on earth that has a more ridiculous

appearance than a powdered beau? I would advise your satirical friend to compare a lady's and a gentleman's head together, then let him say which object is the most worthy of ridicule; if he speaks candidly, I am apt to think the verdict will be given in favour of the lady. For my part, I can compare a fine gentleman's head to nothing better than a round-cut yew-tree in a white-frosty morning. I could wish these very (would-be) wise beings did not make themselves appear *such very great dolls* by finding fault with those who are so very much more perfect than themselves.—I am, Sir, your friend, LEONORA.—Grosvenor Square.

A couple of nice, pleasant, complimentary letters, are they not? I really cannot tell which gets the best of the argument—both are somewhat too fluent to be very effective; a dozen words, terse and strictly to the point, would have been better. As an example, a man once said to a young lady, a distinguished-looking girl, who was accustomed to plenty of admiration, and had at times as keen a tongue as any one I know, "I don't like the way you do your hair." The girl looked him coolly up and down, from head to feet, and back again. "I should be very sorry if you did," she remarked, quietly. Of course there was a general laugh, and of course he left that young woman alone for the future. H. V. P.

"WRIGHT OF DERBY."

THE acquisition of an art gallery by the corporation of Derby has been very appropriately signalled this year by an exhibition of pictures mainly the work of a Derby artist, or of engravings from his work. The experiment of bringing together a large number of the pictures of any one painter is sometimes perilous. Such collections have been very common of late, but then many of them have been put together by the artists themselves—the Doré gallery, for instance, the Millais collection, and the Alma Tadema collection—and of course would comprise only such works as would be likely to set forth the painter's powers in the most favourable light. The Derby artist whose pictures have just been displayed by his appreciative townsmen, himself exhibited a selection of twenty-five of his paintings just about a century ago. But a promiscuous gathering of all the available works of any artist is perilously apt to bring into striking prominence mannerisms and tricks of effect, and to show with painful clearness limits of scope and power. A painter whose works can bear this ordeal must be exceptionally gifted.

No doubt "Wright of Derby" was an exceptionally gifted man, even for a successful artist. He was gifted in many ways. A bright, genial nature, of exquisite sensibility, and a tenderness of heart and conscience, seem to have been characteristic of Joseph Wright. A man of undoubted genius, he was apparently entirely free from the affectations and follies and vices which a generation or two ago, more commonly than in our own day, were supposed to be intimately connected with genius, and have not unfrequently been accepted as natural indications of it.

Wright was a man of real talent. One of his

biographers speaks of him as being very mild and unassuming in his manner, and having the perfect carriage of a gentleman—generous, full of sensibility, and honourable and punctual in all his transactions. Such ought to be in an especial degree the characteristics of all men specially endowed with the perception of the beautiful. He is after all but a mental monstrosity who is keenly alive to beauty of colour and form and harmonious composition, and has no sense of the beauty of a wholesome and harmonious life. A man with George Morland's artistic instincts, and with George Morland's vicious and degraded life, is as much a deformity as a man with one arm fully and finely developed and the other shrivelled and shrunken by disease.

Joseph Wright was born at Derby on the 3rd of September, 1734. He was the son of a respectable attorney in that town, and the first indications of talent seemed to point to mechanics rather than art as his future line. As a child he was always curiously interested in any mechanical proceedings, and after closely watching the operations of any workman, would often go away and attempt the same thing himself. About the age of eleven, however, he became very much absorbed in drawing, and seems to have evinced rather unusual adroitness in taking likenesses, often, it is said, producing recognisable portraits of persons he had seen only once. Possibly if young Wright had been obliged to turn to the first employment that presented a chance of making a living, as many boys of twelve or fourteen years of age have to do, the world might never have heard much of him. We are apt to talk sometimes as though poverty were the foster-mother of genius, and now and then there are cases in which it really seems

to be so. Far more commonly it is the blight of budding talent, the killing frost. Only when it is dead and buried the world knows nothing about it; whereas if perchance it struggles through into vigorous life it makes all the braver show for its early difficulties. If the lad Joseph Wright had had fourteen hours a day in an office or a workshop, he might have imperilled his bread-and-cheese occasionally by caricaturing his superiors in pen-and-ink or chalk, and spoiled a good clerk or an efficient mechanic by dreaming of art when he ought to have been wide awake at his work, but we should hardly have had his pictures on the walls of our National Gallery, or doing honour to his native town.

Fortunately his father—who was at one time Town Clerk of Derby—was able to allow the youth to follow his natural bent, and Joseph Wright was, at the age of seventeen, placed under the tuition of Hudson, the most eminent London portrait painter of his day, and the master of Reynolds and Mortimer. He studied with Hudson for two years, and then returned to Derby, subsequently going back to London, however, and taking another course of tuition. This speaks well for him. A young man of nineteen who has studied art for two years under the same master will be extremely likely to flatter himself that he knows about all that master can teach. If Joseph Wright ever fancied so, he evidently found and recognised his mistake. He went back to Hudson, and studied under him for another fifteen months.

Those who knew this man best have spoken of him as singularly teachable, always willing to learn from books, from friends, from pictures, from nature. Wright was always picking up notions and gaining fresh inspirations. One of his mightiest sources of inspiration—that which seems to have given his art its most striking and original direction—was Mount Vesuvius in eruption. In 1773 he married and went to Italy, and while there, says one of his relatives in a brief sketch of his career prefixed to the exhibition catalogue of his works, "he saw a memorable eruption of Vesuvius, and there is little doubt it was this

magnificent scene which inspired him to follow the painting of stormy effects of light and shade, a branch in which no English painter has excelled him." He seems ever after his journey to Italy to have been singularly fascinated by effects of artificial illumination. He maintained an appreciation for the study of such effects—the light, a lamp, or the ruddy flicker of a fire, being thrown on such objects as he wished to paint. He was always on the alert for accidental plays of light and shadow, and some of his pictures are certainly very striking. We remember some years ago seeing one of them in a private gallery. It was hung on a screen, forming a kind of cupboard,

and it was remarked by those in charge of the gallery that it was amusing to observe how often visitors would partly close the door and peep into the cupboard to see whether the candle really did emit any light! His most famous picture of this kind is one which represents a philosopher giving a lecture on the Orrery with a lamp for the centre of the system in place of the sun. It is a picture about five feet by six and a half, and constitutes one of the most remarkable features of the Derby Exhibition. Some of his moonlight effects are very striking,

and, what is more, they are most faithful to nature. It is easy to produce a picture conveying a superficial idea of moonlight. It is only to paint all objects obscurely dark, and to glint upon them here and there a cold bluish-white light. Wright, however, seems to have been all his days a close and careful observer of nature, and a conscientious painter, and could not be satisfied with meretricious tricks and mere stage conventionalities. His moonlight scenes are as carefully painted as those by daylight, and are very highly esteemed. He was especially fond, too, of scenes in which the cold light of the moon and the ruddy glow of a lamp or fire could be combined—such, for instance, as a view of a lighthouse under the pale beams of the moon. In one picture shown in the exhibition, he has painted some ruins on the coast of Naples by moonlight, and he has not only managed to get



JOSEPH WRIGHT.

in Vesuvius in the distance, but has introduced a group of figures round a fire. In another picture he shows the interior of a stable by torchlight, while the light of the moon is shown through the open door. Several of his most noteworthy pictures are of this character. Effects of artificial light may be regarded as Joseph Wright's specialty, but his versatility is remarkable, and the collection at Derby rendered this very observable. Comparatively few painters have taken as large a range of subjects.

Joseph Wright was always "Wright of Derby," and it is very probable that if he had had somewhat less honour in his own country he would, in his own time at least, have enjoyed a somewhat higher repute. He once made a change from Derby to Bath, and he was often urged to settle in London. In Bath, however, he was not very successful, and he went back to his own town, where, eventually, he seems to have been too busy with his beloved art, and too much attached to his native place, to permit of his being allured by any advantages of life in London. His life-long residence in Derby has led to his being commonly spoken of as a "local artist." He was not "local," however, in any disparaging sense. He was an Associate of the Royal Academy, in whose schools he had studied for a time, and ultimately was elected one of the illustrious body; but before this honour was accorded to him he had been piqued by what he conceived to be a slight put upon him by the Academicians, and when their

secretary went down to Derby to tender their diploma, he indignantly rejected it. Thus, although duly elected a full member of the Royal Academy, and as such entitled to write himself "R.A.," he never did so; "probably," it has been remarked, "the only instance of an artist who refused this culminating honour of a British artist's life."

"In his person," says a biographer, "he was rather above the middle size, and when young was esteemed a very handsome man." "Handsome is," however, "as handsome does," according to the old adage, and it is pleasant to be able to add that not only was "Wright of Derby" an honourable upright man, with a fine scorn for all sorts of Bohemianism, but that "in his works the attention is ever directed to the cause of virtue. . . . Not one immoral or corrupt thought occurs to wound the sense of delicacy or induce a wish that so exquisite a pencil had found employment on more worthy subjects."

During his visit to Italy he appears unfortunately to have laid, by excessive labour and exertion, the foundation of an illness which troubled him more or less till the very day of his death, which took place in 1797, after some two years and a half of confinement to his bed, during which he seems to have suffered greatly. He was buried in St. Alkmund's Church, in Derby, which now, after the lapse of nearly a century, has done honour to itself as well as to its famous artist, by getting together more than a hundred of his works.

THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT.

THE ascent of the First Balloon will be celebrated this month. Just one hundred years have passed since the brothers Montgolfier made their first public experiment. On the 5th of June, 1783, they invited the people of Annonay, not far from Lyons, to witness the ascent of a fire balloon of their construction. It was made of pieces of linen buttoned together, inflated with the smoke of chopped straw, and let go, when, to the delight of the multitude, it rose to some height, and drifted a mile and a half in ten minutes, before it came down in a vineyard. The brothers had assured themselves of success by a previous experiment on a smaller scale, but to the spectators it was something they had always deemed impossible. Nobody went up with the balloon, which did not carry with it a source of supply, and which consequently only leapt into the air, and rapidly exhausted the strength of the impulse; but as eight men could hardly hold it down, there was no doubt one at least could have gone up, and kept the straw smouldering. This was the first public ascent.

As quickly as possible, and with considerable improvements, the experiment was repeated at Paris, this time with varnished silk, and hydrogen gas instead of smoke. The balloon rose a

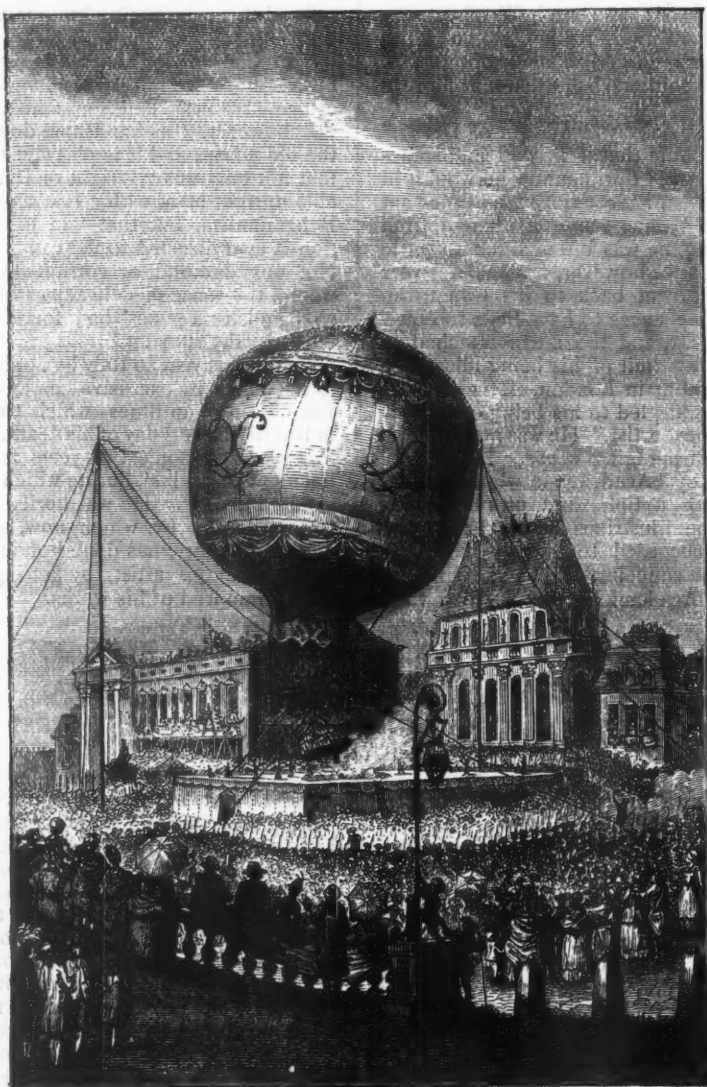
hundred feet, but was not allowed to rise higher. While thus suspended, it was escorted by horse and foot soldiers from the heart of Paris to the Champs de Mars, and there released in the sight of all Paris, when it rose 3,000 feet, and travelled fifteen miles in three-quarters of an hour.

A little later Joseph Montgolfier, coming to Paris, constructed a large balloon, still inflated very cheaply and very quickly with smoke, which rose 3,000 feet, and travelled two miles. The first aerial voyagers were a sheep, a cock, and a duck, which were sent up by him on the 19th of September, 1783, in the presence of the royal family, at Versailles, on the occasion commemorated in the old engraving which we reproduce.

It was not thought prudent to trust human life to a fire balloon till the experiment of a partial ascent had been tried with the balloon held fast by ropes. In this manner M. Pilâtre de Rozier ascended 100 feet on the 15th of October, and 324 feet on the 19th. The first persons who offered to leave the earth entirely were the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilâtre de Rozier; and they performed this feat at the Château de la Muette, near Passy, November 21, 1783, in a *montgolfier*. The following is the *Procès Verbal*, which describes this most interesting of all voyages:

"Procès Verbal. To-day, November 21st, 1783, at the Château de la Muette, took place an experiment with the aerostatic machine of M. de Montgolfier. The sky was partly clouded, wind north-west. At eight minutes after noon a mortar gave notice that the machine was about to be filled. In eight minutes, notwithstanding the wind, it was ready to set off, the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilâtre de Rozier

able, but the machine, hovering upon the horizon, and displaying the most beautiful figure, rose at least 3,000 feet high, and remained visible all the time. It crossed the Seine below the barrier of La Conférence; and passing thence between the Ecole Militaire and the Hôtel des Invalides, was in view of all Paris. The voyagers, satisfied with their experiment, and not wishing to travel farther,



From an Old Print.

ASCENT OF MONTGOLFIER'S BALLOON,

In presence of their Majesties and the Royal Family at Versailles, 19th September, 1783.

being in the car. It was at first intended to retain the machine awhile with ropes, to judge what weight it would bear and see that all was right. But the wind prevented it from rising vertically, and directed it towards one of the garden walks; the ropes made several rents in it, one of six feet long. It was brought down again, and in two hours was set right. Having been filled again, it set off at fifty-four minutes past one, carrying the same persons. It rose in the most majestic manner, and when it was about 270 feet high the intrepid voyagers took off their hats and saluted the spectators. No one could help feeling a mingled sentiment of fear and admiration. The voyagers were soon undistinguish-

agreed to descend; but seeing that the wind was carrying them upon the houses of the Rue de Séve, Faub. St. Germain, they preserved their presence of mind, increased the fire, and continued their course through the air till they had crossed Paris. They then descended quietly on the plain, beyond the new boulevard, opposite the mill of Croulebarbe, without having felt the slightest inconvenience, and having in the car two-thirds of their fuel. They could then, if they had wished, have gone three times as far as they did go, which was 5,000 toises, done in from twenty to twenty-five minutes. The machine was 70 feet high, 46 feet in diameter, it contained 60,000 cubic feet, and carried a weight of from

1,6
at
Gu
D'
Lis

wa
an
fro
ha
pro
me
the

T
ecli
stea
wor
still

* P
series
1864.

I v
the u
great
show
not in
thing
from
Turk
canop

1,600 to 1,700 pounds. Given at the château de La Muette, at five in the afternoon. Signed, Duc de Polignac, Duc de Guisnes, Comte de Polastron, Comte de Vaudreuil, D'Hunaud, Benjamin Franklin, Faujas de St. Fond, de Lisle, le Roy, of the Academy of Sciences."

Numerous experimental voyages followed. It was not till January 7, 1785, that M. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries crossed the Channel; they set out from Dover and landed in the forest of Guinnes, having been obliged to throw out their stock to prevent the balloon falling into the sea. A monument was afterwards erected on the spot where they alighted.



MEMORIAL COLUMN IN THE FOREST OF GUINNES.

This marvel of the last century has been eclipsed by many wonders of our own. While steam and electricity have transformed half the world, the problem of aerial navigation remains still unsolved.*

* For a full account of "The Balloon and its Application," see a series of papers by James Glaisher, F.R.S., in the "Leisure Hour" for 1864.

Varieties.

The Canopy of the Caaba.

I venture to address to you the following brief account of the usual ceremonies attending the annual departure of the great caravan of pilgrims from Cairo to Mecca, in order to show that the presence of our troops at them this year does not in the least implicate us, as a Christian people, in anything the least of the character of an idolatrous act. I write from information acquired in Bombay. The Sultan of Turkey provides the Caaba of Mecca every year with a new canopy, and a new veil, or *portière*, for the entrance door.

The internal hangings of the Caaba are provided once only by each sultan, at his accession. This canopy, when completed, is shaped exactly like that profoundly interesting "canopy of an Egyptian queen" which Mr. Villiers Stuart, M.P., has recently described and illustrated—i.e., like a cross. It consists of a central square about ten strides each way, and four lappets, one hanging from each side of the central square, also ten strides long and about three deep. The Caaba is almost a perfect cube of thirty feet every way, and the canopy covers the whole top of it, and each of its four sides to the depth of ten feet, without forming festoons at the corners as it would if it were a square carpet. It is partly made up in the citadel of Cairo, but immediately after the close of the Ramazan, a great Mohammedan fast, and the Lesser Bairam, *Eat-ul-Fitr*, the "Festival of Breaking the Fast," it is carried in procession through the streets from the Citadel to one of the mosques to be completed. It is carried through the streets in its five separate pieces, the central square and four lateral lappets, together with the *portière*. This is "The Procession of the Carpet." In this stage it is in no sense a holy carpet; indeed, it is quite the reverse, for it is made of silk, and silk, as an animal excrement, is unclean among Mohammedans until mixed with cotton. This is what is done at the mosque, its five parts being there sewn together and backed with cotton; while its surface is brodered all over with texts from the Koran affirmative of the unity of God. Judging by the dates, it could not have been at this "Procession of the Carpet" that our troops were present. When the carpet has been completed it is placed in charge of the leader of the Mecca pilgrims. They parade the streets of Cairo at starting in what is called the "Procession of the Litter." Some former ruler of Egypt, a usurping slave girl, I believe, made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and subsequent rulers not wishing to be behindhand with her in this respect, and yet finding it impossible to attend in person, instituted the custom of sending their litter to represent them, just as in Europe we send our empty carriages to funerals. This litter is exactly like an enormous Indian bandy-box, covered with beautifully embroidered hangings, and is carried on the back of a tall camel, and is the symbol of the reigning Sultan of Turkey. It was, judging by the date, evidently this "Procession of the Litter" which our troops attended, and in compliment to the sultan, who was fictitiously present in his imperial litter, and not at all in salutation of the Canopy of the Caaba. The carpet is there, but still as an unconsecrated piece of furniture, carefully stowed away with the baggage of the leader of the caravan. It is only after it has covered the Caaba for a year that anything like sanctity attaches to it, and even then anything like an idolatrous sentiment in connection with it would be more abhorrent to a Mohammedan than even to a Christian. It lies on the Caaba for a year. Then, about the end of the Ramazan, it is cut up in pieces to be sold to the incoming pilgrims as charms. During this time the Caaba remains uncovered, and it is not until the arrival of the pilgrims from Cairo that it is re-covered with the new carpet sent by the sultan. This takes place at the Greater Bairam, or *Bakari ed*, the greatest festival or the whole Mohammedan year, held in remembrance of the miraculous substitution of a goat in the place of Ishmael, of whom (and not Isaac), according to the Mohammedan tradition, Abraham was about to make a sacrifice. It will be seen, therefore, how little of an idolatrous spirit is from first to last associated in Mohammedan feeling with the passage of the so-called—by English writers—"holy" carpet through Cairo on its way to Mecca. The presence of our troops on such an occasion would in Mohammedan eyes be regarded only as a compliment to the sultan or the khedive, and is in itself as innocent as their annual part in the Lord Mayor's show.—George Birdwood.

The Ashburnham MSS.

I have lately lost my friend Libri, and, of course, he being removed, the accusations which he put down begin to revive. I wrote a short article in the "Athenæum" of the mortuary character, and the Parisians, quite forgetting the beating they got, are pleased to be excessively astonished at the revival of a defence which silenced them fifteen years ago. There is a little knot of subscribers in England who try to act privately on editors and contributors. *Ex. gr.*: A person who described himself as a known book-

collector (N.B.—No less a person than wax-chandler to the Queen, etc., very rich, and collects no end of elegantly bound large paper; all this I learnt afterwards) came to me in a neat carriage and a heavy shower, and as he was doing a wabbling preamble about nothing, I cut him short sternly with, "Pray, sir, what is the upshot of all this?" He answered that, seeing my article in the "Athenæum"—which it was very impertinent to assume was mine—he could prove in two minutes that Libri was guilty of all that was imputed to him. "What do you know of the matter?" "I have read all the pamphlets." "So have I," said I, "and some of them before they were pamphlets." "Oh! I thought perhaps you had not investigated." He then produced "Vapereau," a French biographical dictionary of first-rate size and tenth-rate accuracy, and, opening at "Libri," said, "Have you read that article?" "I have," said I, "in former days, before I found out what a worthless affair 'Vapereau' was." "I assure you," said he, "the people at Paris are much astonished at your article." "No doubt," said I, "they are the parties whom Libri's defence incriminates." "I thought perhaps you were not aware of the facts, and that by coming to you we might avoid a polemic." "Now," said I, "you must go to the editor of the 'Athenæum,' and polemic with him. Do you really suppose you will prove to me that one of my dearest friends was a robber by an extract from 'Vapereau' and Parisian opinion?" So he went away, and there has been no polemic yet.—*Professor A. De Morgan to Sir John Herschel, 1869.*

The Comets of 1882.

A comet was observed first by Mr. Wells, on the 18th of March last year. It was remarkable as having been seen nearly three months before perihelion as a star of the sixth magnitude, and it was expected that it would be a most conspicuous object at the time of its perihelion passage. These expectations were not verified. In May it could scarcely be discerned by the naked eye, and then only when its position had been previously ascertained by help of a glass. The elements of its orbit gave no clue to identification with any comet previously known. Dr. Huggins and other observers reported that the spectrum differed from that of most comets, a very strong sodium line being the dominant feature in the spectrum.

Two other comets were seen in the year, one of them during the observation in Egypt, on May 10, of the total solar eclipse. At the period of totality it was seen about a sun's disc diameter distant. It could not again be seen in the light of the unclipped sun.

These comets excited little interest compared with that

which formed so conspicuous a meteor in the morning sky in the autumn. It was first seen in South American observatories before the middle of September. For some weeks it was a magnificent object in our own sky. We give a sketch of its site on the star map of the southern sky on November 8, at four a.m. (In the "Midnight Sky" of Mr. Dunkin, the January midnight map represents the southern sky of November 8 at four a.m.) The figure gives an inadequate impression of the magnificence of the appearance from the small scale of the map. The maximum estimate of the length of the tail was from twenty-five to thirty degrees. From all parts of the world reports came of the splendid appearance of this comet. It was a conspicuous object during the war in Egypt, and we lately gave an account of it, received from Mr. W. Wyatt Gill at Rarotonga.

At first it was supposed that this was the same comet which appeared in 1843 and again in 1860; and it was conjectured that, with accelerated orbit, it might soon be absorbed by the sun's attraction. But later observations threw doubt on the identity, and it is now believed to be a hitherto unknown wanderer of the great army of comets.

Jeremy Bentham.—A medical journal answers thus the inquiry of a correspondent:—Perhaps you will be allowed to see Jeremy Bentham, who now reposes in a back room in University College, on application to the secretary of that institution. He left his body to his intimate friend and physician, Dr. Southwood Smith, with a view to the removal of the strong prejudice then existing against dissection, charging him to devote it to the ordinary purposes of science. We are graphically told that Dr. Smith faithfully discharged the office imposed on him, and in the old theatre of the Webb Street School of Medicine, on June 9, 1832, with thunder pealing overhead and lightning flashing through the gloom, he delivered the first lecture over the body of Bentham, "with a clear, unfaltering voice, but with a face as white as that of the dead philosopher before him."

Whalebone.—Owing to the discovery and extended use of petroleum on the one hand and the multiplied ways of utilising whalebone on the other, the latter substance has become the most valuable, instead of the least valuable of the products of whale-fishing. America has the lion's share of the whalebone industry. According to the German "Polytechnische Zeitung," the improved product is there supplied from only seven works—four in New York and three in Boston. The *personnel* is 110 to 120. The principal application of whalebone now is that in making whips and corsets. Steel has mostly displaced whalebone in umbrellas and parasols. Some years ago umbrella-ribs were made in France of an excellent imitation of whalebone (not distin-



THE COMET OF 1882 AS SEEN NOV. 8 AT 4 A.M.

♄ *Lyra.*

♂ *Procyon.*

♂ *Sirius.*

♂ *Orion.*

guishable, indeed, till fractured); but it is no longer heard of. Genuine whalebone is often made white and used with garments of muslin or the like, not being seen through these so easily as the dark sort. The newest application of whalebone is that to hats; it is cut into fine strips and interlaced with straw. Such hats are very dear. Another novelty is "whalebone riband." For this white whalebone is generally used, and the shaving is so thin that ordinary print can be read through it. It is often coloured blue, red, or green, and used by saddlers in making rosettes. Walking-sticks of whalebone are also in good demand. The exceptionally thick strips cut for this purpose are rounded by being drawn through holes in a steel plate. Billiard pads of whalebone must be very smooth, and cut of a certain exact thickness. Fishing-rods are made of two carefully worked strips of whalebone, with thick silk thread wound round them. Penholders and other small articles are made of whalebone at the lathe. The hair cut off the raw whalebone was formerly used for brushes, but it is now mostly replaced by other materials. It is largely crisped and used as a filling for mattresses. This list by no means exhausts the uses of whalebone, which is continually being applied in new ways.

Sad Rubbish.—Dean Gaisford, who induced the Clarendon Press to spend £2,000 in an edition of Plotinus, had comparatively little regard for theological learning. The classics were in those days everything at Oxford. Showing Christchurch Library one day to a visitor, he walked rapidly past all the Fathers. Waving his hand he said, "Sad rubbish!" and that was all he had to say.—*Mozley's Reminiscences.*

Domestic Servants.—An amusing, if not always useful, correspondence and discussion recently appeared in one of the "Society journals." From one of the letters written by a servant we give an extract: "I am sorry to say we have now a great number of gentry who have sprung from nothing, who have not a drop of gentle blood, and have not even had a good training—not as good a bringing-up as many servants—but by some freak of fortune they have gained money, and, with money, friends and influence, and a certain position. Those are the people who don't know how to treat servants, and yet expect their domestics to serve them well and faithfully. It is an old saying, and a true one, that servants are the best judges of who are true ladies and gentlemen, and I am happy to say that I have always had the good fortune to serve ladies and gentlemen." The remark is still more applicable to the treatment of tutors and governesses, who are always best treated where their employers are themselves educated and cultured. At the same time, with regard to all grades of service, the truth is that no statement as to employers or employed can be accepted in general terms, and that the treatment given or received is usually dependent upon personal and individual temper or character.

Selfishness in Children.—It has been truly said by Miss Sewell, author of an excellent work on education, that "Unselfish mothers make selfish children." This may seem startling, but the truth is, that the mother who is continually giving up her own time, money, strength, and pleasure for the gratification of her children teaches them to expect it always. They learn to be importunate in their demands, and to expect more and more. If the mother wears an old dress that her daughter may have a new one, if she works that her daughter may play, she is helping to make her vain, selfish, and ignorant, and very likely she will be ungrateful and disrespectful, and this is equally true of the husband and other members of the family. Unselfish wives make selfish husbands.

Robinson Crusoe; Fac-Simile Reprint of the First Edition.—A hundred years ago, Dr. Johnson said that "Nobody ever laid down this book without wishing it were longer." It has lost none of that popularity which, unlike most other classic English works, it obtained at its first appearance. The editions have been innumerable, and now there is added a fac-simile reprint of the first edition (Elliot Stock). The volume was an octavo of 364 pages, and the title, accurately reproduced in this reprint, ran as follows:—"The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner: who lived eight-and-twenty years all alone in an uninhabited island on the coast of America, near the mouth

of the great river of Oroonoke; having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself.



With an account how he was at last as strangely delivered by pirates. Written by himself." Four editions were called for in the first year. The original frontispiece, of which we give a reduced fac-simile, has been the conventional portrait of Crusoe in all pictorial editions. Copies of the original edition are very scarce, and bring large prices when sold at public auction. Many lovers of the book will be glad to possess this fac-simile, which is sold to subscribers for 7s. 6d., and in the open market at half-a-guinea. For large paper copies, of which only a small number has been issued, the price is thirty shillings.

The Workhouse Girl.—The Rev. Mr. Warner in his "Literary Recollections" relates the following romantic story:—Mrs. Hackman's garden, in which she found particular pleasure, stood in need, as most gardens do in the spring season, of a weeder; and John the footman was sent to the workhouse to select a little pauper girl for the performance of this necessary labour; and having been recommended to a diminutive little body of eight or nine years of age, he pointed out the humble task in which she was to employ herself. The child, as she was at work among the flowers, began to warble her native wood-notes wild in tones of more than common sweetness. Mrs. Hackman's chamber-window happened to be thrown up one morning, when she heard the little weeder's solitary song, and was so struck with the rich tones of the voice of the singer, that she inquired from whence they proceeded. "From Nancy Bere the poor-house girl," was the answer. Mrs. Hackman immediately gave orders that the songster should be brought into that lady's apartment, and she was so much pleased with her naiveté, intelligence, and apparently amiable disposition, that she determined to remove the little warbling Nancy from the workhouse, and attach her to her own kitchen establishment. The little maiden, however, was too good and attractive to be permitted to remain long in the kitchen. So Mrs. Hackman soon preferred her to the office of her own waiting-maid, and had her instructed carefully in all the elementary branches of education. The intimate intercourse that now subsisted between the patroness and the protégée quickly ripened into the warmest affection on the one part, and the most grateful attachment on the other. Nancy Bere was attractively lovely, and still more irresistible from an uncommon sweetness of temper and gentleness of disposition, added to which was a feminine softness of character; and Mrs. Hackman,

whose regard for Nancy daily increased, proposed at length to her complying husband that they should adopt the pauper orphan as their own daughter, having no children themselves. Every possible attention was henceforth paid to the education of Miss Bere, and with doubtless the best success, as I have always understood that she became a highly accomplished young lady. Her humility and modesty, however, never forsook her, and her exaltation to Mrs. Hackman's family seemed only to strengthen her gratitude to her partial and generous benefactress. Shortly after this alteration in the fortunes of the workhouse girl, a clergyman of respectable appearance had taken lodgings at Lymington for the purpose of recruiting his health and for partridge shooting. The hospitable Mr. Hackman called on the stranger, and they went out shooting together, and Mr. Hackman invited him to his house. The invitations were frequently repeated and accepted as long as the shooting days lasted; nor had many visits taken place ere their natural effect on a young unmarried clerk was produced. He became deeply enamoured of Miss Bere, and offered her his hand. She, for aught we know, might have been nothing loth to change the condition of a recluse for the more active position of a clergyman's wife; but as the gentleman had no other possessions save his small living, and as Mr. Hackman could not out of a life estate confer upon Miss Bere a fortune, it was judged prudent, under these pecuniary disabilities, that she should decline the honour of the alliance. A year elapsed without the parties having met again, and it was generally supposed that absence had obliterated from their minds the remembrance or the desire to renew the acquaintance. But such does not appear to have been the case with the gentleman. At the ensuing partridge shooting season he paid another visit to Lymington, and with the dignity of "very reverend" prefixed to his name—for he had in the interim obtained a deanery—he once more repeated his solicitations, and was accepted by Miss Bere, and after a reasonable time they were married; and they lived for many years sincerely attached to each other—much respected and esteemed, and loved by all around them. The death of the husband, however, dissolved at length the happy connection. The lady survived his loss for many years; and at last the little warbling pauper girl, Nancy Bere, of Lymington Workhouse, quitted this life for a better, the universally lamented widow of the Right Rev. Thomas Thurlow, Palatine Bishop of Durham!

Singular Obtuseness.—Mrs. Partington wondered why single-handed gardeners or single-handed men-servants were sometimes wanted by advertisers. Two hands, she thought, were in general few enough for the work required. The use of the word single as opposed to married does not seem to have occurred to the writer of the following paragraph in the "Brighton Guardian": "I am a trifle perplexed at an advertisement in one of our papers. It commences—'Wanted, by a single farmer's son,' etc. Now what is a single farmer's son? It cannot mean the son of a single farmer, because single farmers don't have sons; at any rate, they wouldn't advertise the fact. So perhaps it means the single son of a farmer, in contradistinction to a twin son; although, for that matter, why the public should feel interested in the son being a 'single' or a 'twin' I cannot exactly see. Altogether, it seems a very single-r piece of composition." Transpose the words "single" and "farmer," and the puzzle resolves itself into a farmer's son, single, or "without incumbrance," as the phrase goes.

Charles Darwin on Slavery.—On the 19th of August we finally left the shores of Brazil. I thank God I shall never again visit a slave-country. To this day, if I hear a distant scream, it recalls with painful vividness my feelings when, passing a house near Pernambuco, I heard the most pitiable moans, and could not but suspect that some poor slave was being tortured, yet knew that I was as powerless as a child even to remonstrate. I suspected that these moans were from a tortured slave, for I was told that this was the case in another instance. Near Rio de Janeiro I lived opposite to an old lady who kept screws to crush the fingers of her female slaves. I have stayed in a house where a young household mulatto, daily and hourly, was reviled, beaten, and persecuted enough to break the spirit of the lowest animal. I have seen a little boy six or seven years old struck thrice with a horsewhip, before I could interfere, on his naked head,

for having handed me a glass of water not quite clean. I saw his father tremble at a mere glance from his master's eye. These latter cruelties were witnessed by me in a Spanish colony, in which it has always been said that slaves are better treated than by the Portuguese, English, or other European nations. I have seen at Rio Janeiro a powerful negro afraid to ward off a blow directed, as he thought, at his face. I was present when a kind-hearted man was on the point of separating for ever the men, women, and little children of a large number of families who had long lived together. I will not even allude to the many heart-sickening atrocities which I authentically heard of, nor would I have mentioned the above revolting details had I not met with several people so blinded by the constitutional gaiety of the negro as to speak of slavery as a tolerable evil. Such people have generally visited at the houses of the upper classes, where the domestic slaves are usually well treated, and they have not, like myself, lived amongst the lower classes. Such inquirers will ask slaves about their condition; they forget that the slave must, indeed, be dull who does not calculate on the chance of his answer reaching his master's ears. It is argued that self-interest will prevent excessive cruelty—as if self-interest protected our domestic animals, which are far less likely than degraded slaves to stir up the rage of their savage masters. It is an argument long since protested against with noble feeling, and strikingly exemplified by the ever illustrious Humboldt. It is often attempted to palliate slavery by comparing the state of slaves with our poorer countrymen. If the misery of our poor be caused not by the laws of nature, but by our institutions, great is our sin. But how this bears on slavery I cannot see; as well might the use of the thumb-screw be defended in one land by showing that men in another land suffered from some dreadful disease. Those who look tenderly at the slave-owners and with a cold heart at the slave never seem to put themselves into the position of the latter. What a cheerless prospect, with not even a hope of change! Picture to yourself the chance ever hanging over you of your wife and your little children—those objects which nature urges even the slave to call his own—being torn from you and sold like beasts to the first bidder! And these deeds are done and palliated by men who profess to love their neighbours as themselves, who believe in God, and pray that His will be done on earth!—*Naturalist's Voyage.*

New River Company's Shares.—These shares are usually sold in fractions by public auction. The last registered sale was, for an Adventurer's share, at the rate of £96,048; for a King's share, at the rate of £93,549. According to the report of the Government Auditor, the receipts for the year amounted to £457,373. The dividends for several years have been above £11. The original shares, as established by Charter, are freehold, one moiety on thirty-six parts being held by the Incorporated "Adventurers," and the other moiety on thirty-six parts being originally held by King James I, and subsequently by persons named King's Shareholders, who are not incorporated with the Adventurers. Both these moieties are again subdivided, and held by numerous persons, and, being real estate, are subject to entail and to trusts for minors. Each holder of a fraction of a share of adequate value has a vote for Middlesex and Hertfordshire. Only holders of Adventurers' shares are eligible to the Direction.—*Burdett's Official Intelligence for 1883.*

Coronation of the Czar.—It is on the platform of the nave of the Upenski Cathedral that Czars of Russia, ever since the days of Ivan the Terrible, have been crowned; and on that platform may be set the ivory throne brought in 1472 from Constantinople by Sofia Palaeologos on her marriage with the Czar Ivan III. This curious relic is decorated with bas-reliefs which represent the story of Orpheus, and which are probably of much greater antiquity than the latter days of the Lower Empire; but many of the panels were uncouthly replaced in the seventeenth century, and the entire throne was restored for the coronation of Alexander II seven-and-twenty years ago. There is another throne in the Kremlin which may be appropriated to the use of the Empress. This gorgeous chair of State was a present from a Shah of Persia to the Czar Alexis, and was brought to Moscow in 1660. It is a very gorgeous piece of furniture, thickly encrusted with diamonds, rubies, turquoises, and pearls. From his ivory throne the Czar will be visible to the entire auditory

filling the chapel-like cathedral. On the platform of the nave he may place the Imperial crown on his own head, and the remaining ceremonies—such as the public recitation of the orthodox confession of faith, the kneeling of the sovereign alone to offer up the prayer of intercession for the Empire—may be wholly or partially seen by the congregation; but the Czar must be concealed from their view when his Imperial Majesty enters the sacred door of the innermost sanctuary to take from the altar the elements of bread and wine. The high altar in a Russo-Greek Church is shut off from the worshippers in the nave by the painted screen called the Ikonostast, the doors of which are only opened at intervals during the celebration of mass. The altar-screen in the cathedral of Moscow is covered with pictures for which the Russians entertain the profoundest veneration, one of them being ascribed to the hand of the Metropolitan Peter, while another was sent from Constantinople by the Greek Emperor Manuel, and a third was brought by the Czar Vladimir from Kherson. Now, when a Catholic or a Protestant sovereign is crowned the administration of the Communion is *coram populo*. At the coronation of Queen Victoria her Majesty took the sacrament in front of the altar in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of thousands of spectators. At the Upsenski Sobor the coronation of Alexander III can be witnessed only by a few hundreds of spectators; while the ceremonial in the sanctuary can be visible only to the officiating clergy.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Cruelty to Animals in Egypt.—Mrs. Burton, from Trieste, writes a kindly and earnest letter about the cruelties witnessed in Egypt to donkeys and other animals. Mrs. Burton suggests prizes for the boys who use their donkeys and other animals well, and—stick being out of date in this philanthropic age except for poor animals—fines for the really bad. The Khedive is extremely favourable to such forms of charity; all that is needed is to secure the support of the various Khedivial princes and princesses, the harem, the most influential natives, and such Englishmen as Lord Dufferin and Sir Edward Malet. Having made the society the fashion and popular, the Khedive should be asked to issue a proclamation to all governors and kaim-makams to levy half a piastre fine on all owners of animals found with sores or marks of ill-usage; the fine to be increased to a whole piastre (twopence) for hidden wounds under the saddle or trappings, or the use of the cruel strap behind, or for the mouth being gagged open while the animal stands still, or for the use of pointed sticks or goads, or for torturing pariah dogs and pups. The co-operation of the Shaykh-el-Islam would be most valuable. Prizes ought to be given annually. Mrs. Burton complains of the English, American, and Australian passengers who land, get tipsy, and maltreat the donkeys so as to horrify even the donkey-boys.

Italian Wine.—With every advantage of soil and climate, the culture of the vine is at a low ebb in Italy; from Sicily alone is the quantity exported of any account. This seems strange seeing that Italian wines were so renowned in classic antiquity. Sir Edward Barry, in his valuable work published in 1775 on the wines of the ancients, gives a high place to the Falernian. "Pliny," he says, "mentions three different kinds of wines produced from the Mons Falernus, the one of a strong, rough kind, another of a sweet and milder, and a third which was light and weaker." This shows that there was a great difference then, as now, in the quality and character of the wine produced in a given neighbourhood, and he adds; "the principal Falernian so universally celebrated was that of the rough, strong kind." It is evident that this wine required many years of keeping before it arrived at its maturity, and some put it at from ten to fifteen and even twenty years before it was fit for drinking. There must have been many varieties of wine in Italy. Some, indeed, appear to have been esteemed for their light yet grateful qualities. The vinum setinum was particularly esteemed for its light, grateful, and permanent qualities, and Pliny, says Barry, among other praises which he bestows upon it, says it was "the favourite wine of Augustus; nor is it impossible," he adds, "that this is the wine (medicinally) recommended by Paul to Timothy for strengthening the stomach, as these vineyards were but a small distance from the Appii Forum, and the ruins of the tavern where he first met his friends from Rome." What the strength of these wines may have been

it is difficult to say, but, according to a table published at the beginning of the present century, the Italian show a larger percentage of alcohol than the French. It is a fact also worth mentioning that for the last hundred years no separate place among the statistics of importation is given to Italian wines. France, Spain, Portugal, Madeira, the Rhine, and the Cape of Good Hope have their statistical place, but Italy is included in the "wines of all other sorts," showing that their importation has been of only a limited character. Light wines have increased in consumption in this country very largely during the last twenty years. In 1860 the quantity of French wine upon which duty was paid was about 630,000 gallons. The quantity from France alone is now more than ten times this amount. The best Italian wines are grown on the estates of the late Baron Ricasoli, who devoted himself to agriculture after retiring from public life. In most parts of Italy the culture of the vine is very rude, and the making of wine understood by few. A recent writer says: "Central Italy is *par excellence* fitted for the vine culture, and yet the vine in no section is properly cultivated, if we except two or three points where progress has lately begun. Not only is the vine allowed to swing between the trees, but the fruit is never thinned nor any selection of stock made. In a hundred yards of this garlandage you may find half a dozen varieties of grape, some ripening earlier, some later; so that between this inequality and the overbearing of the vines you may often see in the common vintage bunches of grapes still perfectly green go into the basket with others beginning to decay, and all go together to make the thin and sour beverage which the Greek hostages derided and the modern traveller rejects, or drinks only at thirstiest need. And it generally happens that the years of extraordinary bountiful production produce the worst wine, for the vines, being unable to ripen perfectly so great a quantity of fruit, the vintage time finds a large proportion of it still quite unfit for any use. The idea of thinning the clusters as soon as the fruit has set never enters the wine-grower's head—it would be a sacrifice of the bounty of heaven. Naturally, under these circumstances, the advantages of Italy as a wine-growing country in relation to other countries are lost."

H. R. W.

Biblical Language Natural.—The expressions—rising, setting, and travelling of the sun, the fixity and foundations of the earth, though the only intelligible language, have been found fault with. We are told "Scripture really speaks of a flat earth; and of the sky as a watery vault in which the sun, moon, and stars set; of the firmament as a solid arch, literally something beaten or hammered out; and of the Almighty as a gigantic man." Really such fault-making displays neither intelligence nor candour; if opponents would remember that no science is involved here, that these are the every-day statements of all ages, and if they discriminate as to what is fact, and what figure, where literal accuracy is to be looked for, and where a poetic thought, they will be preserved from an infinity of folly. The firmament is that to which, in our eyes, sun and stars do set, and is, indeed, a space for waters. The earth, in common consideration, is ever spoken of as a plane. In a higher sense even than is stated, the sun does go forth as a giant to run a race.—"*The Supernatural in Nature*," by Prebendary Reynolds.

Mrs. Carlyle and Father Mathew.—"The crowd was all in front of a narrow scaffolding, from which an American captain was then haranguing it, and Father Mathew stood beside him, so good and simple-looking. Of course, we could not push our way to the front of his scaffold, where steps led up to it; so we went to one end where there were no steps or other visible means of access, and handed up our letter of introduction to a policeman. He took it and returned presently, saying that Father Mathew was coming. And he came and reached down his hand to me, and I grasped it; but the boards were higher than my head, and it seemed that our communication must stop there. But I have told you that I was in a moment of enthusiasm: I felt the need of getting near that good man. I saw a bit of rope, hanging in the form of a festoon from the end of the boards; I put my foot in it, held still by Father Mathew's hand, seized the end of the boards with the other, and in some, to myself, up to this moment, incomprehensible way flung myself horizontally on to the scaffolding at Father Mathew's feet. He

uttered a scream, for he thought, I suppose, I must fall back. But not at all. I jumped to my feet, shook hands with him, and said—what? "God only knows." . . . There were faces, both of men and women, that will haunt me while I live—faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness, making, you would have said, its last deadly struggle with the powers of darkness. There was one man in particular, with a baby in his arms, and a young girl that seemed of the 'unfortunate' sort, that gave me an insight into the lot of humanity that I still wanted. And in the face of Father Mathew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of Heaven seemed to be laid bare. Of course I cried, but I longed to lay my head down on the good man's shoulder and take a hearty cry there before the great multitude. He said to me one such nice thing. 'I dare not be absent for an hour,' he said; 'I think always if some dreadful drunkard were to come, and me away, he might never muster determination, perhaps, to come again in all his life, and there would be a man lost.'—*Letters and Journal of Mrs. Carlyle.*

Home for Asiatics.—No Asiatic stranger need perish for the want of a friend in London now. The Home will receive him, and for a very moderate sum—which he may easily pay either from the wages due to him from the ship he leaves, or by the note advanced by the owners whose ship he joins—feed and lodge him, and spare no trouble to restore him to his own country. Hence, to a large extent, the institution contributes to its own support. But the charges it makes are so small, the losses it incurs through the new allotment or bonus notes are so frequent, and the cases of absolute destitution it deals with so numerous, that it is bound to continue to be dependent upon outside help to a certain extent; and I believe that no one who has any knowledge of the work it is doing, no one with sympathy for the helpless of his own species, but will admit that there is not an institution in existence that better deserves the gifts of the charitable than this Home for Asiatic Strangers.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Snakes and Wild Beasts in India.—A writer in the current number of the "Revue Scientifique" has collected a mass of interesting figures relating to the above. He says that as many as twenty thousand deaths occur annually in India from snake-bites, and that since 1870 from a hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand persons have perished in this way. India possesses more deadly snakes than any other country, and the bite of the cobra is often fatal within half an hour. In the year 1880 212,776 serpents of all kinds were destroyed, and rewards, amounting in all to 11,663 rupees, were paid to their destroyers. In the North-West Provinces and in Oude a body of Kanjars has been formed for the especial purpose of killing off the venomous reptiles of those districts. The men receive two rupees per month, and if a man is so fortunate as to destroy more than twenty snakes during that period he is paid the equivalent of about three-pence per head for all in excess of that number. In 1881 wild beasts caused the death of 2,757 persons, as against 2,810 in 1880, and the number of animals killed by them every year is enormous. The leopards are perhaps the farmers' worst foes, and the tigers rank next; but the wolves are but little less destructive. In 1881 1,557 tigers and 3,397 leopards were killed.

Wellington Monument in St. Paul's.—Mr. Fergusson says: "To my mind, the great defect of the monument, as it now stands, is its truncated appearance, in consequence of its most important crowning member never having been supplied. It is well known that Stevens designed the present structure mainly as a pedestal to support an equestrian statue of the duke, on which he was at work, and had completed in clay at the time of his death. That model has since then been cast, and is now in the crypt of the cathedral—in rather a dilapidated state, it must be confessed—but it could easily be repaired and completed, and erected in the position which it was originally intended to occupy, at an expense certainly not exceeding £200, probably considerably less. If this were done the public would then be in a position to judge of what really was intended to be the effect of the monument as designed by Mr. Stevens. If it was a success, surely the £1,000 or £1,500 could be found to cast it in bronze and place it in position, while if the effect is not pleasing it could easily be knocked away, and an urn or some sort of funeral

trophy be substituted. Anything would be better than leaving it in the truncated and unfinished state in which it at present stands."—[The erection of an equestrian statue would be a bigger blunder than that on the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, now happily removed. The real remedy would be the removal of all the florid ornament now forming the top of the memorial, leaving the recumbent statue in its simple grandeur.]

Indian Railways.—At the end of the year 1882-3 there were open for traffic 10,251 miles of railway, and in course of construction 2,332 miles. There has been during the year an addition of 290 miles of completed line, and an increase of the railways sanctioned or actually begun of 1,030 miles. When we take into account the vast extent and teeming population of India, and compare the figures just given with those of the railway system in any European country, they do not appear very impressive. But if we bear in mind the conditions of life in that great territory at the time when we began to construct railways, and consider the rate of progress in the face of difficulties entirely unknown in European experience, we shall have to admit that in no part of this continent has any change been effected at all comparable to that indicated by Indian railway statistics. In the year 1860 the Indian railways carried under four millions of passengers; in 1881 they carried over fifty-two millions. In 1860 the merchandise carried was 632,613 tons; in 1881 it had risen to 11,637,000 tons. The traffic receipts in the earlier year were £586,000; in the later they were £13,726,000.

French Schools and Playgrounds.—Political accidents have combined in an odd way to check all athletic tendencies among the youth of the State Schools in France. Most of the *lycées* were in old time richly-endowed schools under monastic rule; they had large playgrounds, and in those days French boys were adepts in all sorts of games. But when the Church lands were confiscated in 1792 the great schools temporarily collapsed, and the revolutionary Government, being in straits, sold the large playing-fields. The mischief thus done could never be remedied, and it has had far-reaching consequences. When Napoleon I reorganised the educational system by instituting *lycées* under State management, he could not buy back the playgrounds; and since then, whenever new *lycées* have been built, the Public Instruction Department, having but a slender budget, has been compelled by the rising price of land to content itself with little space. The boys in *lycées*, therefore, spend their recreation hours in dusty, crowded yards, where they cannot learn to play; and their enjoyment when they are turned loose on leave consists in what would be thought for English boys low dissipation. They become precocious smokers, they tinkle absinthe and beer in the *cafés*, and they read the worst novels. As for discipline, they seem to be at continual war with ushers, whom they hate and despise.

Trained Visiting Nurses.—Miss Nightingale says:—The beginning has been made of a truly "national" undertaking to bring real nursing, trained nursing, to the bed-sides of cases wanting real nursing among the London sick poor, in the only way in which real nurses can be so brought to the sick poor; and this is by providing a real home within reach of their work, for the nurses to live in—a home which gives what real family homes are supposed to give—materially, a bedroom for each, dining and sitting-rooms in common, all meals prepared and eaten in the home; morally, direction, support, sympathy in a common work; further training and instruction in it; proper rest and recreation; and a head of the home, who is also pre-eminently trained and skilled head of the nursing; in short, a home where any good mother, of whatever class, would be willing to let her daughter, however attractive or highly educated, live. Every district nurse of this association was required to pass (1) a month's trial in district work; (2) a year's training in hospital nursing; (3) six months' training in district nursing, combined with attendance at a special course of instruction given at the central home by qualified medical men, and tested by written and *viva voce* examinations at the end of each course. Since the association was founded in 1875 hundreds of ladies have applied to be received as probationers, but they did not all possess the requisite capacities, nor could the association train yearly more than a limited number.

SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS' & SOLDIERS' FRIEND SOCIETY. 4, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.—Sole object of the Society, to spread the saving knowledge of Christ among our soldiers. There are 25 Scripture Readers—30 abroad and 98 at home. Contributions thankfully received by Treasurer, V. G. M. HOLT, Esq., 17, Whitehall Place; or by Secretary, Mr. W. A. BLAKE, at Society's Offices.

DESTITUTE & NEGLECTED CHILDREN.—Contributions to the CHILDREN'S AID & REFUGE FUND help to provide maintenance, with religious and industrial training, for upwards of 4,000 children in the various Homes and Refuges connected with the Reformatory and Refuge Union. FUNDS urgently needed.—Bankers: Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, S.W.; Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smiths, 4, Lombard Street, E.C.

FRIENDLESS & FALLEN.—London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution. Established 1837. Sustains Six Homes and an Open-all-Night Refuge for 180 Young Women and Girls. 18,000 have been admitted. Suitable cases received immediately, on personal application, to the utmost capacity of the Homes. 5,000 Meals have to be provided every week. £12 10s. 6d. required daily to sustain all the Homes. CONTRIBUTIONS earnestly solicited, and may be sent to Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt, & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; Francis Nicholls, Esq. (of the Committee), 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C., or to
EDWARD W. THOMAS, Sec.,
200, Euston Road, London, N.W.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST. Mount Vernon, Hampstead; Out Patients' Department and Office, 216, Tottenham Court Road, W.—Patients admitted from all parts of the Kingdom. A few Wards have been furnished for patients who are able to pay for their own maintenance. Funds are greatly needed.—C. A. R. HOARE, Treasurer, Messrs. C. Hoare & Co., 37, Fleet Street. WM. HORNIBROOK, Sec.

LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM WATFORD. INSTITUTED 1813. For the reception and maintenance of fatherless children of either sex. Supported almost entirely by voluntary aid. Subscriptions and donations are urgently requested. Office—1, ST. HELEN'S PLACE, E.C.

National Society for the Protection of Young Girls. Founded 1835. Patron, H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE. Offices, 54, New Broad Street, London, E.C. ALFRED MORGAN GILLHAM, Esq., Secretary. Object—To save young girls, from 11 to 15 years of age, unduly subjected to corrupting influences. Number already saved, 1,351; now in the Home, 77. Girls remain in the Asylum from three to five years. Income for the year, £4,739 14s. 6d.; expenditure, £2,590 6s. 3d. The Society is unendowed and stands in urgent need of generous support. Bankers, Consolidated Bank, Threadneedle St., London, E.C.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY. Instituted 1799, for publishing Religious Tracts and Books at home and abroad. OFFICES: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. Secretaries: Rev. L. B. WHITE, D.D.; Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D. N.B.—All Subscriptions, Donations, and Collections, are applied without any deduction whatever to the directly missionary objects of the Society. The amount so received has never equalled the grants made.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Upon this Institution, founded in 1824 (the only one having for its object the Protection of Dumb and Defenceless Animals), rests a heavy responsibility, and the increased operation of the Society have drawn from the funds an amount vastly exceeding the yearly subscriptions.—Remittances may be forwarded to JOHN COLMAN, Secretary, 105, Islington Street, London, S.W.

THAMES CHURCH MISSION TO SEAMEN, EMIGRANTS, FISHERMEN, BARGEMEN, ETC. Please forward surplus copies of the "Sunday at Home" and "Leisure Hour," or any other spare books, magazines, and illustrated papers, for the use of Sailors and others. Warm woollen cuffs and comforters are also greatly needed. Parcels should be addressed (carriage paid) to the Secretary, 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN has 75 Hon. Chaplains, 23 Chaplains, and 45 Scripture Readers, &c., labouring afloat in 45 Seaports, supplied with 12 Mission Yachts, many Boats, 8 Churches and Church Ships, and several Mission Rooms. 350 Captains and Officers help at sea. 15,000 Seamen enrolled as Total Abstinents in 3 years. Income, £18,821.—COMMANDER W. DAWSON, R.N., Secretary, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL is under Royal Patronage. The Orphan Working School is a National Institution. The Orphan Working School is 124 years old. The Orphan Working School supports 420 Orphans at Haverstock Hill, London. The Orphan Working School supports 164 Infant Orphans at Alexandra Orphanage, Hornsey Rise, (Margate). The Orphan Working School has a Convalescent Home at The Orphan Working School has trained 4,000 Children. The Orphan Working School is supported by voluntary contributions, and needs about £17,000 a year. The Orphan Working School is now in urgent need of Funds. The Orphan Working School Office is 17, Cheapside, E.C. All Contributions should be sent to JONADAB FINCH, Secretary. Treasurer, JOHN KEMP WELCH, Esq., J.P. Bankers, London Joint Stock Bank, Finsbury Street, E.C.

NATIONAL THRIFT BUILDING SOCIETY. 33, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. Shares £50, bearing Dividend and Bonus. No entrance fees, fines, or premiums. Deposits taken. Current Banking Accounts opened, with interest on balances. All Funds invested on Security of Houses and Land. Advances promptly made. Prospectus and information as above.

SUNDAY MEDITATIONS; Adapted to the Course of the Christian Year.

By the Rev. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Prebendary of St. Paul's, &c.
First Published. Octavo. 5s. bevelled boards.

PARABLES OF THE SPRING; Or, The Resurrection and the Life.

By the late Professor GAUSSEN, of Geneva. With a Biographical Sketch by the Author. Illustrated. Small Quarto.
1s. 6d. cloth boards.

LONDON: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Possessing all the properties of the
Finest Arrowroot,

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Is a World-wide Necessary
FOR
THE NURSERY, THE SICK ROOM,
AND THE FAMILY TABLE.

NOTE.—Unlike many others, this CORN FLOUR bears the Name of its Manufacturers, who offer the guarantee of their long-established reputation for its uniformly Superior Quality.

MESSRS. C. CHURCHILL & CO.,



21, Cross Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.,
Are the introducers of all the best American Tools and Machines suitable for Amateurs, including 12 varieties of Fret Sawing Machines, over 800 Fret Designs, 12 varieties of prepared Fret Woods, &c.

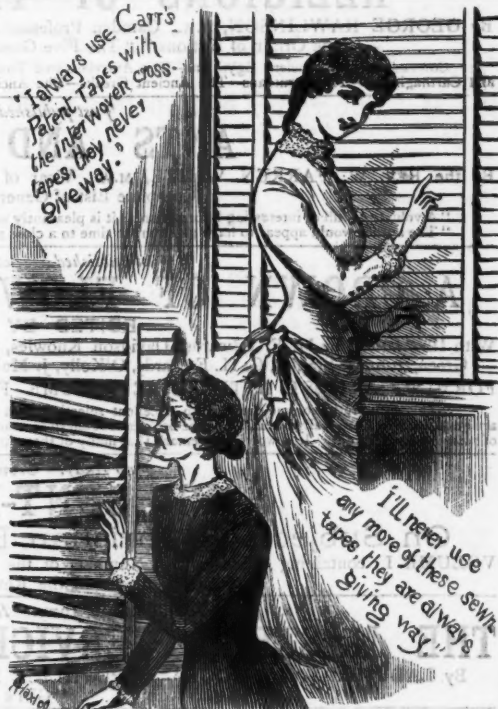
"HOUSEHOLD ELEGANCIES."

A new book for Ladies. Hundreds of Illustrations, with Hints how to Ornament their Houses cheaply and tastefully. 300 pp. 8vo. Post free for 6s. 6d.

NEW AMATEUR CATALOGUE, 100 pp. (Photolitho.), with 700 Illustrations, sent on receipt of 6d.

THE DRESS OF THE PERIOD
Ask For WATERMAN'S
HYGIENIC
BOOTS.

As shown at the Dress Exhibition of the National Health Society. Recommended by the Medical Profession. As perfect as Boots can be made.
Sole Manufacturers:
Waterman & Co., Bristol.



CARR'S PATENT WOVEN TAPES, A SURE PREVENTIVE AGAINST BROKEN VENETIAN BLINDS.

SPECIAL FEATURE.—The small cross-tapes on which the laths rest are interwoven, not simply sewn, and cannot possibly give way.

CAUTION.—Every yard is stamped with the name, CARR'S, on one of the interwoven cross tapes. Sold "ready for use" by Furnishing Ironmongers, Drapers, &c.

To Face End of Matter.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S LIST.

Just published, 8vo. 6s. cloth boards. AMONG THE MONGOLS.

By the Rev. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A., of Peking. With Map and numerous Engravings from Photographs and Native Sketches. This book gives a most interesting account of the home-life, manners and customs, occupations, and religious beliefs and practices of the Mongol Tribes of Central Asia. Mr. Gilmour has spent a large part of the last twelve years among these people, and the facts stated in his work are the result of long and careful observation.

"There has been, if our experience serves us at all, no book quite like this since 'Robinson Crusoe'; and 'Robinson Crusoe' is not better, does not tell a story more directly, or produce more instantaneous and final conviction. No one who begins this book will leave it till the narrative ends, or doubt for an instant, whether he knows Defoe or not, that he has been enchained by something separate and distinct in literature, something almost uncanny in the way it has gripped him, and made him see for ever a scene he never expected to see."—*Spectator*.

Just published. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards. OUR EASTERN SISTERS, and their Missionary Helpers.

By HARRIET WARNER ELLIS.

A sketch of the rise and progress of Missionary and Zenana work among Eastern women, with some account of the Societies engaged in this work and its present state.

Just published. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards. CHRISTIAN MINISTRY TO THE YOUNG: A Book for Parents, Pastors, and Teachers.

By SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D., author of "Bible Sketches and their Teachings," etc.

CONTENTS.—Christian Childhood. Principles of Religious Training and Characteristics of Youthful Piety—Children in the Congregation. Their Place in Public Worship. Adaptation of the several parts of the Service to their needs—Religious Services for the Young. Their Occasions; Methods of conducting them; Psalmody; Prayer; Reading the Scripture; Preaching—On Preaching to Children. Topics, Texts, and Divisions. Importance of Illustration—Illustration. Specimens from different writers. Mistakes to be avoided—Catechetical and Class Instruction. The Pastor's work for the Sunday School. Bible Classes.

Just published. Crown 8vo. 3s. in cloth boards. HORÆ PETRINÆ; or, Studies in the Life of the Apostle Peter.

By the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., Dean of Chester, author of "Scenes in the Life of St. Paul," "Meditations on the Miracles of Our Lord," etc.

CONTENTS.—Simon, whose surname was Peter—Early training in Galilee—Special words spoken by Christ to Peter—St. Peter and St. John—St. Peter as a witness of the Resurrection—Cæsarea and Cornelius—The Primacy of Peter—St. Peter and St. Paul—Reminiscences in the First Epistle—St. Mark and Babylon—Character and Example of St. Peter.

Just published. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. cloth boards. RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford, and Canon of Canterbury; Author of "The Origin of Nations," "The Five Great Monarchies," etc. Crown 8vo. With Illustrations.

CONTENTS.—The Ancient Egyptians—The Assyrians and Babylonians—The Ancient Iranians—The Early Sanskrit Indians—The Phœnicians and Carthaginians—The Etruscans—The Ancient Greeks—The Ancient Romans.

Just published. Price 5s. cloth boards. ANTS AND THEIR WAYS.

By the Rev. W. FARREN WHITE, M.A., Vicar of Stonehouse, Gloucestershire. With numerous Illustrations and a Complete List of Genera and Species of the British Ants.

"A volume as full of interesting information as it is pleasantly written. As a prize book for Science Classes at Schools, it has few equals."—*Globe*.
"The author would appear to have given much time to a close personal study of the habits and specific differences of Ants."—*Athenæum*.

Just published. Quarto. 6s. Handsome cloth gilt. A CROWN OF FLOWERS: Poems and Pictures.

EDITED BY CHARLES PETERS.

With Illustrations by M. E. Edwards, Davidson Knowles, Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., R. Catterson Smith, Robert Barnes, Charles Green, John C. Staples, G. H. Edwards, O'Kelly, J. McL. Ralston, William Small, Frank Dadd, and other eminent Artists.

FORMING A MOST ATTRACTIVE VOLUME FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT OR A SCHOOL PRIZE.

"This very pretty volume contains an excellent selection from a well-known and popular periodical, 'The Girl's Own Paper.' Among the poems are not a few which are really beautiful. The book cannot fail to be most acceptable as a prize or a present to young ladies, who will find it at once a source of pleasure and of profit. It is worthy of remark that many of these little poems, and not the least worthy of our praise, are written by ladies."—*Queen*.

Now ready. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards. PRESENT-DAY TRACTS,

On Subjects of Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals.

VOLUME I., containing the First Six Numbers of the Series, by the Rev. Principal CAIRNS, D.D., the Rev. Prebendary ROW, M.A., and the Rev. Professor BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

Just published. Imperial 16mo. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth boards, bevelled edges. THE MASTER'S SERVICE. A Practical Guide for Girls.

By LADY BRABAZON, DORA HOPE, ALICE KING, and MARY SELWOOD. Being Volume IV. of the "Girl's Own Bookshelf."

Just published. 16mo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards, red edges. A COMPANION TO THE LORD'S TABLE:

Meditations and Prayers from Ancient and Modern Authors.

With an Introduction on the Meaning of the Lord's Supper. [Forming the first of a Series of *Companions for a Quiet Hour*.]
"Beautifully printed on good paper, with red ink borders, the little book is quite a pleasure to look at and to read."—*Literary World*.

LONDON: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.



HANDSOME SOUVENIR OF THE Fisheries Exhibition.

Recently published. Price 8s., in handsome cloth, gilt edges, or 25s. in morocco.

SEA PICTURES,

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D., Editor of "The Leisure Hour," etc.

The New Volume of the "Pen and Pencil Series," uniform in size and style with "English Pictures," "Those Holy Fields," "The Land of the Pharaohs," etc. With numerous Engravings from Drawings and Paintings by GUSTAVE DORÉ, J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., DAVIDSON KNOWLES, A. LABY, STANILAND, and other Artists.

The Times says:—"Opening this tempting volume with the idea of skimming it, we have read it almost from the first page to the last. It has told us much we never knew before, and it has put in a fresh and enjoyable form all with which we had fancied ourself most familiar."

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

The "Pen and Pencil" Series.

8s. each. Imperial 8vo. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, or 25s. each in morocco, elegant.

These Volumes form handsome, cheap, and most appropriate Books for School and College Prizes.

1. **English Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.** By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., and the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D. With Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Wood Engravings.

"Next to seeing the beautiful places of the earth comes the delight of reading of them, and many a one who is doomed to begin and end his days within a 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' circle can roam, guided by such a book, at the will of fancy, through sunny glades, by babbling streams, or over the breezy moorlands."—*Times*.

2. **Pictures from the German Fatherland.** Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. With Fine Engravings.

"Dr. Green's style is easy and pleasant; his descriptions clear without being tediously minute, and his observations sensible and acute."—*Times*.
"We can recommend the work as a capital and cheap present."—*Art Journal*.

3. **French Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.** By the Rev. SAMUEL GREEN, D.D. With 150 Fine Engravings.

"One of the most sumptuous of Gift Books. The perfection of Wood Engraving and Descriptive Letterpress."—*Court Journal*.

4. **American Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.** By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. New Edition. Profusely Illustrated.

"These American Pictures are a credit to all concerned in their production."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

5. **Swiss Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.** By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. With numerous Illustrations by Whymper and others.

"In this third edition there are so many additions and improvements that this beautiful volume is still more attractive and beautiful than ever."—*Standard*.

6. **Spanish Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.** By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré, and other eminent artists.

"The letterpress is pleasant reading, and many of the sketches are of the highest excellence."—*Times*.

7. **Indian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.** By the Rev. WILLIAM URWICK, M.A. Profusely Illustrated with Fine Engravings.

"The Society, in all their excellent series of 'Pictures' (which now has included no inconsiderable part of the world), has not given to the public a better executed or more interesting volume than this."—*Spectator*.

8. **"Those Holy Fields." Palestine** Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. With numerous Engravings.

"Dr. Manning writes in an unobtrusive, solid, and thoroughly interesting style, and his facts help us to understand Judea and its cities more completely than any amount of mere declamation."—*Daily News*.

9. **The Land of the Pharaohs. Egypt and Sinai.** Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. With numerous Fine Engravings.

"As an introduction to a land which for the earnest Christian ranks second only in interest to Palestine itself, Dr. Manning's handsome volume comprises within small compass as much information as any work we have seen."—*Graphic*.

10. **Pictures from Bible Lands, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.** Edited by the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D. The Engravings by Edward Whymper and others.

"Carefully compiled, beautifully illustrated, and introduces the reader to scenes of which comparatively little is known. It is certainly a volume of uncommon beauty and interest."—*Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

11. **Italian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.** By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. New Edition. Revised with additions. Profusely Illustrated.

"The more we turn over the pages of this book the more we like it. Italy is the theme of a great deal of fine writing, and fine painting, but the plain descriptions and accurate drawings here really tell us more about it than a library of inspired poems and a gallery of ideal paintings."—*Times*.

21s. Elegantly bound in cloth, gilt.

THE LANDS OF SCRIPTURE.

Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. Containing "Those Holy Fields," and "The Land of the Pharaohs," by the Rev. S. MANNING, LL.D.; and "Pictures from Bible Lands," by the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

For Ministers, Sunday School Superintendents and Teachers, this handsome volume forms a very suitable present. It is profusely illustrated with superior Engravings, and contains a large amount of interesting and useful information for Bible Students.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—All Visitors to the EXHIBITION are requested to call at the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S RETAIL DEPOTS,

LONDON: 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD (opposite the Northern Entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral), & 164, PICCADILLY.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'

PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS

FOR SALE, FOR HIRE,
and on the THREE YEARS
SYSTEM.

EVERY PIANO GUARANTEED FOR
FIVE YEARS.

The Cross of the Legion of
Honour, 1878. The Royal
Portuguese Order of Knight-
hood, 1883, and GOLD
MEDALS at all the recent
International Exhibitions.

Illustrated Lists Free. Prices from 33 to 350 Guineas.

SOLD BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL MUSICSELLERS.

18, 20, & 22, Wigmore Street, London, W., and the "BRINSMEAD WORKS,"
Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

ILLUSTRATED TALES OF LAND AND SEA.

The Two Voyages; or, Midnight and Daylight. By the
late W. H. G. KINGSTON. Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 5s. cloth
boards, gilt edges.

The Golden Grasshopper; a Tale founded on Events
in the Days of Sir Thomas Gresham, Kt., during the Reigns of Queens
Mary and Elizabeth. By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. With Illus-
trations. Imperial 16mo. 5s., cloth boards, gilt edges.

Captain Cook; his Life, Voyages, and Discoveries. By
the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. With numerous Engravings. 5s., cloth
boards, gilt edges.

A Yacht Voyage Round England. By the late W. H. G.
KINGSTON. Profusely Illustrated. Imperial 16mo. 5s., cloth boards,
gilt edges.

The Realm of the Ice-King: a Book of Arctic Discovery
and Adventure. New Edition, revised to date. With Illustrations. 5s.,
cloth boards, gilt edges.

George Burley; his Fortunes and Adventures. By G. E.
SARGENT. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d., cloth boards, gilt
edges.

The Great Salterns. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Illustrated
by J. Mahoney. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d., cloth gilt.

Janet Darney's Story: A Tale of Fisher Life in Chale Bay.
By SARAH DOUDNEY. 3s. 6d., cloth gilt.

Great Voyagers: Their Adventures and Discoveries. With
Engravings. Crown 8vo. 2s., cloth.

The Story of a City Arab. By G. E. SARGENT. With
Illustrations. New Edition in crown 8vo. 3s., cloth boards.

The Oldest Fisherman the World ever saw, and other
Stories. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 1s., cloth boards.

Ben Boyce, the Beachman, and other Nautical Sketches.
Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 1s., cloth boards.

Within Sea Walls; or, How the Dutch kept the Faith. By
ELIZABETH H. WALSHE and GEORGE E. SARGENT. With Illustrations.
Imperial 16mo. 4s. 6d., cloth boards, gilt edges.

Tales of Three Centuries.—1. A Huguenot Family. 2.
The Pilgrim Fathers. 3. The Desert; or, The Church under the Cross.
From the French of Madame GUIZOT DE WITT. Illustrations.
Imperial 16mo. 4s., cloth, gilt edges.

The Fishers of Derby Haven. By HESBA STREETTON.
Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2s., cloth boards.

The Exiles of Salzburg, and other Stories. Translated
from the German of Gustav Nieritz. By Mrs. KERR, Translator of
Leopold Von Ranke's "Servia." With Illustrations. 3s. 6d., cloth,
gilt.

Boy and Man; a Story for Old and Young. With numerous
Illustrations by French. Imperial 16mo. 4s., cloth, gilt.

The Franklins; or, The Story of a Convict. By GEORGE
E. SARGENT, author of "The Story of a City Arab," etc. With
Illustrations. Imperial 16mo. 5s., cloth gilt.

The Prism. Unequally Yoked: a Tale of Egyptian Life—
Life in a Swiss Châlet; or, the Good Stepmother—From Darkness to
Light; a Tale of Spanish Life. By M. L. WHATELY, and Two
Members of her Family. Edited by Miss E. J. WHATELY. With
Illustrations. Imperial 16mo. 5s., cloth boards, gilt edges.

The Cornish Fishermen's Watchnight, and other Stories.
Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 1s., cloth boards.

A Story of Crossport, and other Tales. By SARAH
DOUDNEY. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 1s., cloth boards.

The Loss of the Kent, East Indiaman. Revised by
JOHN MACGREGOR. In crown 8vo. Illustrated. 1s., cloth boards.

Saved at Sea. A Light-house Story. By Mrs. O. F.
WALTON. With Engravings. 1s. 6d., cloth boards.

THE LEISURE HOUR LIBRARY. 2s. each. With Engravings, cloth boards.

1. Remarkable Adventures from Real Life.
2. Sea Sketches about Ships and Sailors.
3. Sunday in Many Lands.
4. Race for Life, and other Tales.
5. Cedar Creek. A Canadian Emigration Tale.
6. Birds and Bird Life.

7. Barthel Winkler, and other German Tales.
8. Commercial Tales and Sketches.
9. Shades and Echoes of Old London.
10. Original Fables and Sketches.
11. The Ferrol Family, and other Tales.

12. Frank Layton: A Story of Australian Life.
By G. E. SARGENT.
13. Fairley-cum-Forelands: Village Tales.
14. Adventures Ashore and Afloat.
15. The Exile's Trust. By FRANCES BROWN.

A HANDSOME AND APPROPRIATE SCHOOL PRIZE.

With Eighty-four Illustrations. Quarto. 10s. handsome cloth, gilt edges.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS in the CHRISTIAN CENTURIES.

By RICHARD HEATH, author of "Edgar Quinet: His Early Life and Writings," etc.

"They are well chosen and told with spirit, and the book will be a useful one to many."—*Guardian*.

"The task is heavy, but Mr. Heath has acquitted himself well."

"The work is carefully carried out."—*Saturday Review*.

"Calculated at once to give a bird's-eye view of history, and to impress its most important events strongly on the memory."—*Standard*.

"Will prove a most acceptable gift-book to the student of Christian history, and will by no means be devoid of interest to the general reader."—*Western Morning News*.

SEASONABLE GIFT-BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Bluebell Talks. With Illustrations and Floral Headpieces.
By E. WHYMPER. Small 4to. 1s. 6d., cloth boards, gilt edges.

Flowers and their Teachings. With numerous Illustrations.
2s., cloth boards.

The Young Botanist. With numerous Illustrations. 2s.
cloth boards.

Children's Flowers: The Friends of their Rambles and
Play. With fine Floral Illustrations by Giacomelli and Whympet.
Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d., cloth boards.

The Home Naturalist; or, Practical Instructions for
Collecting, Arranging, and Preserving all kinds of Natural Objects. By
HARLAND COULTAS. Profusely Illustrated. Imp. 16mo. 4s., cloth,
gilt edges.

LONDON: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

The Illustrated Catalogue of Books for Prizes and Presentation, Post Free.

n of
loyal
light-
OLD
recent
ms.

KS,"

By
rations.

ly. 2.
e Cross.
rations.

ETTON.

translated
lator of
cloth,
merous

GEORGE
With

Life—
kness to
nd Two
With

Stories.

SARAH

ised by
oards.

O. F.

ian Life.

Cales.

BROWNE

ES.

reader."

bles and
Whymper.

ions for
jects. By
4s., cloth.

ree.

rapper.



R
I
A
C
R



FOUNDED 1806.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

EXISTING ASSURANCES exceed	-	£6,600,000
INVESTED FUNDS	- - - - -	£2,207,986
ANNUAL INCOME exceeds	- - -	£300,000
CLAIMS PAID nearly	- - - - -	£7,000,000
BONUSES DECLARED	- - - - -	£2,342,000

50, REGENT STREET,
AND 14, CORNHILL,
LONDON.

Provident LIFE OFFICE.



FOUNDED 1806.



50, REGENT STREET, W.,
AND 14, CORNHILL, E.C.,
LONDON.

THIS OFFICE, established more than 76 years ago, has now
a Fund belonging to the Policy-holders

EXCEEDING TWO MILLIONS.

It has paid in Claims nearly SEVEN MILLION
POUNDS Sterling, and has declared Bonuses amounting
to no less than

£2,342,000.

As an example of the advantage of assuring in a high class Office, it may be mentioned that, in the month of November, 1882, the sum of £445 was paid in Cash, by way of Bonus, to a Policy-holder insured for £500 only.

The Premium ceased to be payable five years since; a small portion of the Bonus having been applied to extinguish the same.

The £500 Policy is still in full force, and will be augmented in May, 1883, by a further valuable Bonus.



—

—

—

—

—

y

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—



So

Se

and
of
oth

Yea
secu
amo

On
On t
(

free
sma
AND
abs

Pol
Clai

secu
o

Dub
Glas
Man
Live
Birn

9 St.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

AS REGARDS

Security, Profit, and Liberal Conditions, the Society's Policies are Documents of the Highest Value,

and have met with such acceptance, that the general operations of the Society have long exceeded in magnitude those of every other Office in the country. The following statements indicate :

I.—The Secure & Profitable character of the Business.

The Profit, or excess of Assets over Liabilities, for the Seven Years ending 31st December 1880, according to Valuation on the secure basis of the Actuaries' $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent Experience Tables, amounted to no less than £1,347,755, which yielded the following

Exceptionally large Reversionary Bonuses.

On Original Sums Assured, from £1:14s. to £3:17:5 p. ct. p. ann., or taken On the Premiums paid during the Seven Years, from £58½ to £133 p. ct. p. ann. (Age at Entry 35.)

II.—The Liberality of the Conditions.

SURRENDER VALUES, or, in lieu thereof, "PAID-UP POLICIES," free of future Premiums, allowed at any time ; LOANS granted within a small margin of the Surrender Value ; EXTENSIVE FOREIGN TRAVEL AND RESIDENCE free of charge from the first ; MOST POLICIES absolutely INDEFEASIBLE and WHOLE-WORLD after first five years.

III.—The Magnitude of the Transactions.

Policies in Force . . .	£25,250,000	Accumulated Funds . .	£8,000,000
Claims Paid . . .	£12,800,000	Annual Revenue . . .	£1,000,000

Average Annual New Business last 12 years £1,250,000.

APPLICATIONS FOR POLICIES,

securing all the privileges of Membership, may be made at any of the Society's Offices, or Agencies in connection therewith.

BRANCH OFFICES:

London, 28 CORNHILL, E.C.—West-End Agency, 49 PALL MALL.			
Dublin . . .	41 WESTMORELAND ST.	Leeds . . .	21 PARK ROW.
Glasgow . .	114 WEST GEORGE STREET.	Bristol . .	40 CORN STREET.
Manchester	ALBERT SQUARE.	Belfast . .	2 HIGH STREET.
Liverpool .	48 CASTLE STREET.	Newcastle	12 GREY STREET.
Birmingham	12 BENNETT'S HILL.	Norwich .	59 PRINCE OF WALES RD.

HEAD OFFICE,
9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH,
April 1883.

A. H. TURNBULL, *Manager.*
J. J. P. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

*Established for Mutual
Life Assurance
=1815.*



1883.=

*The Assets exceed
Eight Millions Sterling.*



SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS AND LADIES
OUTFITTERS.

W

And made

Ev

SH

1. Ben
2. My
3. The
4. The
5. The
6. The
7. Was
8. Fro
9. The
10. The
11. A S
12. The
13. Goo
14. Sha
15. Hou
16. The
17. Wid
18. The
19. The
20. Wiv

BOO

All

"Let

For

Mc

SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS AND LADIES
OUTFITTERS.

WILLIS' PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET
Patented in England & on the Continent



Will Not Split in the Seams Nor Tear in the Fabric Gives the Utmost Comfort in Wear and is Free from All Complications

IS THE MOST EXQUISITE MODEL OF GUARANTEED WEAR AND UNIVERSAL ADAPTABILITY

THE GREATEST NOVELTY IN CORSETS INVENTION

This Corset has gained the Gold Medal at the New Zealand Exhibition.

IN USE IN THE HIGHEST CIRCLES HALF A CENTURY.
WHITE AND SOUND TEETH INSURED.



JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.

The Only genuine is signed
JEWSBURY & BROWN,
Manchester.

PEARLY WHITE AND SOUND TEETH, firm and healthy Gums, so essential to beauty and fragrant breath, are all insured by this refined toilet luxury, composed of pure ingredients medically approved. It Preserves the Teeth and Gums to Old Age. See Trade Mark and Signature on every genuine box. Pots, 1s. 6d.; Double, 2s. 6d. All Perfumers and Chemists.

"WEAVE TRUTH WITH TRUST."

The term **BEST Brussels**, as generally used, conveys no meaning or guarantee as to quality; but

WILLIS' BEST BRUSSELS

Are of the Quality made 25 years ago, with the Improved Design and Colouring of the present.

And made exclusively of long-stapled Home-grown Wools specially selected for durability. They are warranted to be absolutely free from any admixture of Cotton, Jute, or Shoddy, and to be FULL five frames.

MAY BE OBTAINED OF ALL CARPET DEALERS AND UPHOLSTERERS.

Every Piece has **"H. R. WILLIS & CO., KIDDERMINSTER—BEST,"** Woven at each end.

SHILLING BOOKS FOR WORKING PEOPLE.

1. Ben Boyce, the Beachman, and other Nautical Sketches. [SARGENT.
2. My Scarlet Shawl; or, Out of Debt, Out of Danger. By GEORGE E.
3. The Pedlar of Cophthorne Common. By Mrs. FREDERICK LOCKER.
4. The Cornish Fishermen's Watch-Night, and other Stories.
5. The Light on the Wall, and other Stories. With Illustrations.
6. The Oldest Fisherman the World ever saw, and other Stories.
7. Waste Not, Want Not.
8. Frog Alley, and what came out of it. By Mrs. PROSSER.
9. The Boundary Tree; or, The Two Farmers.
10. The Broken Clothes-line, and other Stories.
11. A Story of Crossport, and other Tales. By SARAH DOUDNER.
12. The Hedger's Right Arm, and other Stories.
13. Good Tidings for the Anxious. *Also in cloth binding, 6d.*
14. Shaw's Farm. By Mrs. F. LOCKER.
15. Hours with Working Women. For Winter Readings.
16. The Loss of the Kent East-Indiaman.
17. Widow Clarke's Home, and what Changed it. [Mrs. PROSSER.
18. The Wise Man of Wittlebury; or, Charity begins at Home. By
19. The Wife's Secret, and other Sketches.
20. Wives and their Husbands. By Mrs. GEORGE GARDSTONE.

21. Mrs. Warley's Lodger, and other Stories. By the Rev. C. COURTENAY.
22. The Lost Passenger, and other Sketches.
23. A Tale of the Gramplains, and other Sketches. [PROSSER.
24. Humphrey Pace and his Wife Hannah, and other Stories. By Mrs.
25. A Present Saviour; or, Great Truths for Earnest Times.
26. Milly's Trials and Triumphs.
27. My Wife did it, and other Stories.
28. How shall I go to God? By Dr. BONAR.
29. Old Blind Ned; or, The Lord will provide. By MARY E. BODDY.
30. The Sunny Valley, and other Tales.
31. Golden, all Golden, and Peter Duckett the Cobbler, and other
32. The Happy Resolve. [Stories. By Mrs. PROSSER.
33. Little Ruby's Curl; or, Tom Foster, the Railway Porter.
34. The Sparrow on the Housetop. By Mrs. PROSSER.
35. Precious Truths in Plain Words.
36. Nat Cantle, the Oracle, and other Stories.
37. The Lost Ten Pounds, and other Stories.
38. Honesty the Best Policy, and other Stories. By MARY E.
39. Mother's Blessing, and other Stories.
40. Sandy's Faith. A Story of Scottish Life. By LYDIA L. ROUSE.

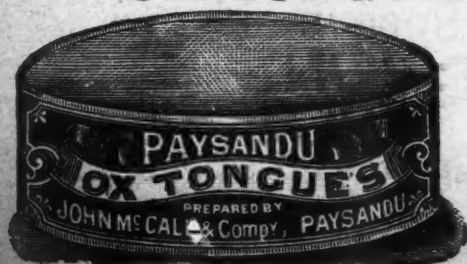
LONDON: 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKS for BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

All Buyers of Books for Presentation should apply at the
"Leisure Hour" Office, 56, Paternoster Row,
LONDON,

For an ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, which will be
forwarded post free on application.

McCALL'S PAYSANDU OX TONGUES.



Prepared by JOHN McCALL & Co., Paysandu.

FOUR GOLD MEDALS
**BORWICK'S
BAKING
POWDER**
FOR PASTRY, PUDDINGS, CAKES, AND
WHOLESOME BREAD.

**BORWICK'S
Custard
Powder,**
For making
Delicious
CUSTARDS
and
BLANCHMADE.
In 6d. & 1s. Tins.

As made for Her Majesty the Queen.

**ALEXANDER'S
SEWING
COTTON**
IS THE BEST.

ALEXANDER'S KNITTING COTTON
IS NOTED FOR ITS SUPERIOR QUALITY.
Sold by all Drapers and Haberdashers.

Ask for
Cadbury's
 Refreshing
 Genuine
 Economical
Cocoa
 Makers to the Queen.



THE A. & H.
 "TASTELESS"
CASTOR
OIL

Possesses the full medicinal properties of the ordinary oil, but is absolutely free from odour and unpleasant taste, a result never before attained.

"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty. It possesses all the advantages claimed for it."—*Lancet*, March 4, 1882.

"A dose of Castor Oil need no longer inspire the dread which clusters round its name in every household."—*Chemist and Druggist*.

The A. & H. Castor Oil is an entirely new article, and if not in stock can be readily procured by any chemist. In bottles at 6d., 1s., 1s. 9d., 3s., and 9s.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

ALLEN AND HANBURYS,
 Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS!!!

BIRD'S The Original and only Genuine.
 Produces delicious Custard without Eggs, at half the cost and trouble.

Sold every-where in 6d. and 1s. Boxes. **CUSTARD** Established 1837.
POWDER
 Alfred Bird & Sons,
 BIRMINGHAM,
 Will send on receipt of address.

POST "PASTRY and SWEETS."—A Little Work containing Practical Hints and Original Recipes for Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper Table.
 FREE

ASK FOR **JAMES'**
GOLD MEDAL
DOME
BLACK LEAD



"The Clean Black Lead."—*Vide Press*.

Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining **JAMES' DOME LEAD**, the makers will be happy to send a sample on receipt of two penny stamps to cover postage.

Address.
E. JAMES & SONS,
 Inventors & Sole Makers,
PLYMOUTH.

Old Bleach Linen

BIRD'S-EYE DIAPER, NURSERY DIAPER, TOWELS AND TOWELLING.

"An exceptionally strong Linen that will last for many years."—*The Queen*.
CAUTION. The success and reputation obtained by these high-class Linen goods has led to certain imitations, manufactured from cheap and inferior material, being dishonestly offered, and sold to the public as "Old Bleach." Purchasers of these will be undoubtedly disappointed, and are particularly requested to examine and accept no goods as genuine unless stamped with the words "Old Bleach" on every yard. Manufactory at Randalstown, Ireland. May be had from all first-class Drapers.

Use only
Reckitt's
Blue



Spearman's
DEVON
SERGES
 PURE WOOL ONLY.
 ALL PATTERNS POST FREE.
 ONLY ADDRESS,
SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN,
PLYMOUTH.

By Special Royal Appointment.
 New Summer Patterns.

Spearman's Vienna Fleecy Wool Serge. Soft elastic finish, very beautiful and fine, 1/6 the yard.
Spearman's Devon Check or Check Weaving. A dozen pretty mixtures, all wool and soft finish, 1/6 the yard.
Spearman's R.N. Serge, as used by the English and Foreign Governments. Sea-water will not hurt it. Fast Dye, 1/11 the yard.
Spearman's Light-Weighted Serge. Crisp water finish in 12 good sound colours, 1/6 the yard.
Spearman's Jeypoor Serge. Woven of fine India Wool. Soft elastic finish, a very beautiful fabric.
Spearman's Double Width Devonshire Fabrics. For Gentlemen's and Boys' wear, 2/6 to 10/6 the yard. Particularly note.
Spearman's Double Width Military Serge. Fast Equator Dye, 5/6 the yard.
Spearman's Double Width Fine Serge. Fast Dye, for India and Summer wear, 5/6 the yard.
Spearman's Mixed Serges for Gentleman's Suits. All Wool and very useful, 3/11 to 5/6 the yard.